

# HEROES OF MODERN CRUSADES

TRUE STORIES OF THE UNDAUNTED  
CHIVALRY OF CHAMPIONS OF THE  
DOWN-TRODDEN IN MANY LANDS

BY

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## PREFACE

IN the Crusades of old, the warriors who took part in them exposed their lives to jeopardy and their estates to ruin.

Their motive was often unselfish, noble, and religious; but the consequences were, on the whole, sad and evil. The Crusaders brought home honour sometimes, but most frequently it was leprosy and impaired health and wealth, entailing great sorrow upon their families.

The heroes of our modern Crusades have had to fight a strenuous and sustained battle against ignorance, prejudice, and self-interest. The results they won were always good and profitable to the State, yet many of them fought long without any encouragement or help from Government or people. It seems strange that wrongs so terrible should need to have been righted in times so near to ours.

But future ages will in all probability be able to look back with righteous horror at those evils of to-day which we have not yet faced, or those which we are still in the act of suppressing.

It is pleasant to think that some reader of these lives may be helped one day to take his part in leading a Crusade yet more modern than these herein described.



I beg to acknowledge with thanks the permission given by the following lady and gentlemen to make use of the material contained in their books: Patrick J. Brady, Esq.; Mrs. Ethel M. Wood; J. M. Ludlow, Esq. My thanks are also due to The National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, and to the following firms for permission to make use of the material contained in the books published by them: Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Messrs. Cassell & Co., Mr. William Heinemann, Messrs. Appleton & Co., Messrs. Constable.

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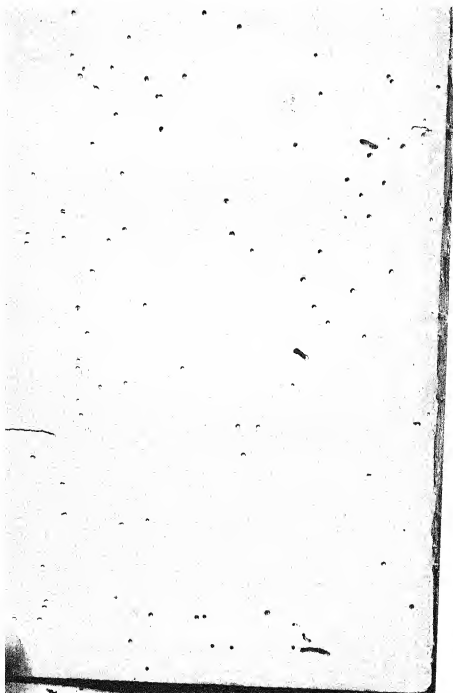
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# HEROES OF MODERN CRUSADES

## CHAPTER I

### THE CRUSADE AGAINST SLAVERY

Slavery in Greece and Rome—Barbary pirates—Spain and the West Indies—William Wilberforce—School life—Hall society—Cambridge revels—The gift of speech and song—M.P. for Hull—Pitt his friend—Gambling at clubs—Windermere—Travels in France—M.P. for Yorkshire—Hannah More at Bath—Meets Clarkson—Facts about the slave-trade—His first Bill to suppress slavery in the West Indies—A slave-owner's surprise visit—Two sides to the picture

SLAVERY in the days of old was mainly the result of warfare—prisoners of war could not be kept chained up in prisons, so they became domestic slaves. In Athens they were, as a rule, well treated; in Sparta they were often much ill-used; in Rome a slave had no rights and could be put to death for the slightest offence. Roman slaves were either prisoners of war, foreign white men, or citizens who could not pay their debts. They became so numerous that they monopolised most of the handicrafts, and even such occupations as secretary, physician, author. In the time of Augustus one rich man left at his death over four thousand slaves. Antoninus took away from the masters the power of putting their slaves to death. For a thousand years slavery continued to exist in Christian Europe, Bristol being the chief port for the British trade.

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In the thirteenth century slavery in Europe began to decline, but just then Mahommedan nations began to acquire slaves by conquest—not only negro slaves from Africa, but white slaves captured in the Crusades. And our merchants and seamen ran a grave risk of being chased and captured by Barbary pirates as often as they sailed into the Mediterranean Sea.

But the modern slave-trade began when in 1442 Prince Henry of Portugal, the navigator, brought a cargo of negroes back with him from West Africa. Captain John Hawkins was the first English seaman to sell black slaves to Spain. Then the American colonies and West Indian islands required labour to till the ground, so in 1620 a Dutch ship brought from the coast of Guinea the first shipload that landed in Virginia. The trade increased so rapidly that by the year 1780 Virginia possessed 200,000 slaves; and from 1700 to 1786 there were transported to Jamaica 610,000 negroes; from 1680 to 1786, 2,130,000 slaves were carried to America and the West Indies, mostly in the 200 British ships engaged in that trade, and chiefly from the ports of Bristol, London, Liverpool, and Lancaster.

It is necessary that we should have before us some dry facts to enable us to realise the work done for humanity by such men as Thomas Clarkson and William Wilberforce in England, and John Woolman and Abraham Lincoln in America. There were many more who put their shoulders to the wheel, such as Grenville Sharp, Pitt, Zachary Macaulay, David Hartley, Thomas F. Buxton, Sir Samuel Baker; but we can only now recall a few pages from the life of Wilberforce, who for more than twenty years spent laborious days and nights in the House of



#### THE FIRST CARGO OF SLAVES LANDED IN AMERICA

In 1620 the settlers in the American colonies and West Indian Islands required labour to till the ground, so a Dutch ship brought from the coast of Guinea the first shipload that landed in Virginia.



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Commons trying to overcome the opposition of slave-owners, ship-owners, and all who were financially interested in the slave-trade.

William Wilberforce was the only son of Robert Wilberforce, and was born at Hull, 1759. The name is taken from Wilberfors, eight miles east of York, where his ancestors had been settled from the time of Henry II. His father and uncle were engaged in the Baltic trade and were well-to-do. William was from infancy of feeble frame, small of stature, having weak eyes and a musical voice; but his mind was vigorous and his temper gentle and loving. At the age of seven he was sent to Hull Grammar School, and went daily from his father's house, satchel on shoulder. "Even then," said Isaac Milner, "his elocution was so remarkable that we used to set him upon a table and make him read aloud as an example to the other boys."

After he had been at school two years his father died, and he was sent to the care of his uncle and aunt at Wimbleton, and attended a school at Putney, where he says "they taught everything and nothing." He remained two years at this school, spending the holidays at his uncle's house, and they thought him a "fine, sharp lad, whose pluck made up in boys' games for some failure in strength." His aunt was a great admirer of the new preacher, Whitefield, and was much in sympathy with the Methodists, her influence did much to mould William's religious character. But his mother did not like Methodism, and speedily fetched him home to Hull. "I felt the parting," he says, "for I loved them as parents; indeed, I was almost heart-broken at leaving." Hull at that time was a place of gaiety, and the theatre, dances, suppers, and card-parties

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soon engrossed his attention. "I acquired a relish for it, and became as thoughtless as the rest; I was everywhere invited and caressed." His skill in singing made him a welcome guest in all houses, and his time was wasted in a round of visits. But when he was not more than fourteen years of age, writes one of his schoolfellows, he showed some feeling for the unhappy slaves; perhaps he may have learnt something of the atrocities committed at sea from one of the old salts to be met on Hull quay.

At the age of seventeen years he entered St. John's College, Cambridge. He went up as the heir of a rich man, and soon found himself exposed to new temptations. "I was introduced," he says, "on the very first night of my arrival to as licentious a set of men as can well be conceived. They drank hard, and their conversation was even worse than their lives. I never relished their society—often, indeed, I was horror-struck at their conduct—and after the first year I shook off in great measure my connection with them."

The last two years he spent at Cambridge were lived in a higher circle. Men of worth and ability began to recognise his talents and goodness of heart. Being amiable, lively, and hospitable, he became a general favourite. "There was no one," said the Rev. T. Gisborne, "at all like him for powers of entertainment. Always fond of repartee and discussion, he seemed entirely free from vanity and conceit. There was always a great Yorkshire pie in his rooms, and all were welcome to partake of it. My rooms and his were back to back, and often when I was raking out my fire at ten o'clock, I heard his melodious voice calling aloud to me to come and sit with him before I went to bed. It was a dangerous thing to do, for his

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amusing conversation was sure to keep me up so late that I was behind-hand the next morning."

Wilberforce often bewailed in later life how he had wasted his time at Cambridge in idle amusements.

On leaving Cambridge he resolved to try and represent his native town in Parliament; so he took rooms in the Adelphi, London, gave suppers to some three hundred Hull freemen who lived by the Thames, and often attended the debates of the House of Commons. Here he first made the acquaintance of Mr. Pitt, who afterwards became one of his best friends. In the summer he returned to Hull, and proceeded to canvass for his election. He was returned at the top of the poll, but the election cost him nearly nine thousand pounds.

He was now a noted man, and on his return to London was elected a member of most of the leading clubs. He tells us in his diary: "When I first went to Boodle's I won twenty-five guineas of the Duke of Norfolk; the first time I went to Brooke's, scarcely knowing any one, I joined from mere shyness in play at the faro-table, where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a victim decked out for sacrifice, called to me, 'What, Wilberforce! is that you?'"

Selwyn quite resented the interference, and turning to him said in his most expressive tone, "Oh, sir, don't interrupt Mr. Wilberforce; he could not be better employed." Nothing could be more luxurious than these clubs. Fox, Sheridan, FitzPatrick, and all your leading men frequented them; you chatted, played cards, or gambled as you pleased. He belonged to a club of a higher character, named Goose-tree's, of which Pitt was a member. Of him Wilberforce writes: "He was the wittiest man I ever knew. I was



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one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakespeare, at the Boar's Head, East Cheap; many professed wits were present, but Pitt was the most amusing of the party, and the readiest and most apt in the required allusions. He entered with the same energy into all our different amusements; we played a good deal at Goose-tree's, and I well remember the intense earnestness which he displayed when joining in these games of chance. He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after abandoned them for ever."

Wilberforce himself was nearly carried away by this vice; but one night he was asked to keep bank and rose the winner of £600. He was pained to think that he was taking money from several who could ill afford the loss; he went home and brooded over it, and finally resolved to break himself of so evil a habit. His warm heart had come to be ally to conscience. As Wilberforce had no country house in Yorkshire, he rented one on the banks of Wisdremere; there his mother and sister would visit him in the recess with other friends, and boating and riding were added to the attractions offered by lovely scenery. He now had his late uncle's house at Wimbledon, where Pitt often came to enjoy the fresh, country air. His gift of singing brought him more engagements than he liked; even the Prince of Wales sought his society. "Wilberforce, we must have you again; the Prince says he will come at any time to hear you sing."

He used to keep his friends in roars of laughter by his powers of mimicry, and would take off the fat Lord North. But the old Chancellor, Lord Camden, reproved him kindly for this foible, and called it a vulgar accomplishment which should be curbed.

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In September 1785 Wilberforce went on the Continent with Mr. Pitt and Eliot, where they were taken for very suspicious characters. But they contrived to prove that two of them were Members of Parliament, and then invitations flowed in. The Abbé de Lagéard asked Pitt what part of the British Constitution would be the first to decay. Pitt's reply was, "The prerogative of the King and the authority of the House of Peers."

At Fontainebleau we dined and supped with Ministers, and every night we spent with Queen Marie Antoinette, who is a lady of most engaging manners and appearance. The King is so strange a being (of the hog kind) that it is worth going a hundred miles for the sight of him. They all crowded round Pitt in shoals; and he behaved with great spirit, for he spoke French with great accuracy. We all returned charmed with our reception."

In March 1784 Wilberforce stood for Yorkshire. An election was in those days more than it is now; the great men of the county drove up to York in state in their coaches and six. The slight form of Wilberforce was seen mounted on a table in the castle yard before the High Sheriff's chair. The yard was crowded with men shouting and laughing. Yet such was the magic of his voice that after the first few words he arrested the attention of all. Wilberforce was elected for Yorkshire, and Pitt wrote to him, "I can never enough congratulate you on such glorious success."

The world was all at his feet now, and few would have predicted that he would be able to sacrifice so much for the constant toil and battle of converting the country on the question of slavery.

He went to Italy one autumn and to Spa the next, enjoy-

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ing all the gaiety of the place. But he writes in his diary, "What madness is all this; to continue easy in a state in which a sudden fall out of the world would consign me to everlasting misery!" And he wrote to Pitt to tell him that in future he could not give himself so wholly to politics. The autumn of 1787 he spent quietly at Bath; here he met Hannah More, who writes of him to a friend, "That young gentleman's character is one of the most extraordinary I ever knew for talents, virtue and piety. It is difficult not to grow wiser and better every time one converses with him."

It was now that Wilberforce began to prepare for the great work of his life. The miseries of Africa had for some time attracted his thoughts, and he had written on the subject for the daily journals. But now he began to put his parliamentary talents to use in the great cause. He was known as one of the most eloquent speakers of the day. "The first years that I was in Parliament," he said, "I did nothing to any good purpose; my own distinction was my object." Now he began to see that his talents, his political influence and popularity, were not his own, but should be devoted to great ends. "God has set before me two great objects, the suppression of the slave-trade and the reformation of manners." He began to make inquiries of the African merchants through the year 1786, talked the matter over with Pitt and Grenville, and held small meetings amongst friends.

In the spring of 1787 Wilberforce met Clarkson, a most eventful meeting, for Clarkson was just then full of his first enthusiasm for the abolition of slavery; and it was Clarkson who supplied Wilberforce with most of the details of the slave-trade, for he had won the Latin essay at Cambridge

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on this subject, and the reading for this essay had convinced him of the iniquity of the traffic. We must tell the reader something more of Clarkson, for it was he who was the great apostle of freedom outside the House of Commons. He was born at Wisbech in 1760, and was educated at St. Paul's School and St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1785 he won the Latin essay, "Is it Lawful to make Slaves against their Wills?" and from that moment he resolved to devote all his energies towards the abolition of slavery. He travelled all over England from port to port, making minute inquiries; he wrote a pamphlet, entitled "A summary View of the Slave-trade"; he translated his Latin essay into English and published it, and allied himself with some Quakers to agitate throughout England; he even crossed over to Paris to obtain the co-operation of the National Convention.

There is a story that one Sunday morning Wilberforce entered Clarkson's room at Clapham and found him busy on papers connected with the slave-trade. Wilberforce, who had been brought up to regard the Sunday as a Jewish Sabbath, exclaimed, "My dear Clarkson, do you not remember what day this is, and that you have a soul to be saved?" "No, sir, I do not; I can only remember my poor slaves: self must come after them."

It was in the recess of 1789 that Clarkson went to visit the leaders in the French Revolution, Rochefoucauld, Brissot, Mirabeau, Condorcet, and others. They received Clarkson with kindness, and declared themselves in favour of the principle of abolishing the slave-trade. "Yet the Revolution is of more importance to France than the freedom of slaves; the one will flow from the other, and must wait." The slaves had to wait until Napoleon by edict pronounced them free.

## THE CRUSADE AGAINST SLAVERY

Meanwhile, in April 1791, Wilberforce moved for leave to bring in a Bill "to prevent the further importation of slaves to the West Indies." Pitt and Fox both spoke in favour of the Bill.

Wilberforce made an eloquent speech, describing the horrors of the carrying trade, the suffocation of the slaves, their dancing in fetters, their being forced to eat, their insanity, their throwing themselves into the sea and waving their hands in triumph as they drowned. He spoke of a Captain Fraser who, finding a man would not eat, caused hot coals to be held to his mouth to compel him. He ended his speech by saying: "Never, never will we desist till we have wiped away this scandal from the Christian name, till we have relieved ourselves from the load of guilt under which we at present labour, and until we have extinguished every trace of this bloody traffic which our posterity will scarcely believe had been suffered to exist so long, a disgrace and a dishonour to our country."

Mr. Fox also made a powerful speech for the abolition. He quoted an instance where a slave, under hard usage, had run away. To prevent a repetition of the offence, his owner sent for a surgeon and desired him to cut off the negro's leg. The surgeon refused. The owner then, to render it a matter of duty in the surgeon, took up a stake, struck and broke the negro's leg, saying, "Now you must cut it off, or the man will die." On the other side, the slave-owners maintained that the Africans had no dislike of the slave-trade, that the stories told were forgeries or exaggerated, and that the slaves should be thankful for being carried away from barbarism and beggary to the comfort and luxury of British colonies. Men like Admiral Rodney pleaded that negroes were happier under a master. How difficult it is

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to estimate the value of facts and figures! Luckily a picture showing both sides of slavery has been preserved for us by "Monk" Lewis. Lewis was a man of poetical feeling and kind nature, who went to see his estates in Jamaica mainly from a sense of duty towards his slaves. The time was January, the severe work of the field was just over, and the negroes at their best and merriest. The air was delicious and sweet with the fragrance of scented trees, while the negro huts embosomed in little green shrubberies, each with its tiny garden, looked very charming.

The negroes at the sight of their massa sang and shouted with joy, rolling and tumbling amongst the flowers, all—men, women and children—chattering and grinning and showing their white teeth in innocent glee.

Mothers held up their shining black imps: "Look, massa, look here; him nice lilly neger for massa." There were beautiful faces too of mixed race amongst the crowd of servants; girls with pensive looks and lovely eyes. The tradespeople were dressed in jackets and trousers, white or sky-blue stripe. Bands of negroes were carrying the ripe sugar-canes on their heads to the mill, others were taking away the trash after the juice had been extracted; the river was noisy with flapping ducks and geese, and carts drawn by six or eight oxen were bringing loads of Indian corn from the fields. Still more amusing and gay was the scene when the sun rose with tropical suddenness and all Nature seemed to awake and sing. Instantly everything was in motion: the negroes tramping to the field, the cattle driving to pasture, the pigs and the poultry pouring out of their hutches. Some of the negroes, just for the fun of a good chat, would come and make some outrageous request, and on receiving a plump refusal would

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go away with a chuckle and "Tank massa, for dis here great indulgence of talk." One day Sambo came up with his two girl twins. "Yes, yes, Sambo, I have seen them before." "Iss, iss! massa see um, but massa no admire um enough just yet."

Such was the felicity of a slave plantation under a kind and wealthy owner. Yet even Mr. Lewis found that one overseer had treated his slaves so savagely that they had been driven almost into rebellion, and many had become runaways. "If I had not come to Jamaica myself," he says, "I should never have had the most distant idea how abominably the poor things had been ill-used." Often slaves from other estates would come and tell him of their sufferings.

"One day I found two women near my house who had come to complain of cruel treatment from their overseer, and to ask me to inform their trustee: They had been ill in hospital and ordered to the field while still too weak to work; then they had been flogged with great severity, though not beyond the legal limit of thirty-nine lashes. One of the women, whose name was Delia, declared that the overseer's conduct had been such that she must have run away only she had not the heart to abandon her child. They offered to show me their lacerated bodies, but I, from a shy feeling, begged to be excused.

"However, my head-driver came up just then to speak to me, and being less delicate than myself as to ocular inspection of Delia's wounds, told me that the women had certainly suffered much. They were both poor, feeble-looking persons, and seemed very unfit subjects for severe correction."

Lewis found that when the stimulus of the cart-whip

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was withdrawn the production of sugar fell from thirty-three hogsheads a week down to thirteen!

"The negroes certainly are perverse beings," he thinks; the whites too were rather perverse,\*for they actually wanted the grand jury at Montego Bay to prosecute Mr. Lewis for over-indulgence to his own slaves!

• There were many in England who believed that tales of cruelty on the sugar estates were all mere inventions, and that the use of the whip was unknown.

• The following report made by Mr. Whitely, clerk on the New Ground Plantation, St. Ann's Bay, might have opened their eyes somewhat.

He states that on his arrival he was struck by the great regularity and apparent good-humour with which some negro coopers were working in the yard. While the overseer was chatting with him on their comfortable condition, some drivers came up, bringing six field-hands who were to be flogged. "The first of these field negroes was a man of about thirty-five years of age. He was a cattle-herd, and his offence was having suffered a nule to go astray. At the command of the overseer he proceeded to strip off part of his clothes and laid himself flat on his belly, his back being uncovered. One of the drivers then commenced flogging him with his cart-whip. The whip is about two feet long, with a short stout handle, and is an instrument of terrible power. It is whirled by the operator round his head, and then brought down with a rapid motion of the arm upon the victim, causing the blood to spring at every stroke. When I saw this spectacle, with all the revolting accompaniments, and saw the degraded and mangled victim writhing and groaning under the infliction, I felt terror-struck. I trembled and turned sick, but being determined



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to see the whole to an end, I kept my station at the window. The sufferer, writhing like a wounded worm every time the lash cut across his body, cried out, 'Lord, Lord!' When he had received about twenty lashes the driver stopped to pull up the poor man's shirt, which had worked down. The sufferer then cried, 'Think me no man? think me no man?' meaning perhaps, 'Think you I have not the feelings of a man?' The flogging recommenced and continued, the negro repeating the cry, 'Lord, Lord, Lord!' till thirty-nine lashes had been inflicted. When the man rose up from the ground I perceived the blood oozing out from the lacerated and swollen parts where he had been flogged; he appeared greatly exhausted, but was instantly ordered off to his usual occupation.

These were the sort of stories which were told in Parliament, in clubs, and in the homes of gentle citizens. People began to wonder if the advantages of slavery were worth so much anguish. In four Crown colonies during two years the sum total of stripes inflicted had been one million three hundred and fifty thousand, every one drawing blood!

## CHAPTER II

### THE WASTE OF HUMAN LIFE

Wars among the African tribes to procure slaves—Village-breaking—Queer superstitions—Night attacks—Deaths on the march to the Coast—Hunger and thirst and fatigue and floggings—Detention on the Coast, waiting for a ship—If no demand, quietly sunk in the lagoon—The middle passage—No room to move—Sick and ill—Suicides—Fever and blindness—Loss after landing—Heart-broken despair

IT was calculated that for the Christian slave-trade there were taken annually from Africa 150,000 negroes; for the Mahommedan, 50,000—making in all a sum total of 200,000. Let us now consider how large a population of these human lives were wasted before they reached the plantations in which they were to work.

The mortality among the negroes arose from the following causes:—

1. The original seizure of the slaves in Africa.
2. The march to the Coast and detention there.
3. The middle passage, on board the slave-ships.
4. The sufferings after landing.
5. The "seasoning," as it was called by the planters.

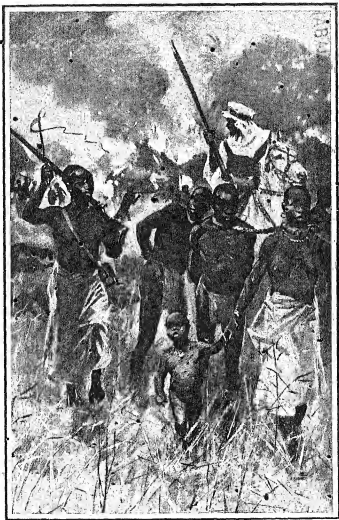
As to the first cause, it was proved that most of the wars which arose in the interior of Africa were occasioned by the desire to procure slaves for traffic. Bruce, who travelled in Abyssinia in 1770, describing the slave-hunting expeditions, says: "The grown-up men are all killed and then mutilated, parts of their bodies being always carried

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away as trophies; several of the old mothers are also killed, while others, frantic with fear and despair, kill themselves. The boys and girls of a more tender age are then carried off in brutal triumph." In some parts of the country a practice prevailed called "village-breaking." The village was attacked in the night; sometimes, to cause more confusion, it was set on fire, and the wretched people, as they fled naked from the flames, were seized and carried away to the Coast. These raids were usually perpetrated by the natives on each other, though very often they were carried out by Arab traders who had resided some months in the country, and had formed an intimacy with the stronger of the local tribes.

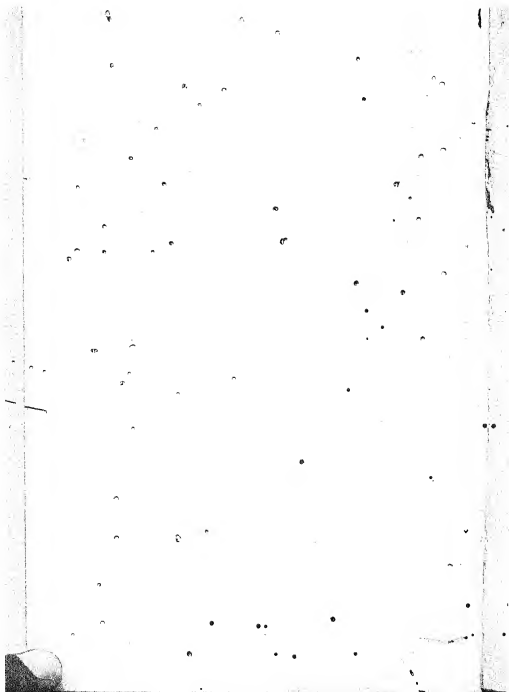
Captain Moresby, a naval officer stationed on the East Coast, said: "The Arab traders from the Coast of Zanzibar go up the Country provided with beads and trinkets. When they arrive at a region where the natives are in a state of barbarism, they display their beads to the chief, and he surprises a village, and sells them as many slaves as they can take. The women and children were lashed together, and the old men and infants slaughtered. In one instance three thousand negroes were dragged from their native wilds to be sold, while probably double that number were sacrificed to obtain them."

Mr. Ashmun, agent of the American Colonial Society, writes from Liberia on the West Coast: "King Boatswain, our most steady friend among the natives, had received a quantity of goods on trust from a French slaver, for which he had stipulated to pay young slaves—and he makes it a point of honour to be very punctual to his engagements. Well, the time was at hand for the return of the slaver, and the king had not got the slaves. So he looked around on



#### A SLAVE RAID

Villages were frequently attacked during the night time, and, to cause more confusion, often set on fire. In these raids Arabs were the usual perpetrators. The young of both sexes were lashed together by the neck and hurried to the coast, while the old and infants were ruthlessly massacred.



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the peaceable tribes about him for his victims, and singled out the Quiahs, "a small agricultural and trading people of most inoffensive character." His warriors were skilfully distributed to the different hamlets, and making a simultaneous assault on the sleeping villagers in the dead of the night, he accomplished without any resistance the annihilation of nearly the whole tribe; the boys and girls were alone reserved alive to pay the Frenchman.

It is rather singular that the writer had a few years ago the privilege of meeting the king of the Quia country, Teti Agamasong, who was a guest of Mr. Bosworth Smith at Harrow-on-the-Hill. The Quia king had been educated at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and was able to lecture to our forms in good English. In his lecture he told us the following quaint story:—

"In my country we have no prisons, therefore if a culprit is brought to me I must chop off something—an ear or two, a hand, or a foot—and he goes home a sadder and a wiser man. Just before I left for England a chief came to my hut, bringing a prisoner. 'What has he done, friend?' I asked.

"He is a dangerous witch, O King; he can turn himself into an alligator."

"Pooh! nonsense! I don't believe that old-fashioned stuff."

"Oh, but we saw him do it, down yonder by the big river."

"Indeed! Come, Chief, tell me all about it. You saw him yourself?"

"I did. We were hunting by the banks of the river with our rifles, when all at once we saw a big alligator lying on a rock in the river. This witch-man was lying

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asleep in a hammock some fifty yards away. Oh! the dangerous devil he is! Well, King, do not laugh with your eyes like that, for I am speaking the truth. I put up my rifle to shoot the alligator, but, to our great fear, as soon as I fired, this fellow rolled out of his hammock and fell on the ground, and rubbed his back, and swore he was hurt.

"Now, O King, if this wretch had not been inside your alligator, how could he have been hurt when I fired?"

"Gentlemen, I see you are laughing with your eyes; but it is very difficult to rule over a people given up to superstition. What did I do? Why, if I had left him free they would have killed him as soon as I had gone on my ship, so I saved his life by chopping off his left ear."

A story like this brings us nearer to the weird lives of an untaught people. There, says the slave-owner, is it not far better the savage negro should be carried away to our colonies and taught by discipline and the good missionary to lead an honest, industrious life? Wait, we shall see.

When Laird ascended the Niger he was an eye-witness of some terrible scenes. "Scarcely a night passed but we heard the screams of the unfortunate beings that were being carried off into slavery; columns of smoke rising into the air told us of villages and towns being burnt: the shrieks of poor wretches that had not escaped, answered by the loud wailings of their friends, produced a scene which, though common enough in this country, had seldom, if ever before, been witnessed by European eyes."

A French officer met an armed expedition returning with 1500 negroes, corded, naked, escorted by 400 soldiers in full array. The poor creatures had been surrounded as they slept; some had made a stand by the mouths of the caves, threw long, poisoned javelins, and covered their wives

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and children with their shields. When the head of the family was struck they surrendered at once. When struck by a ball, the negro, ignorant of the nature of the wound, may be seen rubbing it with earth till he falls, faint through loss of blood. When the negroes are taken, their strong attachment to their families shows itself in attempts to cling to bushes and trees, their wives and children clustering round them, so that it is necessary to separate them with the sword. In all cases the captives reserved for sale are far fewer than the slain.

We have seen enough of the brutality of the seizure of slaves; let us now turn our attention to the conditions on the march.

Francis Moore, an English factor, tells us that goods are sent inland 700 miles and more to be exchanged for slaves, which are kept ready in markets, as cattle are with us. Their way of bringing them is to tie them by the neck with leather thongs at about a yard distance from each other, having generally a bundle of corn or elephant's teeth on each of their heads, thirty or forty negroes in a string. When these slaves, or such of them as are alive, reach the coast, they are put in prison all together, and when they are to be re-sold they are all brought out together into a large plain, where by our surgeons they are thoroughly examined, both men and women, without the least distinction or modesty. Those which are approved as good are set on one side. In the meanwhile a burning iron, with the arms or names of the Companies, lies in the fire, with which the owners burn and mark them on the breast. They are then returned to their prisons, and kept at a charge of twopence a day on bread and water. To save these charges they are sent on board ship the very first opportunity, before



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which their masters strip them of all they have on their backs, so that they come on board stark naked, in which condition they are obliged to continue, if the master of the ship is not so charitable as to bestow something on them to cover their nakedness. Six or seven hundred of them are put on board one vessel, where they lie as close together as is possible for them to be crowded. The writer goes on to say, "I doubt not but that this trade seems very barbarous to you, but since it is followed by mere necessity, it *must go on.*"

Mungo Park tells us he was once met by a caravan of slaves, about seventy in number. They were tied by the neck with thongs of bullock-hide twisted like a rope, seven slaves upon a thong, and a man with a musket between every seven. Many of the slaves were ill and weak; several were women. Park also joined a slattee (slave-merchant), who seemed a kind fellow. He observed that the slaves were secured by putting the right leg of one and the left of another into the same pair of fetters; in the night an extra pair of fetters was put on their hands, and sometimes a light iron chain was passed round their necks. Such of them, as showed marks of discontent were secured in a different manner: a thick billet of wood was cut, about three feet long, and a smooth notch being made upon one side of it, the ankle of the slave was bolted to the smooth part by means of a strong iron staple, one prong of which passed on each side of the ankle. They were put on by a blacksmith, and not removed till the time of departure for the coast. The slaves travelled sometimes from morning to night without tasting a morsel of food. During one day's journey two slaves, a woman and a girl, were so much fatigued that they could not keep up with the caravan.

## THE WASTE OF HUMAN LIFE

They were severely whipped and dragged along until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when they were both affected with vomiting, by which it was discovered that they had eaten clay to satisfy their hunger.

One of the female slaves another day became quite exhausted, and every exertion was made with the whip to make her keep up; but she stumbled and groaned until the cry arose, "Kangtegi!" (Cut her throat).

Soon one of the slattee's domestic slaves came up with poor Nealee's garment upon the end of his bow, exclaiming, "Nealee don't want dress any more now—she have nice rest."

Lyon says that children are thrown with the baggage on the camels if unable to walk; but if they are five or six years of age the poor little creatures are obliged to trot on all day with bleeding feet. The daily allowance of food was sometimes a quart of dates in the morning and half a pint of flour, made into bazeen, in the evening. None of the owners ever moved without their whips, which were in constant use. Drinking too much water, bringing too little wood, or falling asleep before the cooking was finished were considered almost capital crimes. No excuses were taken; the whip exacted a fearful penalty. Sometimes the little children would cry bitterly for water when the hot east wind was blowing; if they fell down, the Moors would haul them up roughly and drag them along violently, beating them incessantly till they had overtaken the camels.

Sometimes they had to cross mountains, and then they perished from the cold, as many were naked and all poorly clad. "The cold kills them by thousands," says Captain Lyon; "we passed from eighty to a hundred skeletons each day." Once, in 1805, a caravan from Timbuctoo to Talifet

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found no water in the wells and entirely perished; 2000 persons and 1800 camels died.

Mr. Oldfield, travelling up the Niger, came to Bocqua market and says: "Under the trees and in the enclosures are to be seen male and female slaves from the age of five up to thirty. Some of these children of misfortune, more intelligent than others, are to be seen sitting, pensive and melancholy, apparently in deep thought, while their poor legs are swelled from confinement in irons or being closely stowed at the bottom of a canoe."

Poor girls and boys! they have supped full of horrors; they have come through the valley of death, and do not know why men, especially white men, are so awfully cruel. Lions and tigers do not prey upon their own species, even snakes and crocodiles fall short of the savage fierceness of human beings. That tired girl looking sadly into vacancy—what does she see? a village neatly fenced in with a stockade, trim houses of bark and mud, order and law well kept, young warriors full of pride and energy, women moving gaily about or sitting at the corn-mill, coiled bracelets of brass wire and iron bangles about their wrists and ankles, strings of cowries bound round their heads; or was she listening to the evening drum and watching the dance of the girls by fire-light? or does she think of the lovely stream cut in the soft sandstone, on whose mossy banks she lay so often, deep in fern, with her lover by her side? Ah! visions of happiness in the past! how they lend a greater pathos to the abject misery of the last few weeks.

And yet honourable Members of Parliament are arguing that the slave-trade is necessary to progress! that they are more happy as slaves than they were in their native free-

## THE WASTE OF HUMAN LIFE

dom! One sometimes wonders why the Almighty is so patient with a wicked, selfish world, when in an instant all the combined heartlessness, cruelty, and lust could be stopped for ever by one little push towards the blazing sun. But without vice could virtue exist? We must not regard one side of life only.

### DETENTION

The next cause of mortality arises from the detention of the slaves on the coast before they are embarked, which usually happens when the vessel which is to transport them has not yet arrived.

A gentleman writes from Senegal in 1818: "No one in the town is ignorant that there are here 600 wretched creatures shut up in the slave-yards waiting to embark. The delay is causing serious expense, though they receive only what is sufficient to keep them alive, and they are made to go out for a short space of time, morning and evening, loaded with irons."

Slaves of both sexes were chained together in pairs, many being mere skeletons from the misery, want, and fatigue of their march. In some the fetters had, by their constant action, worn through the lacerated flesh to the bare bone, the ulcerated wound having become the resort of myriads of flies. One captain had thrust his slaves between decks and closed the hatches for the night. When morning came fifty of the poor wretches were found to have been suffocated. The captain swore at the untimely loss, had the bodies thrown into the river, and went on shore to buy more negroes to complete his cargo.

Richard Lander of the *Brazen* gun-boat says: "I saw 400 slaves in the Bight of Benin crammed into a small

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schooner of eighty tons. The appearance of these unhappy human beings was squalid and miserable in the extreme; they were fastened by the neck in pairs, only one-fourth of a yard of chain being allowed for each, and driven to the beach by a parcel of hired scoundrels, whilst their associates in cruelty were in front of the party pulling them along by a narrow band, their only apparel, which encircled the waist." Often the market was overstocked with human beings, and no buyers could be found, in which case the maintenance of the slaves devolved upon the Government. The king then caused an examination to be made, when the sickly, as well as the old and infirm, were selected and chained by themselves in one of the factories; next day they were pinioned and conveyed to the banks of the river, when stones were tied round their necks, and, being rowed in canoes to the middle of the stream, they were easily dropped into the water. Happier there, no doubt, than in the company of the superior white folk. The English, in 1837, were employing gun-boats to stop the Portuguese slavers; but attempts to remedy an ill sometimes caused more evil. A naval officer had been blockading a Portuguese brig in the Bight of Biafra, which they knew contained 400 slaves. By some means she got to know there was a gun-boat waiting for her outside, and therefore postponed her sailing for several weeks. It was found later that 300 of her slaves had thus died from starvation, and a few were shot by the Portuguese while attempting to escape.

It was no uncommon sight to see groups of twelve or twenty negroes chained together and wandering about the port in quest of food, picking up bones and garbage of every description from the dung-heaps, snails from the fields, and frogs from the ditches, or eagerly devouring the sea-weed.

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No one wanted to buy such horrible scarecrows, and so the living skeletons grew too weak to stand, and died in their chains one after the other.

### THE MIDDLE PASSAGE

In a debate on the slave-trade it was observed by Mr. Fox that "True humanity consists not in a squeamish ear; it consists not in starting at or shrinking from such tales as these, but in a disposition of heart to relieve misery. True humanity appertains to the mind rather than to the nerves, and prompts men to use real and active endeavours to execute the actions which it suggests."

Dr. Falconbridge, who made many passages with slaves, tells us that the men negroes on board ship are fastened together by handcuffs and by irons riveted on their legs. They are frequently stowed so close as to admit of no other posture than lying on their sides; neither will the height between decks permit them the indulgence of an erect position. Thus they speedily become feeble and unwholesome. In favourable weather they are fed upon deck, but in bad weather they have to feed below. Quarrels take place, for the strong seize the allowance of the weak, and very often the slaves come from different countries and cannot understand one another. They are allowed half a pint of water at each meal.

If they refuse their food from sickness or sullen temper, hot glowing coals are placed on a shovel and put near their lips, with an intimation that either the food or the red-hot coals must go down.

Twice a day they have to dance in their fetters under

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the whip. Fevers and fluxes soon appear and carry off many. The doctor says: "The climate was too warm for me to wear any clothing but a shirt when I went down among them; yet by only continuing about a quarter of an hour I was so overcome by the heat, stench, and foul air that I had nearly fainted. In consequence I soon fell ill of the same disorder. Out of 380 slaves, 105 died on the passage." The sick negroes were placed under the half-deck and lay on the bare plank, so that those who were very thin had their skin, and even their flesh, rubbed off by the motion of the ship. This agony of several weeks killed many, for the surgeon, going between decks in the morning, always found some of the slaves dead.

There were many cases of slaves being thrown into the sea wholesale to escape a cruiser or to get insurance money.

The ship *Zong* sailed from the island of St. Thomas on the African coast in 1781 with 440 slaves on board; the voyage was prolonged, and sixty slaves and seven white men had died. The master of the ship called together his officers and stated to them that if the sick slaves died a natural death the loss would fall on the owners of the ship; but if they were thrown alive into the sea, on any sufficient pretext for the safety of the vessel, the loss would fall on the underwriters, and, he added, it would be less cruel to throw sick niggers into the sea than to suffer them to linger on under their present disorder. He then chose out from the cargo 132 slaves and brought them on deck, all being very ill and not likely to recover, and he ordered the crew by turns to throw them into the sea. A parcel of them were accordingly thrown overboard to the number of fifty-four. He then ordered another parcel to be thrown over, about forty-two in all. On the third day the remaining thirty-

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six were brought on deck, and as these now resisted the cruel purpose of their masters, the arms of twenty-six were fettered with irons and the savage crew went on with their diabolical work, casting the black wretches down to join their old comrades. Outraged misery could endure no more; the last ten victims sprang as in disdain from the grasp of their tyrants, defied their power, and leaping into the sea felt a momentary triumph in the embrace of death. Mr. Wilberforce in one of his letters says in very moderate terms: "No legislative remedies can provide a remedy for many of their sufferings . . . still the high netting will be necessary, that standing precaution of an African ship against acts of suicide; but more than all, still must the diseases of the mind remain entire, nay, they may perhaps increase in force from the attention being less called off by the urgency of bodily suffering; the anguish of husbands torn from their wives, wives from their husbands, and parents from their children; the pangs arising from the consideration that they are separated for ever from their country, their friends, their relations, remain the same."

There were other maladies than fever which attacked the slaves on board the transports. The *Rodeur* took on board a cargo of 160 negroes, and after having been fifteen days on her voyage, it was remarked that the slaves had contracted a considerable redness of the eyes. On being brought on deck for fresh air, many of them threw themselves into the sea, locked in each other's arms. The ophthalmia, which had spread so rapidly among the Africans, soon began to infect all on board; of the negroes, thirty-nine became perfectly blind, twelve had lost one eye. The captain tried to prevent any more from throwing themselves overboard by shooting a few for an example and a terror; but up-



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wards of thirty, who were quite blind, he himself had drowned in the sea, thus laying a claim for their insurance. At last only one man remained who could see to steer the vessel, and then they met a large ship, the *St. Leon*, the crew of which cried piteously for help to the crew of the *Rodeur*.

The steersman of the *Rodeur* replied, "We can't help you, mates, for I am the only man on board who has not lost the sight of his eyes."

"Alas!" came the answer, "but we are all blind—every one!"

And so the *St. Leon* went plunging on, at the mercy of wind and waves, and she was never heard of more.

When the English began to check the slave-trade by armed cruisers, the sufferings of the poor slaves were made worse, for instead of the large and commodious vessels which it would be the interest of the slave-trader to employ, we thereby forced him to use a class of vessels in which everything was sacrificed for speed. In their holds the slaves were stowed like sardines in a barrel. If from any cause the progress of the clipper was delayed, the greater part of the cargo died from suffocation; if, on the other hand, they descried a gun-boat in the offing, the trader began to throw all his slaves over to the sharks, lest his vessel should be condemned and sunk for unlawful trading.

### LOSS AFTER LANDING

On being landed the negroes were sold by auction, the sick and refuse slaves being taken to a tavern yard and sold to Jews or others for so low a price as five dollars a head.

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Many were landed almost like skeletons and their death was not long delayed. Many of the women became insane, some from drinking salt water; others seemed to be dying of broken heart, and were grieving over their lost families and friends in a strange country.

A letter from Havana, dated 1838, says: "In the cool of the evening we made a visit to the bazaar. A newly-imported cargo of 220 human beings was here exposed for sale. They were crouched down round the sides of a large room. During a visit of more than an hour that we were there not a word was uttered by one of them. On our entering the room the eyes of all were turned towards us, as if to read in our countenances their fate. They were all nearly naked, being but slightly clad in a light check shirt, upon which was a mark on the breast. With a few exceptions they were but skin and bone, too weak to support their languid frames. There they were, reclining on the floor, their backs resting against the wall. When a purchaser came they were motioned to stand, which they obeyed, though with evident pain. A few were old and grey, but the most part were mere children, ranging from ten to fifteen years of age. When they stood up their legs looked as thin as reeds, hardly capable of supporting the skeletons of their wasted forms. The keeper informed us they were of several distinct tribes, and did not understand one another. We left the tienda, and, turning through the gateway, saw others lying under the shade of a plantain whose appearance told that they at least would be liberated from bondage by death. I offered to one the untasted bowl of cocoa-nut milk I was about to drink, but she motioned it away with a look expressive of thankfulness, and yet which seemed to say how unused she was to such kindness."

## THE WASTE OF HUMAN LIFE

As a summary of the facts recorded, it may be stated that—

Of 1000 victims to the slave-trade, one-half	
perished in the seizure, march, and	
detention . . . . .	500
Of 500 embarked on the transports, one-	
fourth, or 25 per cent., died in the	
middle passage . . . . .	125
Of the remaining 375 landed, 20 per cent. died	
soon after . . . . .	75
Of 1000 slaves, total loss . . . . .	<u>700</u>

So that the annual loss to South Africa in its inhabitants was 500,000.

Such and many more were the gruesome facts laboriously collected by Clarkson and his friends, and given to Mr. Wilberforce for the conversion of the House of Commons and then of the House of Lords.

It took twenty years of hard work to change the feeling of the country sufficiently to carry through measures of relief and limitation, and finally of abolition. The chief work was done, and the most eloquent speeches were made, by an invalid who found it difficult to keep soul and body together. But the devotion to a great cause of humanity perhaps availed more to keep William Wilberforce alive than all the waters and physicians of Bath.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE END OF THE BRITISH SLAVE-TRADE.

Wilberforce, very ill—Recovers and visits Hannah More—Charles Wesley—Rebellion in St. Domingo, 1792—Abolition Bill of 1807—Romilly's help—Government circular forbidding the flogging of women—Indignation of planters—Barbadoes and Demerara are disturbed—Sheridan's practical joke—Twenty millions for abolition of slavery, 1833—Wilberforce dies content—How the negroes received their freedom—Froude visits the West Indies

IT would be tedious to enter into detail of all the parliamentary manœuvres, assaults, and failures which took place before Wilberforce's labours were crowned with success. In March of 1788 he seemed to be dying; his disorder assumed the character of an entire decay of all the vital functions. The chief physicians of the day consulted together, and declared to the Wilberforce family that he had not stamina to last a fortnight, so they dismissed him to die quietly at Bath.

But first he saw his great friend Pitt, and obtained from him a promise that he would undertake the cause of Abolition; and this he carried out.

While Pitt and Fox were busy at Westminster, Wilberforce, taking opium in small quantities under the authority of Dr. Pitcairn, was visibly gaining strength. In May he was strong enough to ride on horseback as far as Cambridge, taking the journey leisurely. Thence he went away to the English lakes, where he had many guests and made the acquaintance of many of the simple folk around.

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The Duchess of Gordon was speaking to a poor man at Windermere once: "Mr. Wilberforce? Oh! aye, he does a vast of good, he does," said the man.

Then he was back again in Bath in the autumn, and thence to London. He had foiled the celebrated physicians and was making speeches again. Often when at Bath he would ride over to Cowslip Green to visit Miss Hannah More, and thence he visited Cheddar Cliffs, where he found the poor folk ignorant and neglected, and instantly began to devise means for their relief and instruction. At Miss More's he met Charles Wesley.

"When I came into the room Charles Wesley rose from the table and, coming forward to me, gave me solemnly his blessing. Such was the effect of his manner and appearance that it altogether upset me, and I burst into tears, unable to restrain myself."

He often stayed with Mr. Babington at Rothley Temple, and together they worked hard at facts. "Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Babington," writes a friend, "have never appeared downstairs since we came, except to take a hasty dinner, and for half-an-hour after we have supped. The slave-trade now occupies them nine hours daily. They talk of sitting up one night in each week. The two friends begin to look very ill, but they are in excellent spirits, and I can hear them laughing now. Mr. W—— is now never riotous or noisy, but very cheerful, sometimes lively, and talks a good deal more on serious subjects than he used to do."

In 1791 the slave-owners and their friends had taken alarm for their West Indian profits, and began to put forth their defence, denying the truth of ugly stories and painting slave-life in rosy colours.

## END OF BRITISH SLAVE-TRADE

John Wesley from his deathbed sent Wilberforce these last stirring words: "Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils: but if God be for you, who can be against you? Are all of them together stronger than God? Oh! be not weary of well-doing. Go on in the name of God and in the power of His might, till even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away before it."

Such and similar cheering messages gave Wilberforce courage to persevere. But in 1792 a great rebellion of slaves in St. Domingo gave a new argument to the slave-owners: for the same thing, they said, might occur in Jamaica. Even King George III. was terrified by St. Domingo. Once the King would whisper at the Levee, "How go on your black clients, Mr. Wilberforce?"

But henceforth King George was his determined opposer.

However, this year a motion was carried in the House of Commons for the gradual abolition of the trade. Men's minds were becoming less prejudiced, and the slave-owners' defence was being found out; but though something was done to lessen the atrocities of the "middle passage," no bill prohibiting the trade itself could yet be carried through.

In 1805 a step was gained by the issue of an order in Council prohibiting the traffic with those colonies which had been acquired during the war. And a general abolition bill was at length carried in 1807.

Sir Samuel Romilly, speaking in the House soon after, contrasted the feelings of the Emperor of the French with those of their honoured member, Mr. Wilberforce, who would this day lay his head upon his pillow and remember that the slave-trade was no more. At this point of his

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speech the whole House forgot its ordinary habits and burst forth in hearty applause.

When the House divided the numbers were 283 to 16. Friends flocked round to congratulate Wilberforce, who was kneeling upon one knee at the crowded table; some one cried, "Let us make out the names of the sixteen miscreants." "Never mind the miserable sixteen," said Wilberforce, looking up from his note, "let us think of our glorious 283."

By the Treaty of Paris, France consented in 1815 to give up her slave-trade. The slave-trade was suppressed, but slaves still remained. Those who with Wilberforce went on to demand the freeing of all slaves were still regarded as mad fanatics, who would, if they had their way, ruin all our colonies and islands. In 1820 Spain and Portugal recognised the right of search in slave ships, and declared the traffic illegal. Canning in 1823 supported a resolution declaring that it was expedient to improve the condition of the slaves in order to fit them for freedom: in consequence, a Government circular was issued to the West Indian islands, directing that women should no longer be flogged, nor the whip used in the field. In Jamaica this circular was received with angry protestations from the planters, who talked of proclaiming the independence of the islands. In Barbadoes the slave-holders rose in their wrath against a missionary named Shrewsbury, who had written home describing the lowest class of white men as ignorant and depraved. They silenced him in his pulpit, and next day levelled his chapel with the ground. He was obliged to fly for his life. But in Demerara things were carried to such a pass that, when reported in England, the cause of emancipation was much furthered.

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It seems that the members of the Demerara Government and the rich planters discussed the circular in the presence of their domestic slaves. The news soon got about among the plantation slaves that orders for their freedom had come from England, and that the planters were keeping them secret. In many islands an idea like this might have led to a massacre of the whites, but in Demerara there was a missionary named John Smith, who for seven years had trained the black people in habits of order, industry, and peace. Now the governor, disliking this man's influence, and perhaps fearing that he was making the negroes suffer from swelled head, ordered that no negroes should attend public worship except those who had a pass from their owners. When the slaves perceived that not only their freedom but their religion also was being denied them, they rose upon their masters.

We must remember that in these times the small minority of whites were only saved, they thought, from massacre at the hands of their thousands of slaves by the fear of torture and of death. The slaves rose in rebellion on the 18th of August, but they shed no blood; some few whites they imprisoned, some they put in the stocks. On the 19th martial law was proclaimed. More than two hundred negroes were killed and wounded by the soldiers, forty-seven were executed, and great numbers were flogged to death; a thousand lashes being a frequent sentence. On the 20th of August the insurrection was suppressed and over. The colony was kept under martial law for five months after this, and the missionary, John Smith, was brought to trial.

There was one Episcopalian clergyman in the island; the planters hoped to get him to speak against Smith, but



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they were disappointed, for he declared his conviction that Mr. Smith alone, by his teaching, had saved them from a dreadful effusion of blood, and spared the lives of the very men who were now seeking his. However, Smith was kept in prison two months before trial in a dank underground chamber; he was an invalid from the first, but the unhealthy prison, the solitude, the filth—for he was not even allowed a change of clothes—made wreck of his constitution. Three negroes were bribed to swear he had incited the slaves to revolt, and he was sentenced to death. But his persecutors dared not carry this out without orders from England.

In Parliament Mr. Brougham said, "No man can cast his eye upon this trial without perceiving that it was intended to bring on an issue between the system of the slave-law and the instruction of the negroes."

The British Government rescinded the penalty of death, but decreed Mr. Smith's banishment from the colony. But before the message arrived, the martyr was dead. They ordered the funeral to take place at two o'clock in the morning, to avoid disorder and crowds of negroes. Even the poor widow was forbidden to follow—"Clap her in prison if she attempts it, Master Head-Constable!"

So the widow and a friend, attended by a negro with a lantern, went on first and waited for the coffin by the grave-side. It seemed almost like a great defeat; but when all the grim details came to England they raised such feelings of pity and indignation that the cause of the slaves was much advanced.

As Miss Martineau has well written, "This John Smith perhaps prepared himself during his missionary training for violence from half-naked savages, for the fire, the flint-knife, the tomahawk—he could hardly have anticipated persecu-

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tion and heart-break from Christian gentlemen. . . . In court he had been silenced; but his voice was soon to be heard in the British Parliament, and by the firesides in Orkney and Scilly, and under the cane-roofs in India. He might have appeared to himself sunk in desolation and squalor, when arrested, tried and sentenced as a criminal: he might not have felt that exhilaration of martyrdom which would have thrilled through him in a scene outwardly more savage. But none the less was he a martyr." England felt that too: from this time the doom of slavery was fixed: the blood of that one more martyr became the seed of justice.

It was just at this time that Wilberforce was seized with inflammation of the lungs—he wrote in his diary before taking to his bed, "Poor Smith, the missionary, died in prison at Demerara! The day of reckoning will come!" As he lies ill in bed let us hear what others thought of him.

Madame de Staël declared to Sir James Mackintosh, "Mr. Wilberforce is the best converser I have met in this country. I have always heard that he was the most religious, but now I find that he is the wittiest man in England." Here is a story told in conversation by Wilberforce, to illustrate this criticism. "I remember Sheridan playing off on Michael one of his amusing tricks. He did not know where to go for a dinner, so, sitting down by Michael, he said, 'There is a law question likely to rise presently, on which, from your legal knowledge, you will be wanted to reply to Pitt, so I hope you will not think of leaving the House.' Michael sat still, feeling quite pleased with himself and the confidence placed in him, while Sheridan slipped out, walked over to Michael's house and ordered up dinner, saying to the servant, 'Your master is not coming home

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this evening: I was not to wait for him.' Sheridan made an excellent dinner, came back to the House, and, seeing Michael looking expectant, went to release him, saying, 'I am sorry to have kept you, for, after all, I believe this matter will not now come on to-night.'

"Michael at once got up and walked home: he rang the dining-room bell.

"'James, bring up my dinner, quick; I'm as hungry as a hunter.'

"'Dinner, sir! There's no dinner to-night, sir—very sorry, sir.'

"'No dinner! what do you mean! I ordered it myself this morning.'

"'Yes, sir; Mr. Sheridan ate that, sir, about two hours ago.'"

With Wilberforce's talent for mimicry, no doubt he made his friends laugh over Sheridan's cool impudence and Michael's chopfallen chagrin.

Mr. Harford describes Wilberforce thus: "His frame was extremely spare, but from it proceeded a voice of uncommon compass and richness, whose varying and impressive tones bespoke the powers of the orator. His eyes, though small, and singularly set, beamed with the expression of acute intelligence, and of comprehension quick as lightning, blended with that of cordial kindness and warmth of heart. A peculiar sweetness and playfulness marked his whole manner; there was in his countenance a sort of sunny radiance which irresistibly acted as a powerful magnet on the heart of all who approached him."

Towards the end of his life Wilberforce could not take a part in public life, but his trusty friends came to confer with him about the slaves—he had come up from Bath to

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London just as the abolition of slavery was completed. "Thank God," he said, "that I should have lived to witness a day in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery."

This was in 1833: in a few days he became much weaker, and died on July 29, aged 73 years and 11 months.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey: even the negroes in the West Indies and at New York went into mourning for their friend, and every year finds his name held in increasing honour; for "the path of the just is like the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

On the 30th of August 1833 the Emancipation Act passed the Lords: it was declared that all children under six years old should be free on 1st of August 1834, that all other slaves should be registered as apprenticed labourers and be compelled to labour for their owners for a few years—the time was shortened soon after. Antigua alone has the honour of having said, "We will have no apprentices; all shall be free."

Meanwhile in all the islands dismal prophecies were made by the planters of rapine and ruin and negro risings; but the missionaries were busy teaching the poor blacks how to receive the coming boon of freedom. The eve of that momentous day, the 1st of August, was kept by the slave population of Antigua as a watch-night in church and chapel. They had been advised to await the midnight hour on their knees with prayers and hymns of gratitude. So, at the first stroke of midnight in the island of Antigua, all fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but the slow booming of the cathedral bell, save here and there a

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hysterical sob from some overwrought slave-girl. The final stroke sounded through the clear air, and still the immense crowd kept silence, as though they could not realise that they had become free. Then a strange thing happened: a peal of awful thunder rattled and crashed from pole to pole, and flash upon flash of lightning seemed to put out the feeble lights of cathedral, church, and chapel.

God had spoken! The kneeling crowds sprang to their feet with a shout of joy: they laughed, they cried, they tossed brown arms abroad, and embraced one another in wild and passionate emotion: then they remembered God once more and prayed aloud. In some churches their late owners were seen shaking the negroes by the hand and congratulating them and wishing them joy. The 1st of August was a Friday: two days were spent in mirth and fun and exuberant gladness: then on Monday they went proudly to their work, for they were freemen now, working for wages.

And the result? not all roseate, but not all black was the prospect. It is true that many free negroes would not work, and that many planters were ruined. Human nature cannot be perfected in a week, nor by Act of Parliament: education demands long time for moral growth.

Mr. Froude, the historian, went to visit the West Indies in 1887, fifty years after the slaves had been freed. He had been told that Barbadoes was ruined, and this is what he saw. The town, the shipping, the pretty villas, the woods and the wide green sea of waving cane had no suggestion of ruin in them. Froude sat in a balcony and watched the people swarming thick as bees in the square below. Nine-tenths of them were pure black: he rarely saw a white face, still less a discontented one: but invariable good-humour and self-satisfaction were written on every

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face. The women struck him especially. They were smartly dressed in white calico, scrupulously clean, and tricked out with ribands and feathers, not always in the best taste! but their figures were so good, they carried themselves so well and gracefully, that although they might make themselves absurd, they could not look vulgar. Like the old Greek and Etruscan ladies, they were trained from childhood to carry heavy weights on their heads; they were thus perfectly upright, and planted their feet firmly and naturally on the ground. They might have served for sculptors' models, and seemed well aware of it by the jaunty way in which they tossed their heads and laughed back when addressed. Froude saw no signs of poverty: old and young appeared to be well fed. Some had brought in baskets of fruit—bananas, oranges, and pine-apples; others had yams and sweet potatoes from their garden plots: not a drunken man was to be seen—all was merriment and good-humour. "My down-trodden black brothers and sisters, so far as I could judge from this first introduction, looked to me a very fortunate class of fellow-creatures."

That is a picture of human life very different from the gruesome scenes which we have had to examine, from African villages to coast barracks, and from teeming holds to slave mart and cruel whippings of men and women. The awful agonies and desperate sorrow of their forefathers have not produced an embittered mind in the good-humoured negro of to-day. But there is still room for improvement in our island folk, while if we listen attentively we can still hear the cry of the enslaved under the whip of his Arab master, we can hear of even greater atrocities in the Congo; there is still room in the world for another Clarkson and a second Wilberforce.

## CHAPTER IV

### AMERICAN SLAVERY

"Held to labour"—The land of the free defends slavery—Garrison—Fugitive slaves—John Brown—The aristocracy of the South—Mixed race—The wrongs of negroes—The mulatto—Good planters have happy slaves—Sold at auction—Humours of a freed slave—Black's devotion to their masters—Jealousy of negroes forbids schools—Lincoln chosen President, 1861

**A**N American historian has written these enthusiastic words about the Constitution of the United States: "Our Constitution in its spirit and legitimate utterance is doubtless the noblest document which ever emanated from the mind of man. It contains not one word hostile to liberty. . . . But yet ingloriously, guiltily, under sore temptation, we consented to use one phrase susceptible of a double meaning, 'held to labour.' These honest words at the North mean a hired man, an apprentice. At the South they mean a slave, feudal bondage. So small, apparently so insignificant, were those seeds sown in our Constitution which have resulted in such a harvest of misery."

It is certainly strange that the New World, the home of freedom, should have contained within its borders one of the worst forms of slavery. In the beginning of the nineteenth century the general opinion about slavery both in the North and South had been adverse to slave-holding. Both regarded it as an evil which, however necessary for

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the moment, must pass away or die out before a higher civilisation.

Even as late as 1831 and 1832 the Assembly of Virginia had discussed the question of extinguishing slavery. But little by little this tender conscience hardened before the inroads of selfishness. Slavery became the very basis on which the wealth and the political power of the Southern States were built. Now they no longer regarded it as an evil to be gradually removed, but began to defend it as the most sound and wholesome form of social life: any incautious person in the South who dared to get up and speak against slavery stood in danger of his life. In the North, on the other hand, there was a small party, called Abolitionists, who were denouncing slavery. The editor of a newspaper which advocated these views, William Garrison, almost lost his life at the hands of the New York mob. This man had in his paper and in printed books tried to convince his readers of the injustice, cruelty, and wrongs perpetrated on the plantations. No doubt the horrible stories which he had circulated were not specimens of what took place on all estates, because there were many kind and cultivated gentlemen living on their estates, who would not have sanctioned any harshness or wrong; but one effect of the circulation of such stories was to embitter the planters of the South against the mercantile classes of the North. Gradually the Abolition party increased in numbers, and it was openly asserted that Congress ought to suppress slavery. So they began to help fugitive slaves to escape, thereby breaking the fugitive slave law, and further irritating the South. In 1854 it was decided that every State should be free to do as it liked about slavery: in consequence of this, when Kansas was admitted as a new State,



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both North and South tried to dominate the elections. Poor whites were poured in just to vote and outnumber their opponents: at first the South prevailed, but after riots which almost amounted to civil war, the party from the North prevailed, and Kansas became a free State.

Then in 1857, under the presidency of Buchanan, the execution of John Brown gave a great impetus to the Abolitionists. For this man, fired by the most noble and generous feelings, a New Englander, descended from the old Puritan settlers, had devoted his life to helping the slaves, and was the leader of a kind of crusade against the planters. But as he had gone beyond legal limits by attempting to raise the negroes in revolt against their masters, the United States troops attacked John Brown and his devoted followers; a desperate fight took place, and Brown was taken and hanged. He had laid down his life for what he believed to be right and just: his example sank deep into the conscience of the nation, and, in the war which followed the secession of the South, armies marched to battle with his name on their lips.

Meanwhile, in the South all wealth was being rapidly accumulated in the hands of the privileged few who owned their fellow-men as property. The poor whites, mostly unemployed, too poor to buy negroes, too proud to do an honest day's work, were gradually sinking into utter misery. For wherever there are slaves, there work is regarded as ignoble. The Southern States were aristocratic, consisting of great landowners and many slaves, with a sparse population in the country, and mostly mean whites in the towns. Immense plantations of many thousand acres were tilled perhaps by a thousand slaves, who were flogged to their work by a few overseers. The log-hut of the overseer was

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surrounded by the wretched cabins of the negroes, who worked with tools made in Northern workshops. But the slave-holders claimed the right of extending this institution of slavery over all the free territories of the United States. This was utterly abhorrent to the sentiment of republican equality which ruled in the North ; the slave and the free can never work harmoniously together. The Hon. Garret Davis, a Senator from Kentucky, said once : " The cotton States by their slave labour have become wealthy, and many planters have princely incomes. This wealth has begot pride and insolence and ambition, and these points of the Southern character have been displayed most insultingly in the halls of Congress. As a class, the wealthy cotton growers are insolent ; they are proud, domineering, and ambitious. They have monopolised the Government in its honours for forty or fifty years."

Another thing which won the sympathy of the North for the negroes was the fact that, unlike the West Indian negroes, those of the Southern States were not all black negroes ; there had been generations born to white fathers, and girls had escaped to the North who had only a scarce perceptible touch of colour, and were more beautiful than the fairest lady in North or South. In the South such a lady was, or might be, only a slave, condemned to toil in the field from morning to night, dirty and ragged, and well-nigh naked ; though usually these girls of mixed parentage were made domestic slaves, and fairly well treated.

It was a fact, however, that a large number of the slaves had little trace of black colour in them. Thousands of boys and girls toiling in the cotton-fields were the sons and daughters of Southern gentlemen of high position ; and when need came to the planter, he was sometimes tempted

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to sell his own daughter to the highest bidder, so that Longfellow was not inventing strange and improbable incidents when he wrote his poems on slavery. It was in 1830, when Abraham Lincoln was spending a month at New Orleans, that he first saw the slave market. The sight of a mulatto girl standing abashed at auction so stirred him to fiery indignation that he exclaimed to his companions, "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard." And the chance came to him, and he took it.

When Lincoln was elected President of the United States it was thereby decided that slavery should not be extended over all the States, that speaking or writing against slavery should not be a penal offence, that the North would no longer catch fugitive slaves and send them back to bondage.

The number of slave-holders in the United States was about three hundred thousand. The whole white population of the South was about eight millions: great numbers of these could neither read nor write, and lived in beggarly poverty; they were therefore at the beck of the slave-holders, and were in fact almost fiercer advocates of slavery than the planters themselves. As the rift grew between North and South, a reign of terror compelled every man to support the cause of the slave-holders. Vigilance Committees were organised, the mails were searched, and a spy mania set fiercely in. A letter was written from Hinds Courts to the *New York Tribune* in 1861: "I have lived in this State twenty-five years, yet if I should say—not openly upon the housetop, but at my own table, among my family and friends gathered there—that I do not consider that the South has any real grievances to complain of, and totally oppose the secession of this or any other State from the

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Union, my property, my life even, would not be safe an hour." And this was not mere talk.

A Connecticut man had resided in the vicinity of Eufaula, Alabama, for many years. He had acquired considerable real estate, and become the owner of many slaves. Being a Northerner, he was regarded with jealousy, and as the excitement of the secession fever ran high and he found that his life was in peril, to avoid suspicion he joined a Vigilance Committee, called the "Minute Men." As such he was compelled to assist in the hanging of six men, five mechanics and one Christian minister, all from the North.

The post-office was carefully watched by the Committee. A letter addressed to him was taken from it; it proved to be from a female friend in Connecticut. This letter contained a sentence reminding him of his promise to free his negroes, abjure slavery, and return to the free North.

They read it, and silently doomed him by Lynch Law to death.

A faithful negro woman overheard the conversation of the gang, in which they were making arrangements for his execution. She hurried through the woods at night to inform him of his peril. To assure himself of the truth of her story, he returned with the woman and found the sycamore tree on which he was to be hung, with the rope already swinging from the bough. At a short distance from the tree, partly obscured by the intervening woods, there was a cottage, on the porch of which this gang of slave-holders were smoking and drinking, in preparation for their murderous deed. The intended victim cautiously climbed the tree, cut the noose, and then passing to the road fence, where the horses of the Committee were tied, chose the fleetest one of the number and rode off in the straightest

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line for the North. In Georgia he sold the horse and took the train, thus safely reaching his Northern home with nothing in his possession but the hempen noose, for all the goods he had accumulated in years of toil were seized by the Southerners.

Still worse was the persecution of those slaves who had been freed by their masters. There was a mulatto named Charles, the son of a planter, a very intelligent, upright man, who had been freed by his master. Charles bought a farm, built a house, owned a horse, a yoke of oxen, and two or three cows. He used to drive into Baltimore with his produce every week. He had a wife and four little children. Every Sunday he used to preach to his coloured neighbours in the little Methodist chapel. One day a Vigilance Committee in Maryland called upon Charles and told him that he was too enlightened and thrifty a nigger to be allowed to live in the State; that his intelligence and thrift made the slaves discontented. Charles, in consternation, asked if he had committed any crime, or done anything to excite suspicion. "No," was the reply, "but it is not safe for us to have in the midst of our slaves a free nigger as rich and clever as you. You must leave this State within a fortnight or you will fare badly." Poor Charles was in utter despair, and knew not what to do. It was now mid-winter; his crops were in his barn. He could not sell his farm, stock, and implements at such short notice. The time went on, no one would buy his effects, and the day arrived preceding the date on which he was warned to leave. The Vigilance Committee called again and said in threatening tones, "Charles, if we find you here to-morrow, as sure as you are a living man, we will hang you to the limb of that tree."

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So the poor terrified mulatto abandoned all, his house, his fields, his crops, cows and poultry, and taking his wife and four children in his waggon, fled away. He fled towards Delaware, in order to seek protection from his former master. It was midnight when the poor fugitive with his exhausted wife and children reached the house of the man in Delaware from whom he hoped for protection.

He rapped on the door, and at length his former master got out of bed, and exclaimed, on seeing him—

“For Heaven’s sake! Charles, what brought you here?”

The mulatto told his piteous story to the sobbing accompaniment of wife and children.

“But what on earth did you come here for, man? You cannot possibly stay here. The laws of Delaware don’t allow free negroes to come into the State. If you stay here, you will be arrested!”

“My God! my God!” gasped the mulatto, as the tears rolled down his cheeks. “What shall I do? what will become of us all? They threaten to hang me if I stay in Maryland, and I may not stay here!”

“Well,” replied the merchant, “it is clear you can’t remain in Delaware. Any moment you may be arrested; but you can bide here till morning.”

However, next day he was seized by the authorities, and he, his wife and children, were sold as slaves, and dispersed over the cotton fields of the South, never to meet again on this vile and cruel earth.

This was no exceptional case: the man was too industrious, too religious, too thriving; he might incite by his example the slaves around to wish to be free, so he must be ruined and expelled. No wonder the finer spirits

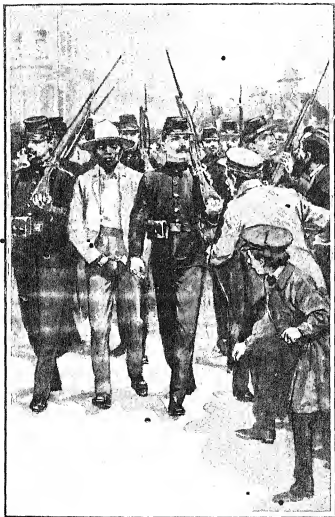
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of the North began to loathe this cursed institution, which had to be buttressed up by such unworthy deeds.

But in several of the slave States laws were enacted that all the free coloured people who did not leave the State within a given time should be sold into slavery. Many who tried to leave, and had to pass through other slave States, were arrested and sold, the proceeds of the sale being cast into the public treasury.

Here is a notice from the *New York Times* of 1860: "Forty-three negroes, who have been expelled from Arkansas, under the terms of the recent legislative enactment, which prescribes that in the event of their non-departure they should be sold into slavery, arrived in Cincinnati, Jan. 2, 1860, in a destitute condition. They were met by a Committee appointed for the purpose by the coloured population of Cincinnati. It is reported that the upward-bound boats upon the Mississippi are crowded with these fugitives, flying from their homes." Flying from their homes! two hundred thousand free negroes were threatened with these awful sufferings. In the winter of 1860 multitudes of these victims of a heartless tyranny were shivering in waggons or tramping the muddy roads in their attempt to reach the free North.

The slave-owners demanded that when any of their slaves escaped, the North should pursue the fugitive and send him back to slavery. This gave rise to terrible scenes and harrowing feelings. The sight of the runaway, panting and scared, as he fled before the baying bloodhound and the shotted guns, sank deep into sympathetic hearts. In particular there was a case of a half-breed, named Burns, the son of a Southern planter, and a man of considerable character, who had escaped to Boston; the soldiers



#### ESCORTING A FUGITIVE SLAVE

Although the North was so strongly opposed to slavery, it was not until Lincoln's term of office that the practice of capturing and escorting an escaped slave back to the State from which he had run was abolished. The indignation was well nigh universal that the services of the military should be put to such a degrading purpose.





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were called out to escort him back through the streets, for fear lest the too sympathetic mob should insist on his going free. But many that day felt the shame of using State troops in so vile a cause, and liberation drew nearer.

Here is the story of another mulatto woman, scarcely darker than a Spanish lady of the South. "My master married a second wife, and, soon after, died. In the division of the estate I and my eldest son fell to the wife; my husband and four little children remained the property of the children of my master. The wife took me and my son away from Maryland to Virginia, where she opened a tavern. I have never seen my family since; but my eldest son did not stay long with me, for a slave-trader came along and bought him for fifteen hundred dollars or £300. He was taken down South, and I know not what has become of him. When the soldiers in the war came from the North, I felt in my heart that they were my friends. But my mistress told me that they were going to take all the slaves and sell them in Cuba, to pay the expenses of the war. Many of the slaves believed this and were frightened. I did not believe it. I told my mistress that she had torn me from my husband and children, sold my son away from me, and that I supposed she would sell me too some day; I did not think the Yankees could treat me worse than that. Well, after the battle of Bull Run I escaped one dark night, feeling my way along by the ruts, till I came to the Northern army. Here I have been received very kindly. But oh! I do hope that when this war is ended, I shall not be delivered back again to my cruel mistress."

Such was the story told to John S. C. Abbot, the historian of the war, and he adds, "I cannot shut from

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my memory the look of settled sadness with which this story was told."

But from a Southern lady, Mrs. Chesnut of South Carolina, we hear rather different accounts of how the Northern soldiers treated the negroes. In the course of the war the South grew short of money as well as clothes; and there came a time when a thousand dollars in paper money were needed to buy a common kitchen utensil which before the war might have cost one dollar. So that it became a common remark that in going to market you take your money in your basket, and bring your purchases home in your pocket.

Mrs. Chesnut describes her husband's father thus: "The old Colonel enters. He bears himself erect, walks at a brisk gait, and needs no spectacles; yet he is over eighty. He is a typical Southern planter: from the beginning he has been one of the most intelligent patrons of the Wateree Mission to the Negroes, taking a personal interest in them, attending the mission church, and worshipping with his own people."

And of her husband, General Chesnut, who died in 1885, a press notice said, "It was no matter of surprise to learn that at his death General Chesnut, statesman and soldier, was surrounded by faithful friends, born in slavery on his own plantation, and that the last prayer he ever heard came from the lips of a negro man, old Scipio, his father's body-servant. Thus was he borne to his grave amid the tears and lamentations of those whom no Emancipation Proclamation could sever from him, and who cried aloud: 'Oh my master! my master! he was so good to me! We have lost our best friend!'"

It is good for us to see both sides of a question: if many

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planters had been as good masters as these, something might be said in favour of the disciplinary uses of slavery; but human nature has too many evil specimens for us to trust safely so great power over souls and bodies.

"I have seen a negro woman sold at auction," says Mrs. Chesnut. "She overtopped the crowd. I was walking and felt faint, sick: the creature looked so like my good little Nancy—a bright mulatto with a pleasant face. She was magnificently gotten up in silks and satins. She seemed delighted with it all, sometimes ogling the bidders, sometimes looking quiet, coy, and modest: but her mouth never relaxed from its expanded grin of excitement. I dare say the poor thing knew who would buy her."

"Dick is the first negro (a butler) in whom I have felt a change. Others go about in their black masks, not a ripple or an emotion showing, and yet on all other subjects except the war they are the most excitable of all races. Dick did deign to inquire about General Richard Anderson. 'He was my young master once,' he said. 'I always will like him best.'"

As a rule the negroes were very faithful to their masters, though they showed a natural and exultant joy at becoming free. Here is an instance showing how a negro guarded his mistress, Mrs. Mary Kirkland, when the Yankee soldiers invaded her estate and house.

Monroe, the negro man-servant, told her to stand up and hold two of her children in her arms, with the other two pressed as close against her knees as they could get. Mammie Selina and Lizzie, two negro nurses, then stood grimly on each side of their young Missis and her children.

For four mortal hours the soldiers surged through the rooms of the house. Sometimes the lady and her children

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were roughly jostled against the wall, but Mammie and Lizzie were staunch supporters. The Yankee soldiers taunted the negroes for their foolishness in standing by their cruel slave-owners, and taunted the lady with being glad of the protection of her poor ill-used slaves. Monroe had one leg bandaged, and pretended to be lame, so that he might not be enlisted as a soldier, and kept saying to his mistress, "Don't answer them back, Miss Mary; let 'em say what dey want to—don't give 'em any chance to say you are impudent to 'em." The negro soldiers were far worse than the white ones—only one man of Mr. Chesnut's left the plantation with the Yankees.

No doubt this was a well-ordered and kindly treated estate, and it is a pleasure to think there must have been many such.

African Scipio walks at Colonel Chesnut's side: he is six feet two, a black Hercules, and as gentle as a dove in all his dealings with the blind old master, who boldly strides forward, striking with his stick to feel where he is going. The Yankees left Scipio unmolested. He told them he was absolutely essential to his old master, and they said, "If you want to stay so bad, he must have been good to you always." Scipio says he was silent, for it made them mad if you praised your master.

In another part of the country the negroes had flocked to the Yankee squad which had recently arrived, but the rampant freedmen were badly snubbed. "Better stay where you are, and work," said the Yank; "we have nothing for you just now."

And they sadly "perused" their way.

The negroes had picked up a new word "peruse," which in their pride of freedom they were using in season and out.

"When we met Mrs. Preston's black, William, we

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asked, 'Where are you going, William?' 'Only perusing my way to Columbia,' he replied, with a pretty affectation of coal-black nonchalance.

"When the Yanks said they had no rations for idle negroes, John Walker, our friend's servant, answered mildly, 'Oh, indeed! are you really sure? for this is not quite what we had expected.'"

Indeed the Yankees were saying openly, "The black man must go, as the red man has gone; this is a white man's country."

One negro servant, Eben, dressed himself in his best, and went at a run to meet his Northern deliverers. At the gate he met a squad coming in. He had adorned himself with his watch and chain, like the cordage of a ship, with a handful of gaudy seals. He knew the Yankees came to rob white people and to save niggers; so he stood at attention, and smiled all over his face.

"Hand over that watch, you black fellow," said the sergeant.

"Beg your pardon, sir?" said Eben in a plaintive voice.

"Hand over that watch and chain—and look slippy about it."

Poor Eben returned home without his fine watch and chain; he was a sadder and a wiser man: he speedily went to change his coat, and was presently seen in his shirt sleeves, whistling at his knife-board.

"Hallo, Eben! you here! Why did you come back so soon, boy?"

"Well, I thought that, on the whole, I better stay with ole master that gave me the pretty watch, and not go with them that stole it."

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That watch had been the pride of his life : now the iron had entered into his soul : his faith in the North had been rudely shaken.

But lest we should be ready to sympathise too much with the Southern slave-holders, who, when they were kind and good, were very worthy of our sympathy, here is a story of a different colour.

In the State of Virginia and in the city of Norfolk, in the year 1852, a Christian lady of Southern birth and education, Mrs. Douglas, had opened a school for the instruction of the free coloured children who had been running neglected in the streets.

She did not venture to interfere with law and prejudice by admitting into her schoolroom any children of slaves.

The coloured people were very pleased at this opportunity of having their children so kindly taught, and soon her room became so crowded that she had to ask for a small fee for each pupil.

But this effort of philanthropy was deemed by the citizens to be dangerous, lest the mental illumination thus created might excite the slaves to discontent ; therefore public meetings of indignation were held, mobs were roused to fury, and the school was violently broken up, while the poor lady found herself dragged before the Circuit Court, and after a long trial she was found guilty of the crime of "having unlawfully assembled with diverse negroes, for the purpose of instructing them to read and write, against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Virginia." For this heinous crime she was punished by a fine and by imprisonment for one month among the felons in a common jail.

So, as usual, one great wrong has to be bolstered up

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by many other lesser wrongs. "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all."

On the 4th of March 1861, that man was chosen to be President of the United States who had stated at New Orleans, when he was a poor, friendless boy, "If I have a chance I will hit this (slavery) hard." Who and what was Abraham Lincoln that he could rise so high, and do so valiantly for the cause of right and justice?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In part from "A Diary from Dixie," by Mrs. Chesnut, and with the kind consent of Mr. W. Heinemann and the American Publishers.



## CHAPTER V

### ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Early struggles in Kentucky and Indiana—His father's love of anecdote—  
Illinois rail-splitting—A visit to New Orleans—Sees a slave girl sold  
at auction—War with Black Hawk—Member of State Assembly and  
Deputy Surveyor—Licensed to the law—Marries Mary Todd—His  
strange speeches—Tries to help a freed negro in Illinois—Nominated  
for President, 1860—Leaves Springfield—The secession—Tells how he  
earned his first dollar—Proclaims slaves free in seceding States—  
Enters Richmond on foot—Gaiety at thought of the war being over—  
Ford's Theatre—The assassin—April 1865

FOR four years Abraham Lincoln had laboured earnestly, as President of the United States, to carry the nation through a conflict of civil war such as the world has seldom seen. For four years, after a life of struggle from the lowest depths of poverty, he had endured the bitter scorn of enemies whose interests were bound up with the institution of slavery: yet had he kept on in the path of duty, without hesitating or doubting, until he saw at last the rebellion broken and crushed, the Union once more established, and the negroes emancipated from their yoke of slavery.

Let us see briefly what manner of man this was who toiled so hard in the cause of suffering humanity.

Abraham was born in the year 1809 in a small log hut in Kentucky; when he was four years old his parents moved on to another farm amongst the hills. Here the boy soon began to make himself useful, and learned from his mother

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to read and write. He was seven years old when he again went on with his people across the Ohio river into the timber country of Indiana, where he learned to use his axe in cutting a way for the waggons. Pigeon Creek was their next poor home, where at first they had not even a log house to live in. But there was some game to shoot, and the boy soon learned to use a rifle, and being much in the open air, grew tall and wiry and strong. But the forest with its malarial fevers and mysterious silences seemed to have coloured his young thoughts, and to have bred in him a kind of melancholy which pervaded his character all through his life.

The neighbours spoke of him as "considering and old-like": they knew him as sensitive, grave, and thoughtful, and very full of pity for all distress. "I gaze with pity on all wounded wings," he might have said with Tennyson's brother Charles. So when the lads were for plying a mud-turtle with hot coals to induce it to put out its head, he was fain to strip and fight for the safety of the turtle.

When he was nine years old his mother died, and his father soon married again. There were before long nine persons living together in one common room, and opportunities for study must have been scanty; but lanky Abraham worked out his arithmetic exercises on the wooden shovel with a burnt stick and by the light of a spice-wood fire. At the age of eighteen Abe Lincoln stood six feet four, awkward and ungainly, with big, flapping ears and stiff brown hair which would not lie down, while the wide, humorous mouth and gentle grey eyes lent to that rugged face a touch of tenderness. Abe was fond of society, like his father, and like him could early tell a

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good story. Like Wilberforce, he was a splendid mimic, and he soon became popular as a capital comrade in peace or war.

At the age of nineteen he went on a trading expedition of more than a thousand miles down the Ohio and Mississippi as far as New Orleans, not unlikely on a raft of his own building, and he had to employ all his skill and cunning to avoid the snags and eddies of the winding river: that was his first peep into the great world of men. Later he followed the family north-west on a two hundred mile trek into Illinois. It was on this journey that they tell a story of his saving a little dog, which had stayed behind on the wrong side of a river strewn with blocks of floating ice. When the little beast began to yelp, kind-hearted Abe waded back for it through the ice-cold water. As he told the tale in later days, he used to say, "It was cold, I allow, but the poor thing's frantic leaps of joy amply repaid me at the time."

In the months that followed Lincoln was busy rail-splitting, thinking out the problems of the day, and reading history and law. He began to be known to all the folks around as the finest producer of Indian yarns, the most whimsical of story-tellers, and so he won his way to men's hearts.

In 1831 he made his second river expedition to New Orleans, stayed there a month, and saw something of negro life. One day he came upon a slave-auction in the city square. A beautiful mulatto girl, scantily dressed, was standing on a platform before a jeering crowd of dealers and mean whites. Lincoln, stirred to red-hot indignation, clenched his fists and muttered to his companion, "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard."

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Home again, he tried his hand at many things: he was river pilot, champion wrestler, storekeeper, and volunteer.

In 1831 he was in the war against Black Hawk, and was chosen a captain. Here he showed his mettle by saving an Indian from his own fellows; for the red man had come into camp with a safe-conduct from General Cass. The white volunteers, seeing a red man, were fired by race-hatred to kill him, safe-conduct or no safe-conduct. But Lincoln stood firm between the crouching Indian and the yelling frontiersmen, dared to throw up their muskets and reproved them for their lust of blood. They came to their senses, recognised their captain's moral courage, and the Indian's life was saved.

In 1834 Lincoln was elected a member of the State Assembly, and this gave him a chance of meeting able and influential men. He also became a deputy surveyor, and had to ride far afield, and so his circle of friends grew ever wider.

In 1835 he engaged himself to Ann Rutledge, a pretty girl with a sweet voice. Lincoln never loved any woman so well: her death in the same year from typhoid fever paralysed him mentally for some months.

He soon after was licensed to the practice of the law, and again became a candidate for the Legislature. In his address he wrote, "I go for all sharing in the privileges of the Government who assist in bearing its burdens—all whites to have the suffrage who pay taxes (by no means excluding women)."

Shortly after he married Mary Todd, the pretty and vivacious daughter of a bank-president at Lexington, who informed the world that she intended to marry the President of the United States.

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In 1846 he was nominated for Congress and went to Washington, making a queer figure and strange speeches which soon caught on. He would turn up the sleeves of his coat and then his shirt cuffs, loosen his necktie, as if preparing for a fight, and all the time by humorous turns and witty anecdotes would hold his audience. There was no attempt at eloquence, but simply a man speaking to his brothers. Sometimes his moods of melancholy would gain upon him, for he was a poet, full of pathos and feeling which he concealed by explosions of mad merriment. "I must have my laugh," he would say. "If I can't laugh, then I must cry."

And always he was revolving in his mind the best way of stopping slavery; for he saw that to do it suddenly would simply ruin the South. In his second contest with Douglas for the Senatorship, in a speech at Cincinnati, in the free State of Ohio, but close to the slave State of Kentucky, and to a mixed audience from both States, he said, "Slavery is wrong." They hissed him, and he continued, "I find that every man comes into the world with a mouth to be fed and a back to be clothed; that each has also two hands; and I infer that those hands were meant to feed that mouth and to clothe that back. I warn you, Kentuckians, that whatever institution would fetter those hands from so doing, violates that justice which is the only political wisdom, and is sure to tumble around those who seek to uphold it. Your hisses will not blow down the walls of justice. Slavery is wrong: the denial of that truth has brought on the angry conflict of brother with brother."

In another speech he said, "Free labour has the inspiration of hope; pure slavery has no hope. The power of hope upon human exertion is wonderful. The slave-

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master himself knows it. The slave whom you cannot drive with the lash to break seventy-five pounds of hemp in a day, if you will task him to break a hundred and promise him pay for all he does over—he will break you a hundred and fifty. You have substituted hope for the rod. No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent. Near eighty years ago we began by declaring that all men are created equal, but now we have run down to the other declaration, that for some men to enslave others is a sacred right of self-government. These principles cannot stand together: they are as opposite as God and Mammon."

After Lincoln's first senatorial defeat, Henderson tells us that a free negro lad from Springfield, Lincoln's home, had gone to New Orleans and left his free papers behind. The boy was arrested, thrown into gaol, and was waiting to be sold at auction. He wrote to his mother, who called upon Lincoln and begged his help. Lincoln rode off to see the Governor of Illinois on the matter.

"I very much regret I can give you no legal support, sir," said that gentleman.

Lincoln started to his feet, his face white with indignant passion. "By God, Governor, I'll make the ground in this country too hot for the foot of a slave, whether you have the legal power to secure the release of this boy or not."

Till 1860 Abraham Lincoln was mainly known by his defeats: he had sat in the lower House, but he ever deemed himself worthy to be elected to the Senate, and even for the Speakership, an office which belongs to the Vice-President, the second officer in the State.

For twenty years or more he had been acting as a barrister, and his racy speeches were quoted everywhere.

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When on 18th May 1860 a telegram came to him, "Mr. Lincoln, you are nominated on the third ballot," his first simple words were, "There's a little woman down at our house would like to hear this; I'll go down and tell her." With those words of a husband's loyal love, Abraham Lincoln entered upon that career which, in less than five years, was to end in a martyr's death.

On the 6th November 1860 he was elected President of the United States by the unanimous vote of all the free States, except New Jersey. But for four months more, his predecessor, Mr. Buchanan, held the power in his feeble hands. Jefferson Davis, the President of the seceding States, had declared that the time for compromise was past, that the South was determined to maintain her position, and make all who opposed her smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel, if coercion were persisted in. Meanwhile Mr. Buchanan did nothing, even while forts and arsenals were being seized on all sides by the seceding States. During all this time Lincoln remained silent; but he felt the position keenly, and when, in February 1861, he left his home at Springfield, he bade farewell thus: "My friends, no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century: here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. I feel I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and on the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support."

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But Lincoln had a very difficult task before him ; the previous Presidents, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan, had held the strings of government in slack hands, and had given in too much to the selfish policy of the pro-slavery intriguers. Lincoln, the representative of the yeomen farmers of the west, was the first to see that the issue must rest with the whole American people ; hence he has been styled "the first American." Now and then this rude, natural son of the backwoods and mystic, poet, and orator offended some of his supporters by his whimsical stories and explosions of Rabelaisian laughter. As one remarked, he would stoop to pick his favourite pearl of laughter out of a muck-heap. But in truth his soul was nearer the fount of tears than the cascade of mirth ; if he could not relieve his tense feelings by a pass of humour, he would never get through the day's work. Strangers at first found him gaunt and awkward, looking ridiculous with his long arms and big, red hands ; his small head and face were perched on the top of a tall and bony body, his shock of dark, bristling hair framed a seamed and wizened face—but when they looked into the kind grey eyes, and marked how they changed at a word from the rapt vision of the seer to the genial glance of the brother-man, or to the merry twinkle of the good comrade, they forgot all else in the thought that "here at least is a man, and no puppet." In his inaugural address, March 1861, Lincoln begins by disclaiming the purpose and the right to interfere with slavery in the States where it exists. He admits the obligation to surrender fugitive slaves, but not to surrender a free negro ; the fugitive was to be presumed free until proved a slave. Slavery, he thought, must bide a while, for the preservation of the Union held the first place.



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But the seceding States answered his appeal for peace by taking Fort Sumter and winning at Bull's Run. Lincoln at once called for 75,000 militia, and the terrible struggle was begun.

We cannot follow the vicissitudes of that long civil war. In 1862 Lincoln's son, Willie, fell ill and died. The blow overwhelmed the President for a time. On the morning of the funeral he said, "I will try to go to God with my sorrows." From that day he seemed a different man, more deeply religious and more trustful in Providence. He was never ashamed of his poor parentage and rude bringing-up, as the following story proves. One morning they had been discussing the rights of labour in the Executive Chamber when Lincoln said—

"Seward, did you ever hear how I earned my first dollar?" "No." "Well, I was about eighteen years old. I belonged, you know, to what they call down south 'the Scrubs': people who do not own slaves are nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labour, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. I got Mother's consent and constructed a little flat boat, large enough to take myself and a barrel or two of things that we had gathered down to New Orleans.

"A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western streams, and the custom was for passengers to go out in a boat to the steamer, which stopped for them to go on board.

"I was admiring my new flat boat when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, singled out my boat, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered, somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them,

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‘take us and our trunks to the steamer?’ ‘Certainly,’ said I, for I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flat boat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat. Then I lifted up their heavy trunks and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took out of his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time.”

One can imagine the silence that must have fallen on that Cabinet meeting as they heard this pathetic confession from the first American.

In thinking over the problem of slavery, Lincoln at one time advised that the negroes should emigrate to Liberia or Central America. “Some of you,” he said, “would rather remain within reach of the country of your nativity. I do not know how much attachment you may have towards our race. It does not strike me that you have the greatest reason to love them. . . . I would endeavour to have you made equals—the equals of the best.” He did not think of compelling them to colonise, but advised them to do so for the good of mankind.

At last he resolved on emancipation, and on announcing

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it to his Cabinet, he added in low tones, "I have promised my God that I will do it."

Secretary Chase asked the President if he correctly understood him. Lincoln replied, "I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee were driven back from Pennsylvania I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves."

In January 1863 the famous proclamation of freedom was made; in it occur these words: "I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that in all cases where allowed they labour faithfully for reasonable wages." By this proclamation 3,000,000 slaves within the rebellious States were declared free. Slavery was not yet abolished, for there were slaves held in the loyal slave States, which were not included in the Act.

But many, even in the North, disliked the Emancipation Act, and when in July the Conscription Act was resisted in New York (chiefly by Irishmen), many negroes were beaten to death, hung, and mutilated. A coloured orphan asylum was sacked and set on fire. But these riots had quite the opposite result to what the plotters of them intended. They raised the indignation of the country, heightened the feeling against slavery, and crushed the Democrats.

When Lincoln accepted his nomination for the Presidency the second time, he used these memorable words: "I have not permitted myself, gentlemen, to conclude that I am the best man in the country; but I am reminded in this connection of a story of an old Dutch farmer, who remarked to a companion once 'that it was not best to swap horses when crossing a stream.'" The proclamation of the freedom of the slaves had begun to work wonders;

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100,000 negroes, once slaves, were now in the Federal army, or doing work for wages; but those who disliked the proclamation were making the President very sad and depressed. "I shall never be glad any more," he once exclaimed. The politicians, too, were almost all against him; but the army loved him, and the people generally were demanding his re-election as President.

General Grant, a westerner like Lincoln, was beginning to show his mettle, and was soon within twenty miles of Richmond. "He is the first general I have had," said Lincoln. And in his address upon being re-elected President he said, "Fondly do we hope and pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

On March 24, 1865, the President took his family to visit Grant, a few miles from Richmond. With Senator Sumner they lived on a small steamer which was anchored in the James River. Lee made one more attack on Grant's western wing, but failed, and then set forth to meet Jefferson Davis. The day after the evacuation of Richmond the President entered the city, the capital of the Confederacy. It was still blazing amongst its smoking ruins as he entered on foot with his small party. Dr. Storr in an eloquent speech has described the scene: "After four years of incessant, bloody, desperate struggle, Lincoln entered Richmond with characteristic unostentation—not at the head of marshalled armies, with banners advanced and trumpets sounding, but as a private gentleman, on foot, with an

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officer on one side, holding the hand of his boy on the other. An aged negro met him in the street, and said, with the tears streaming down his face, as he bowed low his uncovered head, 'God bress you, Massa Lincoln!' The President paused, raised his hat on the instant, and with a hearty, 'I thank you, sir,' acknowledged with a bow the greeting. Instinctively he recognised the poorest as his peer, and the black man as his brother." It was a sight to move the most hard-hearted.

From that hour Abraham Lincoln grew erect once more and laughed his old laugh—henceforth he looked forward to playing the part of peacemaker: but he was fated to play that part not in person, but in the power of his spiritual influence.

In his going down to the army he had been almost boyish in his mirth, for a great weight of care was lifted from his heart: and on the last Friday, the 14th of April 1865, Mrs. Lincoln says, "His manner was even playful. At three o'clock he drove with me in the open carriage. In starting I asked him if any one should accompany us. He replied, 'No, I prefer to ride by ourselves to-day.' During the drive he was so gay that I said to him laughingly, 'Dear husband, you almost startle me by your great cheerfulness.' He replied, 'And well I may feel so, Mary, for I consider this day the war has come to a close. We must both be more cheerful in the future: between the war and the loss of our darling Willie, we have been very miserable.'"

At 8 P.M. they went to Ford's Theatre to see the play, "Our American Cousin." The President sat in a double box, with a vestibule behind; from the front of the box hung the United States flag. Mrs. Lincoln sat on his

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right, and two friends, a lady and gentleman, were with them. The box door was behind Lincoln, and remained open: an attendant sat a little way from the outer door of the vestibule. At a quarter past ten, the actor, John Wilkes Booth, came down the passage, showed a card to the attendant, and entered the vestibule of the President's box: he closed and fastened the door behind him, and then entering by the door of the box itself, as the President was leaning forward, shot him with a small pistol through the back of the head. Mr. Rathbone sprang up and grappled with Booth, who defended himself with a long double-edged dagger which he held in his left hand. Rathbone was severely wounded, and Booth, leaning over the front of the box, shouted, "Sic semper tyrannis!" and leaped over upon the stage: but his spur caught in the "Stars and Stripes," and he fell and broke the small bone in his leg.

However, the assassin faced the audience, brandishing his dagger and shouting, "The South is avenged": then turned to fly by the wings, reached the street, and mounted a horse which was being held for him in readiness. Booth was tracked to a barn on the south of the Rappahannock, and shot down like a wild beast.

Abraham Lincoln never recovered consciousness: a little after seven o'clock next morning he gently breathed his last, on the 15th of April 1865. His body was wrapped in the "Stars and Stripes" and carried from the small lodging-house, where he had been placed, to the White House. Even his enemies cried, "Poor old Abe!"

So died a strong fighter for liberty, even the liberty of the negro, when to do so endangered his promotion in life.

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We read how in his last Cabinet meeting before his death "he spoke very kindly of Lee." Lincoln was a great-hearted American, a Southerner born, a child of the slave State of Kentucky; no tyrant at all, but gentle and chivalrous, the friend of the poor and weak and oppressed. We may write him "as one who loved his fellow-men."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From "President Lincoln Self-pourtrayed," by kind permission of the author, John Malcolm Ludlow, C.B.

## CHAPTER VI

### ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

Born in 1576 in S. W. France—His father a peasant-farmer—Sent to college at Dax—Studies at Saragossa and Toulouse—Captured by Barbary pirates—Slave to an apothecary at Tanis—A year after sold to an Italian renegade, whose wife procures his release—Goes to Rome—Sent with secret message to Henry IV.—Charged with theft—Cleared by confession of thief—Tutor to Count de Gond's sons for twelve years—Stops a duel—Tries to regulate charity—Appoints lady visitors to the poor—Reforms the galley-slaves and Paris dungeons—Made Chaplain-General of the Gallies—Vincent takes the place of a galley-slave—Discourages beggars—"Sisters of the poor" founded—Evils of civil war—"Sisters of Charity" to visit battlefields, hospitals, and galleys—Dies September 1660—His looks and character

THE greatest organiser of charity in the seventeenth century was the priest known afterwards as St. Vincent de Paul. His labours extended from the care of the foundling to poverty-stricken age, from the instruction of children to the tending of the insane. But his greatest work was the organisation of women of the highest ranks of society and of the middle-class, the *Sœurs de Charité*, whose function it was to go out into the world and deal with every form of destitution and suffering. The "*Ladies of Charity*" and the "*Sisters of Charity*" were the most remarkable creation of that age, and their influence for good, as well as their usefulness, has been beyond praise.

It was said of St. Vincent that he covered France with schools for the poor, and taught the daughters of the rich and noble to abandon home and pleasure to consecrate themselves to the education of their less fortunate brethren.



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He used to say, "I must not judge poor people according to their exterior, or as they speak, for often they are far from what they seem. Let us judge them by the light of faith, and we shall see in them the Son of God, who wished to be poor, who appeared a fool to the Gentiles, a stumbling-block to the Jews."

Vinecut was born on Easter Tuesday, April 1576, in Pouy, a little village of about 800 inhabitants, not far from Dax, in the Landes department, within sight of the Pyrenees. Both his parents were of humble origin—his father, short, lame, shrewd for a peasant, was a good, honest Christian. One day an old woman, wishing to obtain alms from Father Vincent, told him that she had been servant to his mother.

"Oh, my good woman," replied Vinecut, "you make a mistake. My mother never had a servant; she did everything herself, for she was the wife of a poor peasant, and I am his son."

His first home still exists, built of heavy oak beams—bedded in clay mixed with straw, containing a ground floor and five rooms, with a barn. There were stables for cattle, sheep, and swine, and ten acres went with the house—a peasant proprietor, with wife and six children, such was his father. When Vincent, the third son, was old enough, he was sent out with the flocks to the pastures. In the middle of the plain, shaded by old oaks, was a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Here the young shepherd loved to kneel and worship in the quiet evenings. Even as a child, like Oberlin, he used to give away his pence to the poor. Once he had saved thirty sous, and was going to the shop to buy something, when he met a miserable beggar, and the child gave her all he had.

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At the age of twelve he was sent to the college at Dax, and remained there till he was sixteen. It is curious that this youth, who in later life was known for his great humility, was so ashamed of his father's poverty while at college that when the poor, lame rustic came up to see his son, Vincent made an excuse and avoided his father.

In later life he once confessed this sin to some priests. "I often recall to mind that when I was a little boy, brought to town by my father, I was ashamed to be seen with him, or to acknowledge him, because he was poorly dressed and a little lame. Oh, wretch! how disobedient I have been! I ask God's pardon for that and all the scandal I have given, and beg the prayers of the little company that God may forgive me and grant me true contrition." After college Vincent became tutor for two years to the sons of a lawyer and magistrate, M. de Commet, who persuaded Vincent to take Holy Orders. He then went to Saragossa and Toulouse to study theology. His father, to find money for his son's expenses, had to sell a pair of oxen, and probably his good friend M. de Commet added thereto. Vincent is said to have spent more than sixteen years studying in Dax and Toulouse, while at the same time he was looking after his pupils.

During this time his father died, and left some provision in his will for Vincent's studies; yet this was not touched by Vincent, but was left to his brothers and sisters. Amongst his pupils had been the nephew of the Duc d'Epemon, who, wishing to advance Vincent, sent for him to Bordeaux. On his return from Bordeaux to Toulouse he learnt that an old lady had left him a small legacy. This compelled him to journey to Marseilles, and there he met a friend, who suggested they should travel by sea to Narbonne. It was July, the weather fine, and the sea voyage would be

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much cheaper. So they started under happy auspices, but were chased by three Turkish brigantines which were coasting along the Gulf of Lion in watch for their prey.

The pirates made their attack so fiercely that several were killed, and Vincent himself received a wound that reminded him ever afterwards of the fierce encounter. On the Turkish side one of their captains was killed, and five oarsmen; so in their wrath they murdered the pilot of Vincent's ship, then they chained their prisoners and plundered everything, taking them away to Barbary. Here they were all put up for sale, their clothes having been confiscated. To each they gave a pair of old trousers, a coat and hat, and then led them on parade through the streets of Tunis. Five or six times were these captives led through the town with chains round their necks, and then back to their ship, so that slave-dealers might see for themselves whether they had good appetites and what was the condition of their wounds. Then they were driven to the market-place, where the merchants were judging as if they were buying so many horses or cattle. They made them open their mouths and show their teeth, felt their sides and probed the wounds, set them to walk, run, raise weights and wrestle, in order to test their strength, and subjected them to various other brutalities. Vincent was first sold to a fisherman, but as he suffered much from sea-sickness, the man resold him to an old Mussulman apothecary, who for fifty years had been employed in mixing metals and seeking the philosopher's stone, which should turn all to gold. Vincent himself related some of his experiences. "I have often seen him, while sitting cross-legged in his white robe and turban, melt equal quantities of gold and silver, then, mixing them with powder in the bottom of a crucible, place

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the whole in the fire for twenty-four hours, when the mixture would become all gold. Very often he amalgamated bad with good silver, and sold it for the benefit of the poor. My business was to keep up ten or fifteen furnaces, which, thank God, I made even a pleasure. My master liked me very much, and took delight in talking to me of alchemy, and even of his religion, making every effort to win me over, promising me great riches and knowledge. But God ever inspired me with an assurance of my release, through the constant prayers I offered night and day." More than the alchemy the Mussulman's researches how to cure diseases interested Vincent. The Arabs were ever skilled in the art of healing, and have handed down from generation to generation secret and powerful cures for various maladies. Some of these remedies Vincent obtained from his master. After a year, the apothecary was summoned to Constantinople, and made over his slave to his nephew, who, on hearing that the Sultan had given orders to release all French slaves, sold him secretly to an Italian renegade from Nice, who had turned Mussulman and possessed three wives. "One of his wives was a Turk," writes Vincent, "and she became interested in me. Wishing to understand our mode of life, she came every day to where I was working in the field and asked me to sing the praises of my God. The remembrance of 'How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?' made me, with tears in my eyes, begin the psalm, 'Super flumina Babylonis'—'By the rivers of Babylon I sat down and wept.' Then I sang many canticles, which gave her very great pleasure. She did not fail to tell her husband in the evening that he had done wrong in abandoning his religion, and of the happiness she felt in listening to me discoursing about God and singing His praises.

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“He was moved by her report, and promised to return to France, but this did not occur until ten months more had passed. We crossed in a little skiff to Aiguës-Mortes, whence we went to Avignon, where, in the Church of St. Peter, the Vice-legate publicly received back the penitent renegade, to the great glory of God and the edification of all present.”

The Vice-legate of Avignon, being fond of science and Arabic secrets, detained Vincent and then took him to Rome. He had been absent from July 1605 to 1607, and now wrote a long letter to his mother, telling her of his marvellous adventures and safe return. In a letter to his patron, M. de Commet, dated Rome, Feb. 1608, he says, “I am here in Rome, continuing my studies, supported by the Vice-legate, who desires my advancement, on account of my having shown him some curious things that I learned from the Turk, my master. Among other things was the mirror of Archimedes, an artificial means of making a corpse speak, by which this miserable man deceived the people, telling them that Mahomet thus made known to him his will. He was anxious to enjoy the sole reputation of knowing these things, which he sometimes exhibited before his Holiness and the Cardinals. His affection and goodness lead me to hope for the means of an honourable retirement by enabling me to have a respectable benefice in France.”

Vincent employed most of his time at Rome in attending the lectures of the Dominicans at the Sapienza, and in the evening he met at the Vice-legate's all the illustrious men of the age. The peasant's son was being prepared for greater things; but already he attracted attention by his piety, humility, prudence, good sense, and the art of

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silence under difficult conditions, so that he was chosen to take an important verbal message to Henry IV. of France, and was received by the king at Paris.

He now took humble lodgings near the Hospital of Charity, and every morning visited the sick and wounded. Here he came to know M. de Bérulle, a holy and learned priest, who had refused four bishoprics, and was a great preacher. They became great friends, and Vincent put himself under his direction. It happened about this time that Vincent shared a room with a countryman of his, a justice of the peace, named Dulon. The judge went out early one morning on business, and forgot to close the cabinet where his money was, some five hundred francs. Vincent was poorly and in bed, awaiting some medicine which was coming. The boy who brought the medicine saw the money in the cabinet and put it in his pocket. When the judge came home he missed his purse, questioned Vincent about it, grew angry, and drove his companion from the room. Not content with this, he publicly accused Vincent of the theft, and one evening, at the house of M. de Bérulle, before a distinguished company, he treated Vincent with disrespect as a thief. They all turned to look on Vincent, and M. de Bérulle said, "My friend, what is this the judge says?"

"God knows the truth," replied the humble priest, with an air of modesty and sweetness that won the whole company.

Some months later the little boy who stole the money was arrested for other thefts, and confessed this one to the very judge from whom he had stolen it. The judge at once wrote to Vincent, humbly craving his pardon. "Send it in writing at once, or I shall come to visit you with a

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tope round my neck." But for six months this scandal had been hanging over him, making him sad and dejected. However, the clearing of his character came at last. Soon he accepted the cure of Clichy, a poor parish near Paris, with a few large houses. Here for a short time he delighted in serving his poor, and they loved him so that they all obeyed his slightest word. But M. de Bérulle was only testing Vincent, and had other things in store for him. "You are to enter the family of Count de Gondi," said he, "one of the highest in the kingdom." "I left with sorrow my little Church," says Vincent; "my eyes were bathed in tears, and I blessed the men and women who came to see me off, and whom I loved so much."

In the De Gondi estates there were eight thousand souls—"subjects" of Mme. de Gondi, as she called them. For one hundred and nine years this family had monopolised the see of Paris, and other members were cardinals or deans, supporters of many orders and hospitals. Vincent was to spend twelve years with the branch of this family, whose head was Admiral of the Galleys. This nobleman's wife was devoted to religion and good works; she had a Grecian profile of the greatest purity and delicacy, and seemed absorbed in heavenly contemplation. Her three sons were to be Vincent's pupils; of these the third was the future Cardinal de Retz, who learned seven languages—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, German, and French. Vincent's influence over the parents was not less than that he won over the sons. One day he heard that Philippe-Emmanuel, his patron, was to fight a duel; after saying Mass the priest-tutor went and knelt by the count after all had retired. "Permit me, my lord," he said, "to have a word with you. I understand you are about to

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fight a duel. I declare to you on the part of our Lord, whom you have been adoring, that if you do not abandon this wicked design, He will exercise His justice on you and your posterity."

The count, moved by these words, promised before the altar to leave it to God to avenge him.

Vincent found the countess too meditative and scrupulous; he tried to draw her out of herself by doing works of charity. She visited the poor in their hovels, comforted the sick, and by her kind and gracious presence raised and consoled all she met. This lady left a large sum for missions to the villages, and it may have been one of these missions which rekindled in Vincent's heart his love of the poor. Anyhow he went up to Paris, and thence sent in his resignation of tutor, to the great dismay of his patrons. The countess wrote him an impassioned appeal to return "for the salvation of our family and of many others, towards whom you might exercise charity." But Vincent, though deeply moved by her letter, thought he ought to stay at Châtillon, of which he was now curé. It was full of very ignorant, irreligious people, and his work was needed.

One day a notorious duellist, Count Rougemont, came to his church. The sermon so powerfully affected him that he sought the priest and fell at his knees. His contrition was such that he sold his Rougemont estate and devoted the money to the relief of the poor. In fact, Vincent de Paul had much ado to prevent his making himself a beggar. "I will go to heaven stript of all things," he said to the curé. However, he could not bring himself to cast away his good sword, which he loved, which had slain so many of his enemies. But one day, while he was riding, a sense of shame seized him. He pulled in his horse, dismounted,



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threw his sword, and broke it into fragments on a rock. Then, mounting his horse, he cried, "At last, then, I am free!"

Soon there occurred an event which, simple in itself, yet gave rise to one of Vincent's great reforms. The priest had been asking for the sympathy and charity of his congregation for a poor family near Châtillon who were very ill. In the afternoon he set out with a friend to visit the afflicted folk, and as he went he was surprised to meet several persons who, moved by his words, had hastened to give assistance.

"Behold," said Vincent, "noble but ill-regulated charity. These poor people are provided with too much now, while others are in distress, and soon they will be in want just as before."

He discussed the affair with some ladies, suggested to them to club together to visit the needy every day—and this was the beginning of the "Association of Charity," whose members were styled "Ladies of Charity." After three months of experiment, officers were appointed, and rules written, one of which thus enters into detail:—

"The lady who visits shall get the food from the treasurer, cook it, and bringing it to the invalids, cheerfully and kindly salute them on entering their apartment. She shall arrange the tray on the bed, spreading a napkin over it, and placing on it a glass, spoon, and roll of bread. Next she shall wash the sick person's hands, say Grace, and then, having poured out the soup, and put the meat on a plate, she shall arrange all on the tray. She shall kindly invite the sick person to eat, for the love of Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother, doing all in a spirit of love, as if dealing with her own child. While conversing in this spirit about our Lord, she shall try to cheer the invalid if down-

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cast, cutting his food, and pouring out the drink." These and other rules were approved by the Archbishop of Lyons in 1617; thus for the first time was organised the visitation of the poor and sick by ladies of the world, free from every bond or vow, still living in their homes, and only visiting with the consent of husbands or parents. This homely beginning has developed into an institution which is spread all over the world.

Meanwhile Mme. de Gondi was moving great personages to persuade Père Vincent to return to her family, on the ground that he might extend and multiply his charitable works, aided by their patronage and wealth. So he left Châtillon and returned, to establish his Association in thirty or forty villages on the De Gondi estate, being helped at every turn by the good and charitable countess. He now took laymen as well as ladies to assist him in his work, and he did all he could to help the genuine poor and put down beggars. The poor were prohibited from begging, under penalty of having the aid withdrawn, and the public were forbidden to give alms. Such was the origin of charity organisation, a thing long unknown in England, where armies of tramps, who do not wish to work quite so much as they profess, still move from one workhouse to another.

The next work which the Père Vincent de Paul attempted was the reform of the galley-slaves. M. de Gondi, his patron, was the Admiral of the Galleys; in other words, was in command of the Mediterranean Squadron. A galley was in the seventeenth century a long, low vessel, not very high out of the water, carrying about four hundred men, with five large and twelve small guns. It was propelled by three hundred rowers, and carried about one hundred and twenty soldiers.

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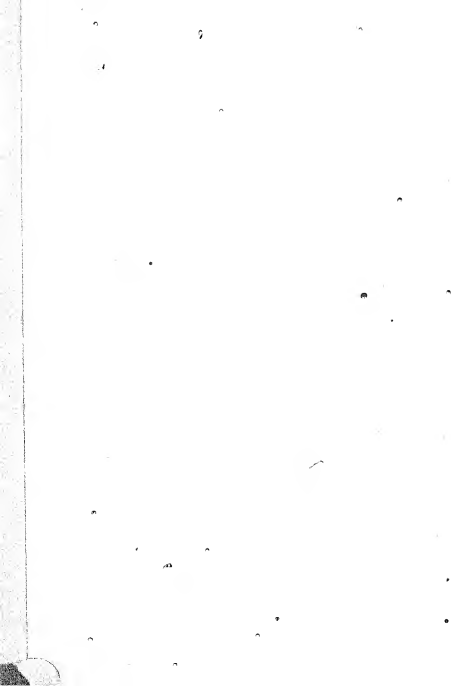
These rowers were criminals sentenced to this horrible work, hence the name galley-slave or outcast. They were fastened to the seat by chains, and bound together in pairs. Their neck and shoulders were bare, and a red cap covered the head. The chief officer stood at the stern, near the captain, to receive the word of command; while the second and third officers were respectively in the middle and at the prow, all three brandishing lashes over the bare shoulders of the galley-slaves. When the captain gave the order to start, the chief officer signalled with his whistle, and the second and third began to strike the bare shoulders of the rowers with their whips, just as the driver of a coach urges forward his team. If one of them flagged, the captain shouted, "Double the lashes." If the wretch fell fainting on his oar, then he was lashed till he came to, or till he died. In this case he was thrown overboard. In a storm in the Gulf of Lion, when the howling north wind drove down, you might have heard the moaning of the men, the terrible howls of the smitten slaves, the creaking of the timber mingling with the clank of chains and straining of oars. Again, in the summer, the sun shone down on blistered shoulders tortured by mosquitoes, and foetid odours varied the misery that none could escape.

At this time France had a score of galleys, rowed by 6000 slaves, and manned by 2500 soldiers. They were stationed at Toulon, Marseilles, Aigues-Mortes, and Narbonne, and their main duty was to chase away Turkish and Moorish corsairs, and protect the coast; they had to scour the Mediterranean, visit every port and secret creek, and capture or sink all pirate vessels. In the year 1620 M. de Gondi had left Marseilles with seven well-armed galleys, and came upon two pirate ships near Oran, which he forced



A FRENCH GALLEY

The galley was a long boat propelled by about 300 rowers, who were criminals sentenced to this work. They were fastened together in pairs and chained to their bench. The chief officer and the captain stood in the stern, while other officers walked up and down flogging the bare shoulders of the rowers.



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to surrender. Forty Christians were found chained to the seats of these two ships, and 150 armed Turks were taken prisoners. This is only one specimen of the sort of service which these galleys performed.

Before they started for Toulon and Marseilles the galley-slaves had to stay some time in the Paris dungeons. These prisons Vincent de Paul obtained permission to visit; he found them damp, and dark, and unhealthy. The slaves were chained to the walls, and they had nothing to eat but black bread and water. If they were ill, they must get better or die, without special care or doctor. Vermin covered their sores, and the stench of the place was well-nigh insupportable. From these prisons the priest went direct to the Admiral de Goudi, and put before him in eloquent terms the state of these poor wretches. The Admiral, a good man and upright, expressed sorrow, but could see no remedy for the evils of the system.

"But I can!" cried the priest, with flashing eyes; "at least we can try to do good to their souls. Give me leave to go amongst them, sir." With full power he then went among these outcasts, encouraging them by his loving presence, and raising their sinking hearts to God. So he tried to teach them to carry their cross in a spirit of atonement. He was assisted by two young priests, and in a few weeks a marked change was observed in the bearing of the galley-slaves. A large hospital was bought in the Rue St. Honoré, and thither the whole gang were transferred, much to their comfort and the improvement of soul and body. The king, hearing of this heroic devotion and the good results, instituted a new office of Chaplain-General of the Galleys of France, and appointed Vincent de Paul as the first chaplain, to rank in precedence above all other chap-

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lains. On February 12, 1619, the first Chaplain-General entered on his new office, and resolved to visit all the prisons. He began with Marseilles, the largest and worst, where the most hardened criminals were to be found. Here a strange incident happened. It seems that Louis XIII., finding the Brittany fleet too weak to attack La Rochelle, had ordered the Mediterranean galleys to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar. M. de Gondi put out to sea, but left ten galleys at Marseilles to be equipped and made up to their full numbers. But there were not enough galley-slaves to fill up the places, so prisoners from ordinary prisons were drafted in to serve on the galleys.

Amongst these latter Vincent de Paul noticed one young man who was sobbing and crying piteously. "He asked him the cause of his misery, and was answered, "It is because I am leaving my wife and little children in great poverty: and now who will work for them? I have not deserved so great a punishment for my slight offence against the law." The chaplain made further inquiries, found that the slave had spoken the truth, but, as the galley was on the point of starting, he could not get him reprieved. There was only one thing to be done; it was not lawful, but pity mastered prudence. He somehow managed to exchange places with the galley-slave, got himself chained to the seat, and sent off the prisoner in his soutane. He was not recognised until some time afterwards, and hastened to leave Marseilles, as his biographer says, "more ashamed of his virtue than others are of their vice." On the return of the fleet he organised a mission, and placed two priests on each galley, and, after a month's work, much good was done among the unhappy creatures.

Of Vincent de Paul's efforts to improve the French

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clergy we cannot now speak. The Ladies of Charity occupied much of his time and thought. Established in 1634, their first duty had been to assist the sick in the Hôtel Dieu, but soon their sphere was enlarged: they looked after prisoners for debt and other outcasts. One evening, as Vincent de Paul was returning from a mission, he found a beggar lying against the wall. The wretch was engaged in maiming an infant, in order to excite more compassion from the public when he went to beg. Vincent, horror-struck at the sight, cried, "Ah, you savage! you have deceived me. At a distance I mistook you for a man." Then he took the little victim in his arms and carried him to the Couché, where foundlings were kept. He saw its evils at a glance: a small house, into which three or four hundred children were admitted every year, where children were bought and sold and allowed to die unbaptized. He put the case before the Ladies of Charity, the queen, and the great lords, collected a large sum, and took over the care of the foundlings. But the civil war of the Fronde had impoverished both rich and poor, and only the priest's burning words and zeal moved the ladies to continue the work of rescuing these infants. He next employed laymen in the service of the poor, and insisted on the recognition of the difference between poor and beggar. Poverty, he said, is in the order of Divine Providence. Begging is a disgrace to society; it is the mother of every vice, and a menace to civilisation. The Sisters of the Poor, many of them simple girls from the villages, were going about in their grey habit and large white head-dress, the cornette of the period. When some suggested they should wear a veil, "No," said Père Vincent; "modesty is their veil."

• They were much needed by France when the country



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was suffering from the evils of war. For in those days hired mercenaries lived on the enemy whom they were invading; their chief object was to strike terror into the people. Men and women were killed, harvests were destroyed, villages burnt, until a great famine, followed by plague, swept over the land. For fifteen years the country people had been thus persecuted by friend and foe.

The carcases of horses and dogs were devoured; the bark on the trees and the clay on the roads were greedily eaten. Mothers killed and cooked their infants, and the streets of towns were crowded by half-naked victims of hunger. Monasteries and nunneries were pillaged and burnt, the castles were plundered, and the land was not sown, for even the rich were now as the poor. A nobleman, who asked for aid for his sick daughter, was told that assistance was only given to the poor. "Alas!" he replied, "I am of that number, for a cup of cold water is all that my daughter has had these two days."

To meet some of this extraordinary distress, Père Vincent, at the age of sixty-six, set himself to work. It has been computed that he distributed in charity nearly one million pounds sterling; but he gives the praise to the givers. "O ladies, does not the recital of these things move you? Providence has designed to make use of some ladies in Paris to succour the desolated provinces. No country possesses a precedent for it. No; it was a heroism reserved for you." Queens and princesses had sent their jewels to his funds, and a paper was founded, called the *Magazine of Charity*, for he recognised how strangely we imitate one another, and publicity won more recruits to his cause.

He sent his Sisters of Charity by twos and threes to

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battlefields and dangerous places, praising those of them who died "sword in hand." He insisted on four cardinal points. First, to rescue the starving; and for this he started cheap soup dinners. As usual, he worked it out into the most minute details. For every hundred persons a large vessel was to be procured, containing five cans of water, in which were to be cut up twenty-five pounds of bread, two of dripping, four pints of peas or other vegetables. We must remember that these were the first soup-kitchens known to history.

The second point was to bury the dead; for towns, villages, highways, and fields were strewn with festering and decaying bodies, dangerous to health. A company of men was formed to bury the dead and disinfect the houses. Many of these, and of his missionaries and Sisters, died of infection in their work.

The third point was to buy up and collect seed for the land, which he ever thought was one of the best forms of charity. In 1650, within two months, St. Vincent had spent forty thousand francs on this object.

The fourth point was to attend to the welfare of souls. It was no ordinary ministration that was needed, for during the wars all worship had been interrupted, churches plundered, and the young had been exposed to the most degrading examples of vice. Neither sex nor age, beauty nor holiness, had been respected by the ruffian mercenaries. Women and young girls had fled to the woods and caves for shelter, but were pursued torch in hand. At many places noble ladies and their daughters were banded together with village and shepherd girls, and driven into camps full of a brutal soldiery.

• But even the Sisters of Charity were not always secure

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in the midst of these social disorders, and some sought death to escape what was worse than death. Meanwhile St. Vincent's missioners had been sent to Barbary, for he never forgot the two years of slavery he spent there in his youth. Christians were no better treated there than before. Father Guérin writes in 1647: "We have here a little boy from Marseilles, aged thirteen years, who, since he was captured, has endured more than a thousand strokes for the faith of Jesus Christ. I went at once to his master, and, throwing myself on my knees before him, begged of him to relent. He consented to surrender him for two hundred piastres, but, not having that, I had to borrow at interest a hundred crowns, and a merchant gave me the rest."

In France the Sisters of Charity had begun with attendance at the hospitals, from the hospitals they went on to care for the galley-slaves, then the foundlings of Paris had become their charge under Mdlle. de Gras; after that the elementary schools were undertaken by them, with the view of bringing up the young in piety, purity, and faith. Modern France has flung such considerations to the winds, though St. Vincent had told them that nothing was more worthy to be the work of a Sister of Charity. The next labour they undertook was the service of the wounded on the battlefield. During the wars they had shown themselves valiant and patient, and once so employed they could not be done without. Petitions for their presence came in from all sides.

"O Sisters," said St. Vincent, "behold the queen requests that you should go to Calais to take charge of the wounded soldiers. How you should humble yourselves, seeing that God deigns to make use of you for such great ends. Men go to war to kill one another, and you, Sisters,

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go to repair the evils which they have done: to visit the wounded, not only in France, but even in Poland. Ah! where can we find a parallel?"

St. Vincent was now in his seventy-ninth year, and he was pressed to give rules to this new order of Sisters. He decided that the Mother-General should be chosen from the Sisters themselves; they were not to be like nuns, to make no perpetual vow, but only a vow for one year; they were to use the common dress of the time, and not to have special chaplains; they were to be composed of widows and young girls, and to choose their Superior for a term of three years after the death of Mdle. de Gras. There was to be no distinction amongst them; all were to be equal in humility.

In 1660 Mdle. de Gras died, and Père Vincent began to fail. When he fell asleep in the daytime, he would wake up and apologise, or say with a smile, "It is the brother, sleep, which goes before the sister, death."

He felt his end approaching, and bade good-bye to Count de Gondi, who, since his wife's death, had become a Priest of the Oratory, and to the Count's third son, his former pupil, now Cardinal de Retz, Archbishop of Paris. On Monday, September 27, 1660, Père Vincent peacefully passed away at four in the morning, the hour at which, for forty years, he had risen to pray. He was buried in the choir of the church of Saint Lazare, the Papal Nuncio, Bossuet, and all the distinguished men and women of Paris being present. Those who knew St. Vincent described him as having eyes deeply set, very bright and penetrating, a large forehead, nose rather thick, showing his humble origin, a finely formed mouth, an air of gravity and deep humility. For pure theory he had no taste, neither did he possess a

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poetical imagination—though imagination he must have had to have been capable of so true a sympathy.

But in practical questions he had no equal. His penetration was marvellous—nothing escaped him. When a new scheme was proposed to him, he saw at a glance its advantages and disadvantages, its helps and its hindrances. To penetration was joined a great courage; he confronted the long delays of Rome and the prejudices of society, and compelled the great ones of the earth to recognise his divine mission. To courage he added common-sense, the peasant's wisdom, "the mastery of life," as Bossuet calls it, and, to crown all, he had a genius for organisation, as is shown by the orders and associations which he regulated. "When God made man's heart, the noblest sentiment He placed in it was kindness," says Bossuet. In St. Vincent de Paul this gift was boundless, tempered indeed by common-sense—for he was not content to feel pity for the unfortunate; he tried to relieve them. He loved the poor, but he hated beggars. What would he have thought of modern Italian churches, infested with beggars? Lastly he did not begin his great work till he was fifty; but when he began a thing he always brought it to a good conclusion. This good priest was canonised by Pope Clement XII. in the year 1737.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From Mgr. Bougaud's "Life of St. Vincent de Paul," by kind permission of the translator's brother, Mr. P. I. Brady, and Messrs. Longmans & Co.

## CHAPTER VII

### JOHN HOWARD AND PRISONS

Born 1725—Lives near Bedford—At school near London—Studies medicine—Marries an elderly widow—At her death he travels—Made prisoner of war at Brest—His first experience of prisons—Marries Henrietta Leeds—Life at Lymington—Reforms the village—Loses his wife and has a son—More travels—Visits prisons—Prefers Holland—Made High Sheriff of Bedfordshire and gets access to gaols—Reforms abuses—The Fleet Prison—Brutalities of the warders—Commended by House of Commons—Spends three years in visiting English prisons—Publishes his notes—Visits foreign prisons—The Russian knout—His son becomes deranged—Howard catches fever at Cherson and dies 1790—His success and reforms

**J**OHN HOWARD, the man who did so much to improve the prison-life of debtors and criminals in the eighteenth century, was the son of a Dissenter, an Independent, who had carpet warehouses in Long Lane, Smithfield. He also owned a small patrimony at Cardington, near Bedford, and some property in Enfield. John Howard was born about 1725; his mother, whose maiden name was Cholmley, died during his early infancy; John, being weak and sickly, was sent to a cottager residing on his father's estate at Cardington. Here he was nursed with care and kindness, and grew so attached to the country life and the simple villagers that he afterwards chose this house as his home. Perhaps these first impressions of childhood rendered him more sympathetic to all cases of poverty and distress. When he was old enough, his father sent him to a school near London, where the sons of the richer

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Dissenters usually went ; but after seven years spent there, during which he indignantly confessed he learnt nothing well, he was transferred to Mr. Eames' Academy. This was a learned man, a friend of Sir Isaac Newton, the tutor of Archbishop Secker ; but Howard left soon, with only a slight knowledge of French, and was bound apprentice to a wholesale grocer in Watling Street, London.

A sum of £700 was paid as premium to secure for John separate rooms, and he had permission to keep a servant and two saddle-horses. Soon after the elder Howard died, leaving his daughter £8000 and to his son an ample fortune. The old gardener at his father's residence at Clapton used to tell a story of how young Master John would come punctually to the garden wall just as the baker's cart was going past, when he would buy a loaf, throw it over the wall, and, on entering the garden, would say merrily, "Harry, look among the cabbages yonder : you might find something of use for your family."

On coming of age John Howard went abroad for about two years : on his return he took lodgings at Stoke Newington, where he studied medicine. It is said that he often rode on horseback with a book in his pocket, when he would dismount, turn his horse to graze, and spend several hours in reading and thinking. Possibly he could trust his horse not to stray too far away, and was not quite so distrait as the late Professor Conington, who, on meeting a friend, dismounted and left his steed unattached, while he advanced to shake hands. That steed, to the Professor's dismay, returned incontinently to his stable.

Howard in his twenty-fifth year married a widow much older than himself, perhaps in gratitude for the care with which she had nursed him in his sickness. She, however,

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died about three years after, and Howard divided most of his furniture amongst his poorer neighbours. The old gardener used to say, "That there's my little dividend, sir—a bedstead and bedding, a table, half-a-dozen chairs, a new scythe, and a guinea! he was a kind young gentleman." Howard was plunged into melancholy by the death of his wife, and resolved to travel where he could help others less happy than himself. So he selected Lisbon, which had just been overthrown by a terrible earthquake. In 1756 he set sail in the *Hanover* for Portugal; but in the bay she was captured by a French privateer, and Howard found himself a prisoner of war. After being kept forty hours without food or water he was carried into Brest and confined in the castle. He and his companions were cast into a loathsome dungeon; and after some delay a joint of mutton was thrown down to them, which they had to tear to pieces and gnaw like dogs.

Howard says in his first book on prisons: "I lay six nights on straw, and, observing how cruelly my countrymen were used there and at Morlaix, whither I was carried next, I, as soon as I got my parole, corresponded with the English prisoners at Brest, Morlaix, and Dinan. I found that many hundreds had perished in prison; so when I came to England I made known to the 'Commissioners of Sick and Wounded Seamen' the sundry particulars. Remonstrances were made to the French court, and our sailors had redress. Perhaps what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy prisoners, whose case is the subject of this book."

Once more in England, Howard retired to Cardington, which he improved and enlarged, though his well-known



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aversion from all country sports rather kept his neighbours from the house. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and wrote some papers on cold and heat. In 1758 he married Henrietta, daughter of Edward Leeds, Sergeant-at-law; but her weak health induced him to buy an estate near Lymington. It is interesting to observe that here for three years he lived on the best terms with his poor neighbours, whereas the previous owner had been compelled to set steel traps, engines, and guns in order to preserve himself from their hostilities. The village of Cardington, to which they returned after three years' absence, had been noted for its profligacy and vice; but new cottages and kind and wise treatment soon worked a great change. Each cottage had its little garden, work was found for all, and the incorrigibly idle had to go elsewhere; it was a condition of their tenancy that they should attend some place of worship and abstain from gambling, cock-fighting, and public-houses; schools were built at his expense, in which the girls were taught reading and needlework, the boys reading, writing, and arithmetic. In 1765 his wife gave birth to a son, but her strength gave way, and she died within the month. Howard found a nurse for his child, and presently went to Bath, London, and Holland. Next year he travelled to Geneva and Milan. In Italy he observes how many Saints' days enforce idleness—"poor creatures prevented from getting their daily bread, thousands idling and miserable in the streets." In a letter written from Abbeville, January 1770, he says: "I was seven days re-crossing the Alps; the quick descent by sledges on the snow was interesting. I returned to Geneva. There are some exemplary persons; yet the principles of one of the vilest men (Voltaire), with

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the corruptions of the French, who are within one mile of the city, have greatly debased its ancient purity and splendour. I spent about ten days of the dirty city of Paris. The streets are so narrow, with no footpaths, that there is no stirring out but in a coach. I am now on my route to Holland, a favourite country of mine—the only one, except our own, where propriety and elegance are mixed. Above all, I esteem it for religious liberty.”

It is strange what differences have been made in 140 years! Paris a dirty city, with no shop-windows and no pavement! and to be seven days in crossing the Alps!

Again in May he writes from Rome: “Over the Apennine Mountains into Italy—three or four days in passing. For many miles there is hardly a three-foot road, with precipices into the sea; but the mules are so sure-footed there is nothing to fear. Through the mercy and goodness of God I travel pleasantly on. In Rome the Pope passed me yesterday; he waved his hand to bless me. I bowed; but, not kneeling, some of the cardinals were displeased. But I never can, or will, bow down to any human creature; but—that cruellest of all inventions, the Inquisition, stops all mouths.”

The foregoing extract shows Howard's piety, his religious freedom, and also the effect of his ill education in English grammar.

A visitor at Cardington thus describes Howard:—

“He was not disposed to talk much. He sat but a short time at table, and was in motion during the whole day. On the Sabbath he ate little or no dinner, and spent the interval between divine service in a private room alone. He had prayers in his family every morning and evening. He was very abstemious, lived chiefly upon vege-

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tables, and drank no wine or spirits. He hated praise, and when his works of benevolence were once mentioned, 'Pooh! only a w<sup>th</sup>m of mine,' he remarked slightly, and changed the subject."

In 1773 Howard was offered the Shrievalty of Bedfordshire. As he was dispensed from the usual condition of receiving the Holy Communion according to the rites of the Anglican Church, he accepted it, thereby rendering himself liable to a severe penalty.

It was the holding of this office which gave John Howard the first opportunity of beginning his life's great work.

Most high sheriffs before him had been simply society leaders. Howard was always seeking some means of doing good. He at once, by virtue of his office, demanded admission into Bedford Gaol—the gaol where Bunyan had composed the "Pilgrim's Progress." At once he began to rectify grievous abuses and to make better regulations. In his book on prisons he writes—

"The distress of prisoners came first under my notice when I was Sheriff of Bedford. I saw several declared not guilty who, after being confined for months, were dragged back to gaol and locked up again till they should pay sundry fees to the gaoler, the clerk of assize, &c.," for the following notice was suspended in Bedford Gaol: "All persons that come to this place, either by warrant, commitment, or verbally, must pay before being discharged fifteen shillings and fourpence to the gaoler and two shillings to the turnkey."

In order to redress this hardship, Howard applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the gaoler instead of his fees. As the justices wanted a precedent for

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charging the county with this expense, Howard rode about to various prisons in search of one; but he found that the same injustice was practised in all. However, he was by this led on to visit most of the county gaols in England. A report on the Fleet Prison in London gives us a vivid picture of the condition of gaols just before Howard's time.

It is almost amusing to find in the table of fees this item: "To the tipstaff for being taken into custody, £1, 10s. 0d." Not so amusing to the poor man who, on being found not guilty, has to remain in gaol till his friends can pay the fee. Again, every prisoner pays at his entrance into the house of the tipstaff six shillings towards a bowl of punch.

Even those kind-hearted persons who tried to help were sometimes attacked by the gaolers and lodged in prison.

Thomas Hogg, passing by the door of the Fleet, stopped to give charity to the prisoners at the grate, and being seen by James Barnes was seized and forced into Corbett's sponging-house, where he was detained for nine months without any cause given or legal authority whatsoever.

We must remember that most of the prisoners in these days were in gaol for debt, some of them being the victims of other men's greed and wrong.

The report mentions amongst others the case of Captain John Mackphedris, who was in the Fleet for debt owing to the failure of a friend. Bambridge, the warden of the prison, charged him an extravagant price for a furnished room, which sum the prisoner refused to pay.

On this the warden, assisted by Barnes, broke open the room and took away several things of value; then he locked

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Mackphedris out of his room and forced him to lie in the open yard. The prisoner tried to make the best of it by building himself a little hut as protection from the weather. Bambridge, seeing his unconcern, said, "Oh! my gentleman is easy. I will put him into the strong room by to-morrow," and he ordered Barnes to pull down his little hut. The poor prisoner, being in an ill state of health, as the night was rainy, was put to great distress.

About eleven o'clock at night Bambridge attacked him with his sword, but by good fortune was prevented from killing him. Next morning the warden came with a detachment of soldiers and ordered the prisoner to be dragged to the lodge and ironed with great irons on which the other asked by what authority he was so cruelly used. "By mine," said Bambridge, and put irons on his legs which were too small; so that, in forcing them on, his legs were like to have been broken. The prisoner complained of the grievous pain. The warden replied, "Yes, I do it on purpose to torture you."

"But by the law of England no man may be tortured."

"I'll do it first, and answer for it afterwards, you devil!"

Thereat the prisoner was dragged away to the dungeon, where he lay without a bed, loaded with irons so closely riveted that they kept him in continual torture and mortified his legs.

After some time his irons were changed and a surgeon directed to dress his legs. But he was lamed for life.

The prisoner petitioned the judges, who reprimanded Bambridge, and declared that a gaoler could not iron a man before he was found guilty of a crime; but it being out of term they could not give the prisoner any satis-

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faction! The upshot was that the prisoner had to give the warden six guineas and bear the charges of prosecution, which came to one hundred pounds. f

From this story we can see how unfortunate debtors, who might be most honourable and highly educated citizens, were entirely at the mercy of a cruel, grasping warden or gaoler.

Banbridge's conduct to Captain Sinclair was equally brutal; for he rushed into his room one night with a dark lanthorn, followed by an armed guard, and without any provocation pushed his lanthorn into Captain Sinclair's face, seized him rudely by the collar and cried, "Come with me!" As Sinclair asked why he was so treated, Banbridge for reply struck him with his cane on the head and shoulders. And yet Captain Sinclair was an officer who had in the late wars distinguished himself by the greatest courage and gallantry in the service of his country.

He bore the insults patiently, but refused to leave his room.

"I will ram this cane down your throat! Stab him, lads, with your daggers! drag him down to the lower dungeon."

They did so, and kept the captain confined in that damp and loathsome place till he had lost the use of his limbs and memory.

Howard began his inspection of prisons in 1773. There were most terrible revelations of cruelty and neglect: seldom did he find any ventilation or straw to lie upon: sewers were often stopped up, and gaol fever was rampant: some dungeons were very damp, and rats ran over the prisoners as they slept.

At Ely, as the gaoler considered the prison unsafe, he

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had chained the prisoners down on their back upon the wet floor: they wore an iron collar with spikes about their necks, and a heavy iron bar over their legs.

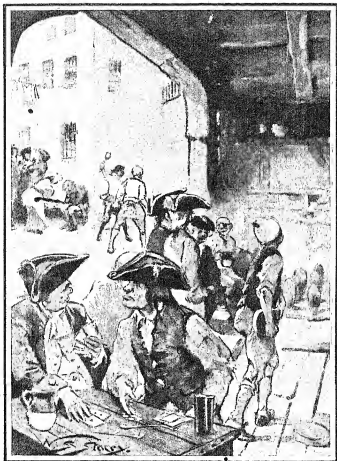
At Launceston, in Cornwall, Howard notes, "Dungeons all very offensive; no chimney, no water, no sewers, damp earth floors, no infirmary. Prisoners chained two or three together; provisions let down through a hole (9 by 8 inches) in the floor of the room above (used as a chapel). Many die here of fever."

In 1774 Howard was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, and in consequence, when the House met, Sir Thomas Clavering reported that "he was directed to move the House that John Howard, Esq., be called in to the bar, and that Mr. Speaker do acquaint him that the House are very sensible of the humanity and zeal which have led him to visit the several gaols of this kingdom."

On visiting the Fleet Prison in London he found the debtors had a dirty billiard table to play on, and in the court they could play skittles, Mississippi, fives, and tennis: many butchers and others used to come in from the street to play and gamble and drink. There were 243 prisoners, who with their wives and children amounted to 475.

In many counties he found that it was the practice to confine lunatics in the common gaols. At Hull they used to have the Assize but once in seven years: thus for any time short of that the innocent might be sent to languish in squalor and hunger and disease, without even straw to lie on, and with madmen screaming all night at their side.

Many died untried: death often reprimed the thief and murderer. "Peacock, a murderer, was in prison at Hull nearly three years; before his trial the principal witness died, and the criminal was acquitted."



THE FLEET PRISON

Howard found that the debtors imprisoned here had a dirty billiard-table to play on, and in the court they could play skittles, Mississippi, lives, and tennis. Many outsiders used to come in from the street to gamble and drink.





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In his foreign visits he remarks on the cleanliness of Holland ; but at Mannheim he says, " Prisoners committed to this house are received in form with what is called the bien venue (welcome). A machine is brought out in which are fastened their neck, hands, and feet. Then are they stripped and have, according as the magistrate orders, the grand venue of twenty to thirty stripes, the demi-venue of eighteen to twenty, or the petit venue of twelve to fifteen : after this they kiss the threshold and go in."

Howard was not long at home, after his foreign travel, before he set out again to see if any of the bad English prisons had been improved. He inquired of gaolers whether the sheriffs, justices, or magistrates ever inspected the gaols. No, was the universal reply ; some added, " Those gentlemen think that if they should come into my gaol they would soon be in their graves." Even the felons said that in York Castle the gaoler had not been in their wards for months.

It is very much to the shame of our forefathers that Howard found gaol-fever to be almost confined to England : " I neither found it in Switzerland nor anywhere else on the Continent." And gaol-fever killed many more prisoners than executions ever did.

At Knaresborough a common sewer from the town ran through the prison uncovered. " I was informed that an officer, confined here for debt, took in with him a dog to defend him from vermin ; but the dog was soon destroyed, and the prisoner's face much disfigured by them."

By the close of 1776 Howard had spent three years in visiting the noisome prisons of England at the great risk of catching fever ; he had travelled more than ten thousand miles, and had been thanked by Parliament. He now occupied himself in having his notes made ready for publi-

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cation. His servant Thomasson was told to call him every morning at two o'clock, because in the stillness of that time he could best revise his proof-sheets. At seven he dressed, finished breakfast by eight, and then went to the printing-office at Warrington, where he remained several hours. When the book was ready he gave away copies to most of the principal men in the kingdom, and fixed the price so low that no profit was possible.

Howard's mode of travelling was not very luxurious. He generally rode on horseback, about forty miles a day. When in Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland, he would stop at one of the poor cabins that stick up a rag by way of a sign, and get a little milk. When he came to the town where he was to sleep, he bespoke a supper like any other traveller, but made his man attend him and take it away whilst he was preparing his bread and milk. He always paid the waiters or postillions liberally, and if a postillion had been perverse on the way he desired the landlord to send him some poor widow; to her, in the presence of the postillion, he would present the usual driver's fee.

At the death of his only sister Howard received £20,000, which was very welcome to him after his large expenditure.

He again visited foreign prisons in order to get some hints whereby he might introduce improvements into England.

He was once asked what precautions he used to preserve himself from infection in the prison hospitals. "I here answer that, next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in Divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious

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cells, and, while thus employed, I fear no evil. I never enter a prison before breakfast, and if I am in an offensive room, I seldom draw my breath deeply."

In Russia Howard had been told that capital punishment had been abolished. Not believing this, he drove to the house of the executioner and asked him with an air of authority if he could use the knout so as to cause death in a short time.

"Yes, I can," was the reply.

"Have you ever inflicted it?"

"Yes, the last man who was punished by my hands died of the knout."

"In what manner do you render the blows mortal?"

"By a few strokes on the sides, which carry off large pieces of flesh."

"Do you receive orders thus to inflict the punishment?"

"I do."

"Aug. 10, 1781.—I saw two criminals, a man and a woman, suffer the punishment of the knout, which is a whip consisting of several thongs twisted together; they were conducted from prison by about fifteen hussars and ten soldiers. When they arrived at the place of punishment, the hussars formed themselves into a ring round the whipping-post, the drum beat a minute or two, then some prayers were read, the people taking off their hats. The woman was taken first; and after being roughly stripped to the waist, her hands and feet were bound with cords to a post. A servant attended the executioner, both being stout men. The servant first marked his ground and struck the ~~woman~~ man five times on the back. Every stroke seemed to penetrate into the flesh. But his master, thinking him too gentle, pushed him aside, took his place, and gave the

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remaining twenty strokes, which were evidently more severe. Then the man received his sixty strokes. Both seemed but just alive, especially the man, who yet had strength enough to receive a small donation with some sign of gratitude. They were conducted back to prison in a little waggon. I saw the woman in a very weak condition some days after, but could not find the man any more."

A few years afterwards the knout was abolished.

It is a relief to note that in a prison near Shrewsbury, containing 838 Dutch prisoners of war, Howard discovered a common sailor who, out of kindness or piety, was constantly attending upon his fellow-prisoners. He gave them medicines, prepared their food, and prayed by ~~them~~. When asked what Howard could do for him, the sailor replied, "I am quite contented, sir; well, a cup of tea would be nice now and then." About a week after, this Dutch sailor received a loaf of sugar, a pound of tea, and a kettle.

In Lisbon Howard found that imprisonment for debt had been recently prohibited. He could gain no admittance into the prisons of the Inquisition, which contained nineteen vaulted rooms, separated by walls six feet thick, and some of them were quite dark. On his return to London he heard there was an alarming riot at the Savoy. The prisoners had killed two of their keepers, and no one dared approach them until Howard came and insisted on entering their prison. In vain his friends and the gaolers endeavoured to dissuade him: calmly he went in, among two hundred ruffians, and such was the effect of his mild and benign manner, that they soon listened to his remonstrances, told him all their grievances, and at last allowed themselves to be conducted back quietly to their cells.

But this great philanthropist, who had spent so many

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years in devising the better welfare of the prisoners, found bad news awaiting him at home. His son, whom he had treated rather severely when a boy, and whom he had seen little of by reason of his long travels abroad, had indulged in vicious excesses and ruined his health, while the youth's violent temper had estranged from him those who might have been his friends. Howard had his son entered as a Fellow-Commoner of St. John's College, Cambridge, before he set out to visit the foreign lazarettos. The young Howard soon disgusted all the steady men of his college, and took up with the fast set, many of whom he brought home in the vacation to Cardington, and turned the quiet village into a noisy bedlam. The ungoverned passions of the young man made some suspect that a mental derangement was the cause of his wildness—for amongst other strange symptoms he began to suspect the servants of endeavouring to poison him; so that it became necessary to place him in confinement.

Howard writes, "It is indeed a bitter affliction: a son, an only son!" On his return he found that son a raving maniac, bound with cords in one of the rooms at Cardington. Howard could not bear to live in that home any longer, and set off for London to see what reforms had been made. He was greatly disappointed, and found the extortion of fees still permitted, and the gaols filthy and unwholesome, the system of punishments still vindictive, instead of being corrective: and in many cases he found the gaols to be a school of vice for the young and innocent. Howard had been the first to insist on a separate cell for each criminal, but it was long before that reform was carried out.

• In Stafford Gaol he found fifty-two male felons chained

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down, hardly fourteen inches being allowed to each. The moisture from their breath ran down the walls; the dungeons were hot and offensive, and the prisoners were pale and ill. The women were in irons, and lay in another dungeon. Seven of the felons had died of the gaol-fever, and nine out of thirteen of the poor debtors; acquitted prisoners were kept in irons till the judge left the town!

Howard now determined to revisit Russia, but first he had to appoint a guardian for his son, who was still deranged. Mr. Whitbread took upon him this responsibility until young Howard died in his thirty-fifth year.

In July 1789, Howard embarked for his ~~last~~ journey. His diary states, "In confidence on God, who has been my help, I cheerfully set out on my journey, and came to Amsterdam the 7th of July." After visiting prisons in Germany, and praising those in Berlin, which he saw were clean and healthy, he came to Riga. Here he found some who had suffered the punishment of the knout, whose nostrils were slit and their cheeks marked to denote their condemnation for life. Amongst these criminals was one who had been the knout-master at St. Petersburg, and had lately murdered his two colleagues. For this he had been sentenced to 270 strokes of the knout, and to slavery for life.

When he came to Cherson, Howard was in the midst of general festivity, for the Russians were celebrating a recent victory over the Turks. But some of the Russian officers had brought fever with them, which spread rapidly and swept off numbers of the inhabitants.

Amongst those who took part in the balls and masquerades was a young lady who lived some sixteen

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miles away. She caught the infection, and her friends, hearing of Howard's reputation as a physician, begged the Englishman to see her and give his advice.

Howard at first replied that he only attended the poor and such as could not afford to pay for medical treatment.

The symptoms became more alarming, and the girl's friends again besought Howard to come. His reluctance arose chiefly from a feeling that it was unjust to deprive the local doctors of their just recompense. However, he was prevailed upon to visit the sufferer. He prescribed, and repeated the visit, and promised to see his patient again if necessary. A letter which was sent to him, earnestly requesting his attendance, miscarried, and did not reach Howard until eight days after its date. Fearing that fatal consequences might result from the delay, he resolved to set out at once, though a cold rain was falling in torrents, and no carriage could be obtained.

No difficulty or fatigue should deter him from making the attempt. He managed to find an old dray horse, upon which he rode the sixteen miles. Though he arrived soaked through and tired, he went straight to the bedside, administered a medicine to excite perspiration, and carefully watched the result. But all his skill and care and self-denial were of no avail, for the poor girl died the next day. Howard felt that he had caught the fever, returned at once to Cherson, and did not leave his lodgings for a day or two. Then, feeling better, he went out to dine with Admiral Mordvinof, and on his return thought he had some attack of gout coming on. He took some sal volatile in a little tea and felt a little better, but he soon grew worse, and Prince Potemkin sent his own physician to see him. One day



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Admiral Priestman called and found Howard sitting before a stove in his bedroom, looking very ill.

"My end is fast approaching, Priestman. Thank you for coming."

"Oh! don't talk of such gloomy subjects; you are feverish, and are only suffering from low spirits."

"No, no, Admiral, you are wrong; it is no gloomy subject. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look forward to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live." Then speaking about his funeral, he said: "There is a spot near the village of Dauphigny. There lay me quietly in the earth, place a sundial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

At this time a letter came to him from England, informing him that the writer had lately seen his son, and predicting that he would find him decidedly better.

This news greatly cheered the dying man; then he begged that his friend would read over the burial-service of the English Church at his funeral, and not leave it to the Russian priests.

Howard died on the morning of January 20, 1790.

In spite of Howard's wish for a quiet funeral, thousands assembled to escort the body to the grave; princes, soldiers, officers, citizens, all bent on doing honour to the memory of so good a man.

In appearance Howard was of short stature, thin, and of a sallow complexion; the kindness of his smile lit up his usually serious face. He walked rapidly, and seemed to observe everything. Though rather strict and severe, yet he acted with kindness and generosity to all his servants.

A splendid statue of Howard was erected in St. Paul's

## JOHN HOWARD AND PRISONS

Cathedral, with a long inscription, in which occurs these words—

“From the throne to the dungeon his name was mentioned  
With respect, gratitude, and admiration.”

And Burke said of him: “His aim was to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, to compare and collate the distress of all men in all countries. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity.”

John Howard's success in procuring the reform of prisons was not immediate: repeatedly he came back from his tours through Great Britain complaining that he could see little progress in the work of putting down the abuses which he had pointed out and reported to the Government officials. But his labours were not in vain; the facts which he had marshalled remained to sting Ministers to tardy activity, and several Acts of Parliament which were passed in later years owed their existence to him. The most important of these were 22 Geo. 3, c. 64, passed in 1782, and 24 Geo. 3, c. 54, passed in 1784. The first of these applies to the discipline of houses of correction, the fees of the gaolers, the fines, &c.; the second to the building, repairing, and government of county gaols, and was the beginning of the more sanitary, modern prison, in which gaol-fever had less scope for its deadly venom.

The Act of 1865 abolished the distinction between common gaols and houses of correction, and directed that imprisonment should in all cases be separate, which is equivalent to solitary; this is the very point on which Howard had laid such stress.

## CHAPTER VIII

### OBERLIN IN ALSACE

Life in Alsace—German sympathies and language—Great ignorance and poverty—Smuggling and flogging and game-preserving—Poor pay the taxes—Castles blazing—Oberlin born at Strasburg, 1740—His boyhood—Student in the Academy—Devotes himself to God—Tutor to a physician and learns medicine—Undertakes the pastorate of the Ban de la Roche—The people suspect him—He wins them over—Makes roads and bridges, and teaches agriculture and imports new seeds, provides schools and infant schools, starts various industries—His great sympathy and piety and tolerance—Visitors from England came to see how he had done it all—Dies in 1826

**I**F it is true that the pioneer in any new enterprise has the harder work and deserves the greater credit, then we must place the Alsatian pastor, Oberlin, in a high rank amongst foreign philanthropists. For he lived during the dark days of the French Revolution, when the peasantry were rude and ignorant, and when it had scarcely occurred to any one that education might both improve the citizen and enrich the State.

Arthur Young, the Suffolk squire, who travelled for three years in France to note agricultural details and facts, reports that the country in and near Alsace was miserably poor. The village folk lived in hovels, only some of which were furnished with chimneys and windows; mountains clad with oak timber, with steep descents and winding roads, rendered communication difficult. The people had all the appearance of being of German race—not one person in a hundred had a word of French; the rooms, too, in the

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hotels were warmed by stoves in the German manner; the kitchen-hearth was three or four feet high in the cottages, and the manners, ideas, habits, and prejudices of the Alsations were quite different from those of the French. Young could hardly ever find a newspaper in the small towns, so little interest was taken in events that were national and not local. The inns had one common room, large and low: many tables were spread there for a motley company, the gentry dining at some tables, the poor at others. The cooking was German, the favourite dish being *schnitz*, consisting of bacon and fried peas. It is interesting to observe how the same people who now pride themselves on being French, because the late war between France and Germany has resulted in making Alsace a German province, at the end of the eighteenth century prided themselves on being German, because Louis XIV. had conquered them and attached them to France.

In Oberlin's time the peasantry were dreadfully poor, and bread was scarce and highly priced. The nobles had lived luxuriously in their castles, and ground down their dependents by numerous edicts. For instance, in order to preserve the game for the Seigneur, an edict was passed which prohibited weeding and hoeing, lest the young partridges should be disturbed; steeping seed was also prohibited, lest it should injure the pheasants and partridges; manuring with night soil also, lest the flavour of the birds should be injured by feeding on the corn so produced; hay must not be mown before a certain date, whereby many crops were spoilt; the stubble must be left long in order to give shelter to the birds. As to the taxes, the nobility and clergy were exempted from paying them; the *corvées*, or taxes for maintaining the roads,

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were annually the ruin of many hundreds of farmers; there was much smuggling of salt, and the penalty was a heavy fine, or the galleys for nine years. If women smuggled, for the first offence they had to pay a fine of 100 livres, for the second 300 livres, for the third offence they were flogged and banished the kingdom for life; husbands were responsible for them both in fine and body. If children smuggled, the fathers and mothers were flogged as well as the children.

By "game" was meant not only hares and partridges, but whole droves of wild boars and herds of deer wandering at pleasure over the whole country, to the destruction of the crops; if any wretched peasants presumed to kill them in order to save the food which was to support their helpless children, they were sent to the galleys. No wonder that, when the Revolution came, the peasants demanded the destruction of every kind of game and the free use of handmills; for by law the people were bound to grind their corn at the mill of the Seigneur only, and to bake their bread in his oven, with payment of various fees. Facts such as these help us to understand the excesses of the people when they did rise. Some of the blame must surely fall on their oppressors, who had kept them so long in a state of bondage, who had fleeced them in their seigneurial courts, taken off the taxes from the man of fashion and rank and laid them, with accumulated weight, on their poor neighbours. The excesses cannot be justified—burning castles, ladies and children starved and insulted or stabbed—but they can be explained by the long tyranny of the provincial parliaments and of the courts of the nobles. When the Revolution did come to France, the whole country was ablaze with the castles of the nobles; but in the district

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over which Pastor Oberlin had control there was no riot, no shedding of blood, no raising of fire. It is time to see how one poor man could effect so much.

Jean Frédéric Oberlin was born at Strasburg in the year 1740, his father being a schoolmaster in that city. From a child he had been unselfish and desirous of helping others. One day, as he was walking through the market-place at Strasburg, the boy saw a poor woman, very thinly clad, bargaining for some warm dress she wished to purchase. But she could not raise all the money demanded for it; she was just two sous (one penny) short of the sum, and with a sigh she left the stall. Jean Oberlin had been listening, and quickly he slipped two sous into the dealer's hand, saying, "Call her back, sir."

The dealer did so, and let her have the dress; on which the boy ran off, not wishing to be thanked.

It seems that Oberlin's father used to allow his children a small sum each week to spend as they liked, and Jean's generosity and self-denial began in these small gifts to the very poor.

Another day he was going along the narrow street when he saw a beadle ill-using a poor sickly beggar. Some people were looking on and taking no part, but the boy Oberlin stepped out of the crowd and said, "You ought to be ashamed of hurting that poor beggar. Let him go; he has done no harm. Can't you be kind to him?"

"You interfere with me in my office!" cried the beadle, catching him by the arm. "I arrest you! Come along to prison, youngster." Fortunately some shopkeepers, who knew the boy and his father, came to his rescue and made the beadle release the child.

A few days after this, Oberlin was walking in a retired

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part of the city when he saw the same beadle approaching him. This time there were no friends at hand to protect him. His first impression was to run away as fast as he could. Then he thought: "I tried to do right; God will protect those who try to please Him. Why should I be afraid?" So he walked steadily on.

The man, to his great surprise, nodded to him and smiled, and so passed by. Oberlin was fond of telling these stories of his childhood when he became an old man.

At the age of fourteen he was entered as a student in the Strasburg Academy, where he worked hard and won many prizes, so that his friends began to predict for him great eminence in the world of letters. Jean frequently attended the sermons of Dr. Lorentz, a famous preacher at Strasburg, whose evangelical doctrines were not approved of by some of the learned professors. These sermons, however, seem to have had a strong influence over Oberlin, for on the 1st of January 1760, in his twentieth year, he drew up and adopted a solemn act of self-dedication to God. In this document are these words: "I consecrate to Thee, O God, all that I am, and all that I have: the faculties of my soul, the members of my body, my property, and my time. If Thou art pleased to employ me in this life to lead others to Thee, give me strength and courage to declare myself openly on Thy behalf." How he kept that dedication his life abundantly shows.

After taking his degree he became a private tutor in the house of a medical man, for he did not wish to take a pastoral charge until he had had some experience of life. His sojourn with this distinguished physician was of immense use to him, for he there began to acquire that knowledge

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of medicine which he employed with such excellent results in his scattered parishes.

It happened some time after that M. Stouber, the pastor of the Ban de la Roche, was seeking some one to succeed him in his most difficult and arduous duties, and hearing of Jean Oberlin, he went to Strasburg and called on him. M. Stouber found Oberlin in a small room at the top of the house, lying on a little bed, the curtains of which were made of brown paper which he had stitched together to keep off the wind, as he was suffering just then from toothache.

M. Stouber was congratulating him on his contented spirit, when he spied a curious-looking pan on the table. "What's that for?" he said. "Oh!" replied Oberlin, "that is my kitchen. You see I always dine with my parents every day, and when I leave they give me a good slice of bread, so that when I feel hungry in the evening I put the bread into that pan with a little water, and salt and pepper, then I boil it over my lamp, and that makes me a capital supper, very tasty, so I can study on till eleven or twelve o'clock at night."

Stouber saw at once that a young man who could endure privations so cheerfully was the very person to undertake the charge of such a wild district as the Ban de la Roche.

M. Stouber explained the reason of his visit in a few words. "I am leaving my charge, and I want you to undertake it. The Ban de la Roche, as you may know, is on a spur of the Vosges Mountains about twelve leagues from Strasburg. La Roche is a castle, round which lies a ban, or district, of some 9000 acres; some call it the Steinthal, or Stony Valley. It is a narrow valley between two ranges of volcanic origin, called Champ de Feu, detached from the



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great chain of the Vosges. It comprises two parishes, Waldbach and Rothau. In Waldbach are five separate villages and three churches. The district lies 1800 feet above sea-level, and is occupied by some hundred families, mostly refugees on account of religion. They enjoy that freedom of worship which was granted on the union of Alsace to France. The whole territory belongs to Protestant noblemen, as feudal lords of the soil. But I must warn you, sir, that the people are very wild and ignorant. When I first went there I visited the only school. A number of children were gathered together in a miserable cottage. As I entered I heard an appalling noise of scuffling, quarrelling, and shouting.

“ ‘ Silence, children, silence ! ’ I cried. ‘ Where is your master ? ’ One of the children pointed to a little old man who was lying on a bed in the corner of the room.

“ ‘ Are you the master of this school ? ’ said I, in some dismay.

“ ‘ Yes, I be the master, sir—I be.’

“ ‘ Humph ! But don’t you teach the children anything ? ’

“ ‘ No ! I don’t teach the children nothing—for a good reason.’

“ ‘ It must be a very good reason indeed. What is it, my friend ? ’

“ ‘ Well, I don’t know nothing myself, sir ; so how am I to teach ? ’

“ ‘ But, my good friend, why did they send you here, then ? ’

“ ‘ Because, sir, I be too old to take care of the pigs.’ ”

When the two men had had their laugh over this, M. Stouber went on : “ You may think I soon got another schoolmaster, and by the liberality of my friends I was able

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to choose some superintendents, who helped in the school. Then we had an adult school in the winter evenings, and they soon learned to read the Bible. But I must tell you that when I procured fifty copies of the Bible from Basle, finding that I had not enough to distribute all round, I had them divided into three parts, and thus I had 150 copies to distribute. But they looked askance at them, and some said, 'Call this the Word of God? It's very thin!' I can tell you, M. Oberlin, there is plenty of work to be done in the Ban de la Roche, if that is what you want."

On the 30th of March 1767, Jean Frédéric Oberlin took up his abode in the parsonage house of Waldbach.

He found the people very ignorant, in spite of M. Stouber's efforts, very poor, and very suspicious of those who would do them good. There were no roads, there was no trade, and agriculture was at its lowest ebb. Oberlin thought that it would be the wisest thing to begin reform with the body and with material comforts. So he resolved to try and get a good road made between the villages on the hills and Strasburg, for there were many months in the year when the mountain paths were utterly impassable, and nothing could either be bought or sold in the market. He preached about his scheme, and urged one and all to exert themselves and give their free labour on the work. But, strange to say, their pastor's advice gave great offence. "Who is he to order us to work like slaves? Have we got a new Seigneur instead of a pastor?" They banded together to waylay the young minister on his way home after church, when they meant to give him a wholesome flogging.

But Oberlin had friends in the parish who gave him timely notice of the conspiracy. On the following Sunday,

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then, he preached a stirring sermon from the words, "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

After the service the conspirators met at one of their houses, and were in the act of discussing what the pastor would say when he was called upon to put his fine preachings into practice, when suddenly the door of the cottage opened, and to their great amazement Oberlin himself stood before them!

"My friends," he said, "I have heard that you wish to chastise me. Now I am anxious to spare you the shame of lying in wait to do so. If I have done wrong, tell me of my fault: I have come to submit to its punishment."

The calm and dignified manner of his speech completely awed his adversaries, and they begged his pardon and promised no longer to oppose his wishes.

But though Oberlin had won over his own parishioners, yet in the more distant villages the spirit of revolt still continued, and some of the young men, laughing at the cowardice of their neighbours, swore they would give the young pastor the thrashing which he so richly deserved. They planned to waylay him on the next Sunday on his return from church; but again some one revealed their purpose, and Oberlin preached a sermon insisting on the truth that God always protects those who serve Him faithfully.

After church, instead of riding home as usual, he told a peasant to lead his horse, and he himself set off on foot. As he drew near the spot where the men were lying in ambush, he clearly saw their figures through the inter-

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vening bushes, but took no notice of them at all, and walked calmly and quietly past them. The men were spell-bound by his perfect indifference; not one of them stirred, and Oberlin passed on untouched to his home.

Then they began to find out that the scheme for road-making was not in order to enrich himself or cause them unnecessary labour. They saw their pastor with his coat off helping to blast the rocks on the hillside, or carry in a wheel-barrow great blocks of granite. All the time he was full of animation and laughter, stimulating his friends by word and example.

"One half-league only at first, my friends, then a bridge over yon torrent. You will soon see the profit of it when we can all get to market right through the winter."

The work progressed well, for every month more and more men volunteered for the road-making; so that early in the year 1770 the road was finished, a good bridge or two thrown over the mountain torrents, and free communication opened with the city.

A year after his coming to the *Ban de la Roche* Oberlin married a young lady of Strasburg, Madeleine Salome Witter, who heartily entered into her husband's plans of beneficence.

For Oberlin was not content with one road only leading to Strasburg; he persuaded the folk to work with him at other roads, joining the various villages together. They raised walls also to prevent the good soil on the slopes from being washed away by rains, and attempted by degrees to rebuild the houses in a better style.

• He next tried to persuade them to abandon some of

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their old methods of agriculture; but the wisacres smiled and shook their heads. What should a mere pastor know of such matters? Oberlin therefore resolved to appeal to their eyes instead of their ears. There were two public paths through his gardens, so he and his servant carefully brought the soil into a high state of cultivation; and when the neighbours walked along and marked how the pastor's crops were twice as large as their own, and saw the many strange vegetables growing, they condescended to make inquiries as to how he did it. "No, it was not done by angels in the night! God intended men to live by the sweat of the brow, to use the reason which He had given them, and so improve themselves and others."

Before Oberlin arrived, the people had lived mainly on wild pears and apples and potatoes; but the potatoes had degenerated by the seed having never been renewed. Fields that once had yielded 150 bushels now scarcely produced forty; yet the population was increasing as the food was decreasing. He sought for fresh seed potatoes from Germany and Switzerland, and very soon they had crops which for their quality fetched a high price at Strasburg.

Oberlin also obtained new fruit-trees and grasses, which improved the gardens. Flax seed from Riga was introduced, and did well. Clover, flax, and potatoes, he found, were well adapted to the granitic sand of the Steintal. Then manures were saved for the fields; artificial water-meadows were started; lessons were given the villagers in the uses of the wild herbs and plants that grew on the hills, and in the advantage of keeping the cattle warm in the winter and feeding them on stored hay. He taught them how to graft fruit-trees and plant nursery-grounds and improve the breed of their cattle. In a few years

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the reports of travellers came to the Central Agricultural Society at Paris, who presented Oberlin with a gold medal. Waldbach was held up as a model of social economy, and the villagers, gaining self-respect with thrift and prosperity, grew very proud of their pastor and his wife.

Of course it was not only their temporal welfare which Oberlin was seeking to improve, though he made this his first object, as he saw that poverty had degraded them almost to the level of their own skinny beasts; for soon after taking charge he provided a better schoolroom, though this reform was at first bitterly resented. But Oberlin said, "Very well, it shall cost you nothing; I will beg the money from my friends in Strasburg." The house was built, and Mme. Oberlin presided over the school. Then another reform became necessary—an infant school, where the little children and babies could be taken care of while their parents were out at work. This sounds very simple to us now, but Oberlin's infant school was the first that was thought of; and when the parents saw that the little ones had learnt to knit and spin, they were quite content. In order to excite the elder children to diligence, they were required to meet from all the villages, once a week, at Waldbach, where a sort of examination was made of their progress, and also a lending library was established; books on natural history and geology were explained, and an electrical machine was kept.

When the population reached the number of 3000 souls it became necessary to provide more employment than agriculture could give; so Oberlin introduced straw-plaiting and dyeing, and then cotton-spinning, giving prizes to the women who were the best spinners. Later a silk-ribbon manufactory was started, and children worked at

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the ribbon-looms in their own houses, and under the eye of their parents. In addition, Oberlin clothed some of the more clever boys, and sent them as apprentices to Strasburg to be masons, blacksmiths, glaziers, and cartwrights. Thus in course of time the villages made many things which formerly they had to buy. By this time any idea which their pastor proposed was willingly and enthusiastically carried out by the people, for they already looked upon him as a sort of Providence. Oberlin had the great misfortune to lose his wife, and was left with seven children to look after, but an orphan girl to whom they had both been very kind devoted herself to the care and education of the children, and remained with Oberlin until her death.

As a specimen of Oberlin's manner in dealing with the sorrows of his parishioners, we have a touching letter he wrote to a lady who had lost many members of her family in quick succession.

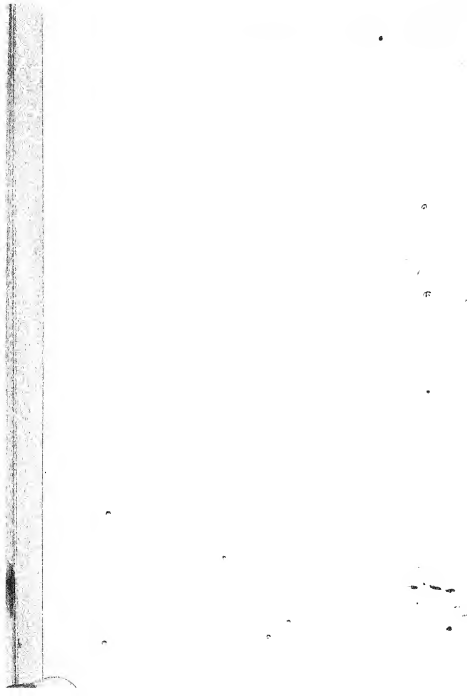
After speaking of her trials he went on: "Dear madam, I have now before me two stones; they are alike in colour, they are of the same water, clear, pure and clean. But there is a great difference between them; one has a dazzling brightness, the other is quite dull. What is the reason of this difference? The one has been carefully cut, the other hardly touched. Now, had these stones been endowed with life, so as to have been capable of feeling what they underwent, the one which had received eighty cuts would have thought itself very unhappy, and would have envied the fate of the other, which, having received but eight, had undergone but a tenth part of its own sufferings. Yet the stone which has suffered little is dim and lustreless; the stone which has suffered greatly shines forth in dazzling brilliancy."



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The pastor by his indomitable perseverance and courage brought the parish of the Ban de la Roche from a condition of poverty, ignorance, and savagery, to one of prosperity and contentment. By his tact he overcame the prejudices of his flock, and not only saved himself on at least two occasions from personal violence, but on another rescued a few who was in danger of being severely handled.





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When the French Révolution was devastating other parts of France, the peasants of the Ban de la Roche were unmoved—they read their Bibles as usual, went to church on Sundays, were on friendly terms with the Protestant Seigneur, and received in a friendly spirit such refugees as fled to that sacred spot out of the strife of the cruel workmen of the great cities, who were polluting the names of liberty and brotherhood. From the first year of the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a correspondence was opened with Pastor Oberlin; the London Society sent him thirty pounds to be spent in buying Bibles for his own people, and more than 10,000 Bibles were circulated through his agency in France before the Paris Bible Society was formed. It was while he was engaged in distributing Bibles that Oberlin's second son caught a severe cold and died soon after returning to his father's house.

Though Oberlin was a Lutheran pastor he yet was on very good terms with his Roman Catholic neighbours, and on more than one occasion protected them by his presence from insult and violence. One day, as he was at work in his study, he heard a great uproar in the village street, and, going out to see what was the matter, he perceived a stranger, who was being abused unmercifully by an angry crowd, who were shouting, "A Jew! a Jew!" "Come into my house, sir," said Oberlin; then, turning to the mob, he said, "My friends, if this man wants the name of a Christian, I am sorry to say you want still more the spirit of Christ."

In consequence of Oberlin having received several refugees from Strasburg of different religious opinions he was summoned to the court-house and put on his

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trial. The court, however, not only acquitted him of any political motive, but expressed regret that so useful a public character had been interrupted amidst his laborious avocations. Amongst the other reforms Oberlin found the means of providing a large and small fire-engine for the district; he kept a stock of useful medicines in his own house, and he set on foot a scheme for providing for the medical education of certain young women, who, on their return, might act as experienced midwives. We have hardly yet reached this point in our village economy in England, though it is just about to be instituted.

One of the most striking examples of Oberlin's influence over the minds of his people was afforded by his termination of a lawsuit, which for eighty years had been the cause of most disastrous dissensions in the whole neighbourhood. The dispute arose about the rights of the nobility and the peasantry to the privileges of the forests. The latter claimed the right to kill game and cut wood for firing, and this dispute had gone on for eighty years. The Prefect of the department of the Lower Rhine, M. de Lézay-Marnésia, being anxious to put an end to a strife which was costing both parties much both in money and loss of good feeling, came to Pastor Oberlin and intreated him to use his influence on the side of peace. Oberlin promised to do all that lay in his power, and began to discuss it with his parishioners, not only dwelling on the value of concord and forgiveness of injuries, but also pointing out how all this money wasted in lawsuits might be so much more profitably spent in cultivating their lands. In less than eighty days he had prevailed, and articles of pacification were signed. Oberlin received the pen which was used, as a memorial of his successful

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influence. Before he died, the fame of the Ban de la Roche had spread into foreign countries, and many savants and pilgrims came to see if this Alsatian district was as civilised and prosperous as was reported. Amongst these were an English lady and gentleman who spent ten days with him, and wrote an account of what they saw. They had passed from untilled and barren lands to a garden of fertility in coming over the Vosges; from a superstitious, poverty-stricken, discontented peasantry to an orderly, industrious, God-fearing community. They found Pastor Oberlin still a handsome old man, and they were struck by the courteous air with which he greeted all, lifting his hat and addressing to them some kind words; while the villagers had caught the infection of politeness, and vied with their beloved pastor in offering hospitality to strangers. They were much struck, too, by Oberlin's methodical habits. He never wasted any time in the day, for time was to him God's most precious gift. At seven o'clock the whole family breakfasted together—servants, children and all. A long table was spread in the parlour, and a big basin of milk and a dish of potage stood in the centre. As Oberlin entered he shook hands with all, said a short grace, and sat down. After breakfast he generally retired to his study until noon, when they all met again for dinner. Then came the visiting of the sick and poor, in which he invited any guests to join him, taking pains to point out all that was of interest. At half-past seven the whole family again assembled for supper, and the evening was passed in cheerful talk or with music and song. As Oberlin grew too old to take his former active part, M. Graft, his son-in-law, ably supplied his place.

When at last the spirit winged its flight from the

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tired body, such a funeral procession started from Waldbach as the country-side had never seen before. For though the churchyard was two miles away from the parsonage, yet the body had reached the church before the last of the mourners had left the house. The Mayor of Strasburg affixed to the pall the Star of the Legion of Honour presented to Oberlin by Louis XVIII. as an official recognition of the good Oberlin had done.

For fifty-nine years he had been pastor, and died in 1826 at the age of eighty-six. His sympathy and benevolence had not been confined to his own parishes; foreign missions, negroes enslaved, pagans under the bonds of superstition—all came under his sympathetic notice. *Quidquid agunt homines*, to all the doings of his fellow-men, so far his help extended. He thought a true pastor should provide first and foremost for the spiritual wants of his flock, but next to that he cared for their health and cleanly living. He found them poor and hopeless, and savage and suspicious. He left them prosperous, contented, gentle, and God-fearing. It would have been a great feat to have done in our day, when there are so many helps towards moral progress. But, as a pioneer, having to fight against rude prejudice and the world's ridicule, he was one of the great ones of the century.

## CHAPTER IX

### SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY

Severity of English Law—Privilege of clergy—Branding for theft—Transportation begun under Charles II., abolished 1853—Sanctuary abolished 1623—Death penalty for 200 offences—Too great severity induced men to let offenders go free—The police corrupt—A forty pound crime—Dark streets—Romilly and Mackintosh the great reformers of our law—Romilly of Huguenot ancestry—His father a jeweller in the city—Samuel a nervous boy at a rough school—Teaches himself and studies law—Meets Anne Garbett at Lord Lansdowne's and marries her—A noble wife—Gordon Riots—Gray's Inn—Visits Lawanne and Paris—Friend of d'Alembert, Mirabeau, and Diderot—Midland Circuit—Views on French Revolution—Made Solicitor-General and knighted—Member for Wareham—His Bills for amending the law cost him three years' hard work—Flogging in the army—Insolvent debtors—Shoplifting—Children in prison—Sheridan dies destitute—Romilly elected for Westminster—His wife's death overwhelms his reason

SEVENTY years ago the criminal law of England might have been described as ruthless. Punishments for treason and felony from the time of the Norman Conquest were death or mutilation; but there were some redeeming features in the old law which softened the harshness and gave loopholes for escape. The chief of these was "privilege of clergy"; that is to say, any one who had taken minor orders, or who could read, had the right of demanding to be tried by an ecclesiastical court. Therefore, if a man had committed a murder or any other crime and could prove his clergy, he was sent to the bishop's prison; there he was tried before the bishop or his deputy,

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and by a jury of twelve clerks, and there first the party himself was required to make oath of his innocence; next there was to be the oath of twelve compurgators, who swore they believed he spoke the truth; then witnesses were to be examined on oath; and lastly, the jury were to bring in their verdict on oath, which usually acquitted the prisoner: otherwise, if a clerk, he was degraded or put to penance. So that all lawyers, as well as doorkeepers, readers, exorcists, sub-deacons, &c., had this privilege of clergy.

No women, except professed nuns, could claim this privilege.

In 1487 it was enacted that every person so convicted of murder should be branded on the brawn of his thumb with an M, or, if he were convicted of theft, with a T. And if any one so branded should claim "clergy" a second time, he should be denied it, unless he was actually in Holy Orders. In 1622 women obtained a similar privilege in the case of larceny of goods worth more than one shilling and less than ten. In 1717 it was enacted that such persons should be liable to be transported for seven years instead of being branded or whipped.

- So that, till 1487, any one who knew how to read might commit murder as often as he pleased; any clerk in orders could, till 1547, commit any number of murders without being branded more than once. There were some crimes excepted from this privilege—high treason against the king, highway robbery, and wilful burning of houses. But in the reign of Henry VII. other crimes were excepted, such as murder of a liege lord, murder in a church, piracy; and in 1547 many other crimes were excepted.

The early criminal law was very severe, especially on the uneducated; the severity was increased under the

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Tudors. One example of what happened at Exeter at the Lent Assizes of 1598 will suffice.

There were 134 prisoners, of whom seventeen were dismissed with the fatal S.P. (*sus. per coll.*), twenty were flogged, one was liberated by special pardon, and fifteen by general pardon; eleven claimed benefit of clergy, and were branded and set free—altogether there were seventy-four persons sentenced to be hanged in a single year in one county. Coke concludes his "Third Institute" thus: "What a lamentable case it is to see so many Christian men and women strangled on that cursed tree of the gallows, insomuch as if in a large field a man might see together all the Christians that but in one year throughout England come to that untimely and ignominious death, if there were any spark of grace or charity in him, it would make his heart to bleed for pity and compassion."

In Henry VIII.'s time poisoning was declared to be treason, punishable by boiling to death, but this Act was repealed in Edward VI.'s reign.

The earliest instance of transportation was in the time of Charles II. This punishment was gradually abolished after 1853, chiefly because the colonists objected to receive the convicts.

In the reign of George IV. benefit of clergy was abolished, and in 1837 the pillory was disused.

There was one other form of evasion of punishment which only existed in early times, and that was the law of sanctuary. A criminal who took refuge in a church could not be taken from it, but was permitted to take before a coroner an oath of abjuration. In other words, he admitted his guilt and swore to leave the realm for life. In course of time this was changed to there being various



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places privileged as sanctuary, and "sanctuary men" were allowed to live there, wearing badges and carrying no weapons, and submitting to the rules of the place. In Henry VIII's reign no one who had committed grave offence could take sanctuary, and in 1623 sanctuary was abolished, though it lingered on in such places as Whitefriars and the Savoy.

The abolition of sanctuary and privilege of clergy made the penalties fall more heavily on men of more recent times.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was felt by many that the criminal code of England was inhumanly severe.

The punishment of death could legally be inflicted for more than two hundred offences. For instance, it was a capital offence to pick a man's pocket, to steal five shillings from a shop, to catch and steal a fish, to take a rabbit from a warren, to cut down a tree, to personate a Greenwich pensioner, to harbour an offender against the Revenue Acts, to steal a sheep, ox, or horse—and so forth.

It is true that in earlier times the law was more savagely carried out; for in the reign of Henry VIII. 72,000 thieves were hanged, being at the rate of 2000 a year. In the reign of George III. twenty persons were executed on the same morning in London for stealing from the person. In 1785 no less than ninety-seven persons were executed in London for stealing from a shop to the value of five shillings.

One result of the severity of the criminal law was that people had not the inhumanity to bring offenders to justice, especially if they were very young; so many offenders got off scot-free. Or the jury, committing a pious fraud,

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found the property of less value than was required by the statute. Hence, in spite of the fearful penalty, crimes of this nature increased in number, for the thief began to reckon on getting acquitted.

Sometimes the prisons were full of children who had been caught stealing and pilfering, many being under ten years of age. And we know what sort of life they lived in the prisons of those days; it was torture by disease, and death by strangling must have been a happy release from the cruelties of man. It is clear that bloody laws rigorously administered did not diminish crime, much less would laws uncertainly carried out deter offenders. And in the nineteenth century some feeling of compassion for the young and the poor was arising to prevent the savage laws from being rigorously administered.

But the revolting cruelty of the criminal laws was not the only question of the day: the system of police was ineffective and corrupt. A Committee of the House of Commons reported in 1833, "The police are roused into earnest action only as some flagrant violation of the public peace, or some deep injury to individuals, impels it into exertion; and security to property and persons is sought to be obtained, not by the activity and wholesome vigour of a preventive police, but by resorting from time to time to the highest penalties of the law, in the hope of checking the more desperate offenders. Flash-houses are declared to be a necessary part of the police system, where known thieves assemble, with the full knowledge of the magistrates and police officers."

Flash-houses, known to the police and criminals as ~~flash-houses~~, "shades," and "infernals," were filthy dens where thieves and abandoned people of both sexes were always to

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be found, riotous or drunk, surrounded by children of all ages. "There," says a Middlesex magistrate, "the poor children see thieves and thief-takers sitting and drinking together on terms of good fellowship: all they see and hear is calculated to make them believe they may rob without fear of punishment, for in their thoughtless course they do not reflect that the forbearance of the officers will continue no longer than until they commit a forty pound crime, when they will be sacrificed." A forty pound crime was one for whose detection the State adjudged a reward of forty pounds, to be paid on conviction. Hence the police officers would drink with the thieves, pretend to be very good friends, encourage them to advance from small crimes to great, and then pounce upon them when they had committed an offence bad enough, and so secure for themselves the forty pound reward.

The object of the police was not to prevent crime, but to foster it; and secure a profit for themselves.

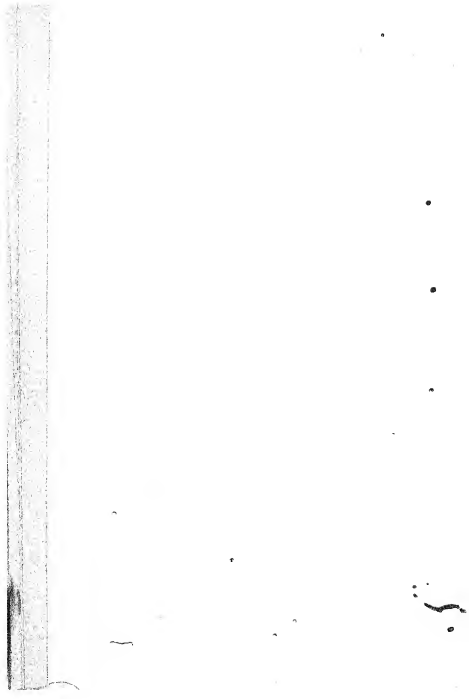
One other great reason why there were more robberies in the days of old was the darkness of the streets: street robberies were frequent, and any respectable person must be attended by servants carrying torches. In 1807 Pall Mall was first lighted by gas; but the Company which financed it came in for severe criticism at the hands of Parliament. "The Company," it was said, "aims at a monopoly which will ultimately prove ruinous to that most important branch of trade, our whale fisheries." However, the appearance of gas in our streets made the trade of the thief more hazardous, and prevented crime more than all the cruel penalties of the old law.

Sir Thomas More wrote in 1516: "I think it not right nor justice that the loss of money should cause the



#### WHEN THE STREETS WERE LIGHTED WITH OIL

At the beginning of the last century robberies with violence were of frequent occurrence owing to the darkness of the streets. Respectable people ran great danger unless escorted by servants carrying torches.



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loss of man's life; for mine opinion is that all the goods in the world are not able to countervail man's life."

There was another lawyer and statesman in England at the commencement of the nineteenth century who agreed with this opinion, and did his best to soften the asperities of our criminal law—Sir Samuel Romilly. He did not actually succeed in effecting so much as his successor, Sir James Mackintosh, once a judge in Bombay. But it is always the leader in any reform who has the hardest work to do. To lead and breast the tide of adverse criticism costs a great effort of moral courage; and the name of Romilly should be kept in honour by all who love mercy and hate cruelty and oppression.

Romilly's great-grandfather had a landed estate at Montpellier, in the south of France. He was a Huguenot, but owing to the fierce persecution of Louis XIV. he had to dissemble his beliefs. His son, having met the famous Saurin at Geneva, was persuaded by him to quit France, and he settled at Hoxton, near London, as a wax-bleacher. Samuel Romilly's father was apprenticed to a jeweller in the city, and married Miss Garnault, also the daughter of a French refugee.

Of the six eldest children five died in infancy; so, to get pure country air, they hired rooms at Marylebone, then a small village about a mile distant from town. Romilly says of his father: "He was naturally of the most cheerful, and happy disposition, very religious, and his charity far exceeded the means of his fortune. At a time when he had but a slender income and a numerous family, it happened that he frequently observed in a street near us a ~~woman~~ lying at a door in rags and dirt, half naked and apparently in great distress, yet generally intoxicated: she

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had a female infant by her side, who was crying for bread, but to whose cries she seemed insensible. My father's imagination was forcibly struck by this spectacle of wretchedness and depravity. He applied to the woman, who without difficulty parted with the child, of which she did not pretend to be the mother. He clothed her, maintained her for several years, had her taught to read and work, and placed her in a situation." We can see that Sir Samuel inherited his great compassion from his father, and, as is usual, it was the consequence of a strong imagination. For Romilly in his Memoir relates how he used to lie awake at nights from fear of ghosts and witches; how the prints he saw in the lives of the martyrs and in the "Newgate Calendar" cost him many sleepless nights.

As a boy he was oppressed with a constant terror of death for his father. If he returned home later than usual, a thousand accidents presented themselves to the boy's mind, and rendered him anxious and miserable.

Samuel and his brother were sent to a day-school, where the masters found it difficult to teach the Latin they professed.

"Our master was ignorant, severe, and brutal, but he favoured us because we were of better birth than the others. He had very bad health; and his disorder gave an edge to his ill-humour. Many a poor boy have I seen overwhelmed with stripes because our master felt the symptoms of rheumatism. There were some boys who were always in scrapes, continually playing truant, and being punished with increasing severity. Their faults and their mischievousness seemed to increase in proportion to the severity with which they were treated. At this miserable seminary we continued for several years, and the only acquisitions that we

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made at it were writing, arithmetic, and the rules of the French grammar." Even at that age Romilly discovered the uselessness of over-severe punishments, a lesson which he tried to impress upon the Houses of Parliament.

At the age of fourteen he entered his father's office, and here, as he had much leisure, he read with avidity English history, poetry, and works of criticism. He taught himself Latin, and in the course of three years had read every prose writer of the age of pure Latinity.

"I had gone three times through the whole of Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus; I had read nearly all Cicero, Terence, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Juvenal."

Greek he did not venture to attack without a tutor; but the great amount of Latin which he got through only with the help of translations is very remarkable. Fortunately for Romilly a relation of his mother's left the family large legacies; they then moved into a larger house in Marylebone, and enjoyed their summer rides and walks in the cheerful country, which was close to them.

Office work became more and more distasteful to him, and his father consented to his being articled to one of the sworn clerks in Chancery, and he began the study of law. At this time he made the acquaintance of M. Roget, a clergyman and a native of Geneva, who had been elected minister of the French chapel which they attended. From him Romilly learnt to read and admire Rousseau and other French classics. M. Roget afterwards married Romilly's sister.

Romilly in early manhood married a lady with whom he was supremely happy; "a woman in whom a strong understanding, the noblest and most elevated sentiments, and the most courageous virtue are united to the warmest



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affection and to the utmost delicacy of mind and tenderness of heart; and these intellectual perfections are graced and adorned by the most splendid beauty that human eyes ever beheld."

At the age of twenty-one he entered himself at Gray's Inn, and for the first year confined himself to study under a Chancery lawyer; often he attended the two Houses of Parliament, and used to answer the speeches in thought as he sat. Gradually the great strain of overwork made him ill, and he went to Bath, but got no better. However, on his return to London, the chalybeate waters of Islington had a good effect upon his health; but in June 1780 the Gordon Riots again threw him back. "In a moment of profound peace and of perfect security, the metropolis found itself on a sudden abandoned to the plunder and the fury of a bigoted and frantic populace. The prisons were broken open and burned; and their inmates—debtors, criminals, convicted felons—indiscriminately turned loose upon the public, were received into the first ranks of their deliverers. One night the flames were seen ascending from nine or ten different conflagrations, kindled by these unresisted insurgents. The Inns of Court were marked out as objects of destruction, and the barristers and students determined to arm themselves in their own defence." Romilly was up a whole night under arms, and stood as sentinel at the gate in Holborn. For six months his health broke down, but he managed to study Italian. The next summer he travelled by way of Ostend, Brussels, Metz, and Nancy to Lausanne, going slowly, about thirty miles a day; and this change of scene, and the encouraging conversations which he had with his brother-in-law, Roget, gave him fresh spirit and strength. At Geneva he saw something of the working of the criminal

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courts. He came home by the Grande Chartreuse, and owing to a deep fall of snow, though it was early in September, he was compelled to stay three days with those hospitable monks.

At Paris he was introduced to d'Alembert and Diderot and some famous advocates, and returned to London much improved in health.

In 1783 Romilly was called to the Bar, but missed his first circuit because the death of Roget compelled him to go again to Lausanne to escort his sister and her two children to England.

Romilly chose the Midland Circuit, but soon after his return from his first circuit his father died of palsy.

He tells us that his servant, who attended him on circuit, was long puzzled by the fact that other barristers far inferior in talent to his master were getting on far better in business; and he took occasion in all humility to warn his master.

"You see, sir, the business of a barrister depends a good deal on the good opinion of attorneys—you'll excuse my mentioning it, sir—and attorneys don't much like a man who is all for reform of abuses."

Romilly assured his servant that what he wrote was only seen by himself and his servant (at present).

A very famous French statesman, the Count de Mirabeau, now became a close friend of Romilly, who tells us that once at a dinner party in London, John Wilkes and Mirabeau well-nigh got to quarrelling. The conversation had turned upon the criminal law in England, its severity, and the frequency of public executions. Wilkes defended the system with much wit and good-humour, but with very bad arguments. He said that the severities accustomed

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men to a contempt of death, and he thought that much of the courage of Englishmen might be traced to our capital punishments being so often exhibited to the people.

Mirabeau simply crushed Wilkes by an indignant flow of eloquence, denounced Wilkes' profound immorality, and went near to insulting him. It was through Mirabeau that Romilly was introduced to Lord Lansdowne, and through the latter he was introduced to the lady who became his wife, "the author of all my happiness."

From this time Romilly's practice at the Bar began to grow, and he was soon making over £8000 a year.

But his interest in France led him to go over often after the circuit was over. In 1789, Romilly attended a sitting of the National Assembly at Versailles, when with hurried enthusiasm they had passed decree after decree, abolishing tithes and all feudal rights. He heard some deputies lamenting that no person had happened to think of the slave trade!

Romilly was at first delighted with the ideas of the Revolution, but in a letter to M. Dumont, dated September 1792, four months before the execution of King Louis XVI., he writes as follows:—

"How could we ever be so deceived in the character of the French nation as to think them capable of liberty? Wretches who, after all their professions and boasts about liberty and patriotism and courage and dying, employ whole days in murdering women and priests and prisoners! Others who can deliberately load whole waggons full of victims, and bring them like beasts to be butchered in the metropolis—and then (who are worse even than these) the cold instigators of these murders, who, while blood is

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streaming round them on every side, permit this carnage to go on, and reason about it and defend it, nay, even applaud it, and talk about the example they are setting to all nations. One might as well think of establishing a republic of tigers in some forest of Africa, as of maintaining a free government among such monsters."

It is interesting to remember that these burning words were written by an Englishman whose father and mother were both French. Climate and education, and the society of discreet friends, seem to have greater influence in forming the character than inherited tendencies. For Romilly was at first an enthusiastic admirer of the French Revolution, until the fine talk ended in butchery and savage revenge. Then his gentle disposition asserted itself, and he bravely censured the men he had begun by admiring.

In 1806 Romilly was made Solicitor-General and knighted, the latter being an "honour" which he considered a "humiliation."

In April he attended the examination of Mr. Stephens, a lieutenant in the navy, who was charged with the murder of three seamen at Bombay. They had been flogged without any court-martial being held on them, and the punishment was inflicted with such horrible severity that they all three died in less than twenty-four hours after it was over. Stephens was present, but had acted under orders of Lieutenant Rutherford. A warrant had been issued to apprehend Rutherford, but he, on the messenger's arriving at his ship, had thrown himself overboard, and was supposed to have been drowned.

The examination revealed the fact that it was not uncommon for officers, of their own authority, to inflict very severe punishments. Romilly this year spoke for and

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supported Wilberforce's Bill for abolishing the slave-trade with foreign colonies.

In 1807 he writes: "I have long been struck with the gross defects which there are in our criminal law, and with the serious evils which result from our present mode of administering it. When I first went the circuit, which is now twenty-three years ago, some instances of judicial injustice which I met with made a deep impression on me. I resolved to attempt some reform of the system, if I ever should have an opportunity of doing it with any prospect of success."

Romilly wished to invest criminal courts with a power of making to persons who had been acquitted a compensation for the expenses they had been put to; for we saw in the chapter on prisons how many acquitted persons had to remain in prison because they could not pay the fees.

Another severity which Romilly wished to modify arose from the change in the value of money since the law was first made. For instance, when the law enacted a death penalty for stealing to the value of five shillings, five shillings was worth the same as £2 would be now. He proposed, therefore, to fix such sums much higher, and so put a stop to those "pious perjuries" by which juries were humanely induced to find things not to be worth a tenth part of what was notoriously their value.

In April 1808, Romilly paid £3000 for a seat in Parliament for Wareham, as was the custom in the old days of "rotten boroughs." He at once began to attempt reform in the criminal law. His friend Scarlett advised him to try to repeal all the statutes which punish with death mere thefts without violence. But, thinking he had no chance to carry such a sweeping reform, he began with the statute

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of Queen Elizabeth which makes it a capital offence to steal from the person of another. There was strong opposition to any alleviation of the law. Romilly thought that the excesses of the French Revolution had much to do with the stupid dread of innovation.

"It is but a few nights ago," he says, "that, while I was standing at the bar of the House of Commons, a young man, the brother of a peer, came up to me and breathing in my face the nauseous fumes of his undigested debauch, stammered out, 'I am against your Bill; I am for hanging all.' I was confounded, and tried to find an excuse for him. 'No, no,' he said, 'it is not that; there is no good done by mercy. They only get worse. I would hang them all up at once.'"

On February 9, 1810, Romilly obtained leave to bring in three Bills to repeal the Acts which punish with death the crimes of stealing privately in a shop goods of the value of five shillings, and of stealing to the amount of forty shillings in dwelling-houses or on board vessels in navigable rivers. In May that relating to shops was passed, the two others were opposed by Government. But on May 30 the former Bill was rejected by the House of Lords, by a majority of 31 to 11. There were no less than seven bishops who voted for the old cruel law. These learned Christian gentlemen devoutly believed that transportation for life was not a sufficiently severe punishment for the offence of pilfering what is of five shillings value. Lord Ellenborough and Lord Liverpool also spoke against the Bill; the former described transportation as a "summer airing by an easy migration to a milder climate," and thought that the juries and judges had been too lenient in the past.

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Not disheartened by this failure, Romilly reintroduced his three Bills next year, and also two Bills to amend the penalty for stealing from bleaching-grounds. He carried all five through the House of Commons, but only the two latter passed the House of Lords.

Three years of hard work had resulted in it being no longer a capital offence to pick a man's pocket or steal linen from a bleaching-ground. In March 1812 Sir Francis Burdett proposed to abolish flogging in the army; Sir Samuel Romilly and seven others alone voted for this Bill. Romilly in his speech quoted from the Transactions of the Missionary Society: "A soldier belonging to the Cape Regiment was tried for desertion and shot; another soldier was fined and ordered to receive a thousand lashes (the legal amount given to negro slaves being thirty-nine). This man only received 224 lashes, as the surgeon judged he was not able to bear more; he was brought to the hospital, and after some weeks died. Brother Reed visited him before his dissolution, and gave hopes of his salvation."

An old Act of Elizabeth made it a capital offence for soldiers or marines to beg without permission. In March 1812 Romilly got the repeal of this Act through both Houses.

In April the Bill for altering the punishment of high treason was brought forward, but postponed: "so that," as Romilly says in his diary, "the Bill is lost, and the Ministers have the glory of having preserved the British law by which it is ordained that the heart and the bowels of a man convicted of treason shall be torn out of his body while he is yet alive."

The Crown had latterly used the right of substituting the milder form of beheading; such were the cases of Anne

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Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Lady Salisbury, Lady Jane Grey, and Mrs. Lisle.

In June a Bill for the relief of Insolvent Debtors was debated, the object being to reform the law by which a creditor had power to keep his debtor in prison for life, notwithstanding he might be willing to give up everything he had in the world for the satisfaction of his debts. It had been usual to pass an occasional Insolvent Debtors' Act at uncertain intervals, when the prisons were crammed with debtors and could hold no more. Romilly spoke vehemently against the evil of this uncertain remedy, by which a crowd of insolvent debtors were turned loose on society from time to time. He also wished to extend the benefit of the Act to India, where life in prison was still more intolerable; but this was not allowed.

It was a great boon, however, to debtors in England to be permitted to claim their discharge after giving up all their property on oath. A clause was added punishing with death any who should give in a false account of their property. Romilly had this struck out. Lord Ellenborough, a great stickler for old-fashioned severity, went up to Romilly in a fury and said the Act was unintelligible nonsense, and that Lord Redesdale, who brought it in, ought to be put in a strait-waistcoat!

In March 1815 Romilly proposed "that it shall not be lawful for any court-martial, by its sentence, to inflict on any offender a greater number of lashes than one hundred."

Mr. Manners Sutton, the Judge Advocate, requested Romilly to withdraw his motion, as he wished to consult military men upon it.

It cannot but appear strange to us in the twentieth



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century that free-born soldiers should have been liable to be flogged to death when the whipping of negroes had been limited to thirty-nine lashes.

Romilly stated that there had been instances of 1500 lashes being sentenced, the sum total being humanely reached by instalments. The motion for limiting the number being put again in June was lost, but Romilly was satisfied that great good had been done by the discussion.

In March 1816 the Bill to repeal the Shop-lifting Act of King William was read a third time and passed.

Romilly took occasion to mention that, while the Bill had been in its progress through the House, a boy of the name of George Barrett, who was only ten years old, had been convicted at the Old Bailey under the Act, and was then lying in Newgate under sentence of death. "I said that I should not have taken notice of the case of this miserable child had not the Recorder of London declared that it was the determination of the Prince Regent, in consequence of the number of boys who had lately been detected in committing felonies, to make an example of the next offender, in order to give an effectual check to these numerous instances of youthful depravity. I said that I hoped this was only a threat never meant to be carried into execution, and that the inhuman intention had never been really entertained of executing against children who were without education, or friends, or means of support, a law of such excessive severity."

It certainly is a proof of great moral courage that Sir Samuel Romilly should have spoken so openly in a House not too sympathetic.

Lord Stanhope told Romilly that his Shop-lifting Bill

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was "a Bill to screen the greatest villains upon the face of the earth; for there are in London a great number of young children who are thieves by trade, are educated to this trade by men; such men are the greatest villains and ought to be capitally convicted too."

On the 13th of July 1816 Romilly mentions that he attended the funeral of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Many noblemen were present to pay a tribute to his extraordinary talents.

"What a strange contrast! For some weeks before his death he was nearly destitute of the means of subsistence. Executions for debt were in the house; he passed his last days in the custody of sheriff's officers, who abstained from conveying him to prison merely because they were assured that to remove him would cause his immediate death! And now, when dead, a crowd of persons the first in rank and station and opulence were eager to attend him to his grave. . . . His death had been rapidly accelerated by grief, disappointment, and a deep sense of the neglect he had experienced."

So Sheridan only narrowly escaped dying in a debtor's prison! Romilly was often a guest of Lord Lansdowne at Bowood; it was there he had first met Anne Garbett of Knill Court, Hereford, who became his beloved wife. He says, "To what accidental causes are the most important occurrences of our lives sometimes to be traced! Some miles from Bowood is the form of a white horse, grotesquely cut out upon the downs. In the year 1796 I made a visit to Bowood; my dear Anne was about to leave it, but it happened that she caught a chill in riding to visit this horse, so she remained till I came. I saw in her the most beautiful and accomplished creature that ever blessed the

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sight of man. . . . I was captivated alike by the beauties of her person and the charms of her mind. All the happiness I have known in her beloved society—even the success I have met with in my profession—all are to be traced to this trivial cause.”

In July 1818 Romilly was elected for Westminster, though he had attended no meetings and solicited no votes. His character was at last being recognised, and his incessant labours to make the law of England less savage and barbarous brought him to the head of the poll. But a great tragedy was impending. His wife grew very ill, and died on the 29th of October 1818. The loss of this dear friend so overwhelmed his reason that one morning he was found at his house in Russell Square with his throat cut by a razor. They buried him at Knill beside his wife, one of the most lovable men in all England. His portrait in the National Portrait Gallery shows him to have been endowed with regular features, marked eyebrows, and a mouth expressive of sweetness. He was tall and graceful, smooth shaven, had a soft, melodious voice, but was capable of scathing sarcasm in his speeches. He was sixty-one years old, and had attained the highest position in his profession. His death was acutely felt by Lord Eldon and all the Bar. He did not really effect so much change in the law as Sir James Mackintosh, but he prepared the way by his clear arguments and courageous sympathy for all that were oppressed. His chief friends were Dumont, the preacher of Geneva; Mirabeau; Dr. Parr, the Harrow scholar; Dugald Stewart, the Scots philosopher; William Wilberforce; and Jeremy Bentham. If a man may be judged by his friends, no worthier son of England has ever lived than Romilly, the Huguenot of the South.\*

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As with Howard, so also with Romilly, the greatest reforms were made some years after his death. But that does not lessen our gratitude to the men who first flung themselves into the breach, and confronted indolence, indifference, prejudice, and unpopularity in the sacred cause of humanity. From the time when Sir Samuel Romilly first showed in the House the effects of severity of punishment, there had been a growing conviction that excessive severity tended to the increase of crime. When the death penalty was removed from the smaller crimes of theft, the number of convictions increased, and consequently the average of those crimes grew less. When, as would happen, two young ladies came into a shop and took away a pretty article worth five shillings without paying for it, it seemed such a pity to hang those two winsome girls that nothing was said about it; these little larcenies had to be winked at, and they naturally grew very numerous.

In 1833 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire how far it might be expedient to reduce the whole criminal law of the country into one digest. In 1837 the Commissioners recommended the remission of the death penalty in twenty-one out of thirty-one cases previously liable to it.

In 1832 the punishment of death had been abolished in the case of stealing horses, sheep, and cattle. In 1835 it was abolished in cases of letter stealing. In 1837 capital punishment was abolished in all cases of forgery, and in cases of burglary, unless there was actual violence used to any person in the house; also in cases of robbery where there was no stabbing, cutting, or wounding; also in cases of injury to ships and houses, arson being excepted.

By the Act of 1861 the death penalty was abolished in cases of robbery with violence, attempts to murder, arson,

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and sodomy. So that the only offences now punishable with death are treason, murder, piracy with violence, and setting fire to dockyards and arsenals.

The punishment of transportation was gradually abolished between 1853 and 1864, and imprisonment with hard labour was substituted for it. The first instance of transportation as a punishment occurred in the reign of Charles II., when pardons were granted to persons capitally convicted conditionally on their being transported for seven years. Before this time the criminal was expected to transport himself, after having taken sanctuary and confessed his crime. The country was satisfied by getting rid of one rogue more; as Shakespeare says, "he stole out of our company." How such persons enjoyed their foreign travel history does not record.

## CHAPTER X

### TEMPERANCE CRUSADES: THE FACTS

Drink in foreign countries, Africa, China, India—Saxon times—Church-ales—The tavern "bush"—Ladies of the court of James I.—Tea comes in 1606—The "Gin Act"—Sweden starts a Temperance Society, 1835—The American crusade, 1824—The Indian and the Negro—Saloons—The Maine law—Dr. Penny visits Ireland—Father Mathew's Influence—Our Colonies

**I**NTEMPERANCE in drink, so fatal to all progress towards moral health, has been in the world from the beginning. It has not been confined to human beings, for Darwin tells us that many kinds of monkeys are caught by the natives of North-Eastern Africa by being made drunk on beer which is exposed in vessels under the trees.

Horses, we know, acquire a taste for ale, having found the invigorating effect after a hard day's work.

It is so easy, too, to obtain an intoxicating liquor; for in a hot country, if you make an incision in a palm-tree in the morning, and allow the sap to flow, you have by the afternoon a ready-made, natural intoxicant. Dr. Livingstone says of tribes in South Africa: "The men trust to their wives for food, and spend most of their time in drinking the palm-toddy. Culprits are continually brought up for assaults committed through its influence." In the Malay Archipelago palm-wine is made from the fermented sap taken from the flower-stems of the cocoa-nut. The Tartar tribes make their drink, koumiss, from mares' milk.

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The Red Indians had fermented maple-juice, but they were fairly temperate until the white man appeared. The Laplanders are not the most temperate of races, and it is not unusual for one of them to toss off a tumblerful of raw spirit at a draught.

The Chinese made spirits from rice more than three thousand years ago, but drunkenness is seldom now seen in the streets of Chinese cities. In India we find from old Sanscrit literature that "soma" was drunk in very early times at sacred festivals.

The modern Hindoos are a temperate people; only the lower castes drink "arrack"—rice-liquor, or bhang, which is made from the hemp-plant. When the Saxons invaded England they introduced a coarser mode of living than the Britons had been used to. They drank mead prepared from honey and strong ale, using horn cups with round bottoms, so that you could not put the cup down until it was empty. Even Saxon monks drank heavily. Gildas, a British ecclesiastic and historian (A.D. 570), rules: "If any monk through drinking freely gets thick of speech, so that he cannot join in the psalmody, he is to be deprived of his supper." A light penance for a man who has quenched his appetite in beer! The Danes, who came next, were even heavier drinkers than the Saxons; one instance of this being found in the old story of King Alfred passing into the camp of Guthrum the Dane, and finding the soldiers snoring in a drunken sleep. Hardicanute, the last Danish king, is said to have drunk himself to death at Lambeth.

In the life of Hereward we read how the Norman knights, under the Lord of Brunne, were lying on the grass helpless with drink; and in the Chronicles of St. Edmundsbury we are told that eighty young men, some of them sons

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of noblemen, began to carol and sing and drink after the midday dinner, when Abbot Sampson had retired. They would not desist, but went on drinking until the evening, when they broke open the town gates and galloped away with yells and screeching. These young gentlemen were excommunicated by my Lord Abbot.

Another day—it was Boxing Day, after Christmas—some ~~wrestlings~~ and matches took place between the servants of the Abbot and the town-folk; but disputes arose, heads were broken in the precincts, much disorder and noise ensued. "This will never do," roared Abbot Sampson. "No," said the Prior; "they shall all do penance forthwith!" So the order went out, and these unlucky rioters had to strip themselves naked to their drawers and lie flat before the doors of the monastery. And when the Abbot saw more than a hundred men lying down naked, like autumn leaves, he lifted up his voice and wept.

But the Prior was busy dealing out a small parcel of rods, wherewith the lay-brethren shrewdly whipped those naughty knaves.

Such was the power of the Church in those days of faith. No need then for temperance laws and magistrates and police. It must have been cold work waiting for your turn in the stinging December wind.

The Norman ladies were not so nice in their manners as we are now, but even they had modesty enough to retire from the hall when the cup went round too often, or the jongleur began one of his merry tales. They had their rules for table manners, such as "Each time you drink, wipe your mouth well, that no grease may drop into the wine, for it be some deal displeasing to the guest who shall drink after you."



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Gerald de Barry says of the Irish clergy: "You will not find one who, after all his rigorous observances of fasts and prayer, will not make up for the labours of the day by drinking wine beyond all bounds of decorum."

In our day, when funds are needed for some good or charitable cause, the ladies work pretty things to be sold at a bazaar.

In mediæval times the farmers brewed good ~~dark~~ brown ale and took it to the churchyard in barrels, which were tapped on the spot. The neighbours said to one another: "Come hither! there be a Church-ale toward yonder." They paid for the beer, and the Rector's Churchwarden kept the tale of incoming monies. Easter-ales, Whitsun-ales, Church-ales, even Bride-ales to help a penniless marriage—all were merry meetings in churchyard or church which all the inhabitants were bidden to attend at a charge of one penny. Though they had grown to unruly revels, they were not finally suppressed till the Commonwealth.

Taverns became more and more numerous, their token being a bush that hung over the door; hence the saying, "Good wine needs no bush."

In the time of James I. the Court revels were frequently disgraced by drunkenness. A letter-writer says: "Those whom I never could get to taste good liquor now follow the fashion and wallow in beastly delight. The ladies abandon sobriety and are seen to roll about in intoxication." The lady who played Queen of Sheba at a Court revel tumbled down before Solomon, and spilt all her offerings in grievous sort.

Then came the Puritans and with them drastic remedies, which not only put down vice with a strong hand, but also forbade many innocent amusements, such as maypoles, bowls,

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dancing, acting. The result was that a reaction took place, and drunkenness abounded. So when Charles II. had dined with Sir Robert Viner, the Lord Mayor, and was quitting the banqueting-hall, the Lord Mayor ran after him, and, plucking his robe, said: "Sir, you must e'en stay and drink t'other bottle." The merry monarch smiled, and hummed:—

"He that is drunk is as great as a king,"

and returned to finish t'other bottle.

The drinking of healths became almost as prevalent all through dinner as it is now in Norway.

But in 1666 tea was first imported from the Netherlands, though the price, about sixty shillings a pound, prevented its use as a beverage. Coffee was introduced a little earlier, and was served in taverns with ale and spirits, and became very popular; but so many people opposed to the Stuarts met in these coffee-taverns, that in 1675 an attempt was made to suppress them. Gin, or hollands, had become the drink of the poorer classes, and street quarrels naturally grew more frequent. When in the old times men drank home-brewed beer they were not ruining their constitutions. Ale and porter contain from 5 to 10 per cent. of alcohol: spirits contain from 30 to 70 per cent.

In the eighteenth century drunkenness grew to such proportions that the "Gin Act" was passed, requiring a £50 license to be bought by all who sold spirits retail. At first the Act did some good; but soon gin riots began, false informers arose and illicit stills; after seven years the Gin Act was repealed.

In the last fifty years sobriety has been spreading from the top to the bottom of the social scale; latterly the almost universal employment of bicycles must have

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helped much to keep men sober; but amongst the uneducated poor, who still think that beer is more necessary than bread and milk, there is as much intoxication as they can afford.

In Sweden they drank "like fishes," until a Temperance Society was started in 1835. A Bill was also in 1853 brought into the Diet which helped the reform. Licenses were sold by auction, the profits were paid over to the town to reduce the rates. The great thing is that the people desire to put down the drink traffic; unless the people will co-operate, laws and Acts are useless; that has been proved over and over again.

It was in the United States that the modern Temperance Movement began. For in the eighteenth century native spirits were largely distilled from peaches, apples, and maple. The price was low and so was the license to sell, so that temptation was made easy; but the chief sufferers were the emigrants and aboriginal races. In 1821 a law was passed which placed the property of habitual drunkards on a par with that of lunatics, and handed it over to the Court of Chancery.

From statistics it was found that most of the poverty and nearly all the crime arose from drink.

The introduction of rum and whisky to the Red Indians soon led to their utter demoralisation, and hundreds of them breathed their last with the rum bottle in their hands. Chiefs were made drunk, and then asked to sign contracts giving away large and valuable tracts of territory. It is true that a different rule of conduct is observed now. Spirits and all strong drinks are forbidden to be sold to the Red Indian, but the law is often evaded, for once the taste for alcohol is given, no motive seems

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strong enough in the Indian to keep him from indulging it; his noble qualities seem to have died out, while he has acquired all the vices of the white man. It was the instinct of self-preservation rather than any high moral motive which dictated the prohibition law, for an Indian full of liquor is a most dangerous animal—he is by nature an emotional and nervous creature—in his savage state he has all the excitement of war or the chase of the buffalo. Then he sits by the watch-fire and sings the story of his prowess, then comes the dance in which he works himself into a frenzy of excitement. The poor Indian has lost nearly all his natural pleasures, and only the rum bottle or whisky can create for him the excitement he once so loved.

With that he forgets his wrongs, his loss of greatness and pride and self-respect. But with the bottle also he grows sudden in quarrel, ready to kill wife or child or pony or store-keeper. It has been said that an Indian can no more resist the temptation to drink than a two-year-old child can help taking a lump of sugar which is within his reach. And yet there are some chiefs who are strong-minded enough to forbid their young warriors to touch strong drink, for they recognise that it causes many murders, degrades their women, produces illness, poverty, madness. The effects of drinking are far worse on the Indian than they are on the white man, just as diseases like measles, which the white races throw off easily, will decimate the savage race. An Indian cannot drink and live—his body grows weaker very rapidly, his muscular strength decays. The women drink and break the Red Man's law, and go unpunished.

"I have had Chiefs in Council implore me," says an

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agent, "to induce the Great Father to arrange matters so that they and their people could not get whisky. 'Then our women and children can sleep in peace, and our horses will have rest.'" But nearly every reservation is encircled by white settlements in which dwell the dive-keeper, the go-between, men who make it their business to sell liquor to the Indian, and who, in their greed, will stop at nothing. In the wake of frontier-men, land-grabbers and herders follow the dram-selling mean whites. These men will strip the Indian of horse, saddle, blanket, and all he has.

They have many devices by which they can sell on the sly.

An Indian brings a basket of clams into a saloon and asks the saloon-keeper if he will buy them. "I will see my wife about it," he says, and carries the basket into the back room.

Presently he comes back, saying: "Take your old clams away; they are rotten." The Indian goes off with a bottle of whisky hidden beneath the clams, and soon he and his friends are gloriously drunk. A chief once said: "Brandy is full of tongues and hearts; for when I have drunk of it I fear nothing and I talk like an angel." It is very difficult for the agents to get proof of selling liquor to the Indians, for so many of the whites sympathise with the dram-sellers. Besides the difficulties which the Red Indian presents in North America, there are the negroes to be considered.

Since the emancipation the negro in the towns has become, as a rule, shiftless and poor, mainly through being able to get drink.

In the country he can buy it at the small store, or "blind tiger," as it is called; or he can carry on "the

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walking blind tiger" business and sell drinks at five cents apiece to blacks or whites. Coloured people are not allowed to buy liquors on credit, so this helps to keep them sober. In slavery times the master used to send gin or whisky round to the cabins on Christmas morning. Now every cabin buys its half-gallon of whisky for Christmas, and most of the darkies get "pretty full," but not many "down-drunk." Saturday being store-day, those who can go to the nearest town and lounge round. The negro being a social creature, much treating goes on, and so the genial ones get more than they can carry. There are many more moral wrecks from drink among the mean whites than among the negroes, amongst whom habitual drunkenness is rare.

At camp-meetings and religious gatherings or picnics liquors are sold at a bar, which seem to be a popular part of the performance.

The negroes are by nature convivial and music lovers; they delight in drinking, not for the liquor itself, as the Red Indian does, but for the social side of it, or from a desire to show off before their fellows. A negro woman is rarely seen tipsy, but she loves to distil a little for the family in some sequestered spot.

In the mines of Alabama and the coal-pits of West Virginia, of course, the negroes are of the lowest type, and their wild orgies, accompanied with stabbings and shootings, are a scandal, and make the saloons on Saturday night somewhat insecure. If a negro is arrested in the streets for drunkenness, he goes on the chain-gang for thirty days. In New Orleans, perhaps, the negro is most intemperate.

An Archdeacon of the Episcopal Church said: "I have

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known in all my life but two or three habitual drunkards among the negroes. I have known so few drinking women that I cannot recall a definite instance."

Amongst the Southern negroes there has not been much attempt at temperance work. Their preachers warn them against drink, but the general poverty of the negroes protects them from forming bad habits.

It is a fact that very few negroes enter the poorhouse.

As to intemperance amongst whites, there is no doubt that times have changed much for the better in the last fifty years.

A stranger might be surprised by the number of saloons in an American city, but if he thought they were mainly drinking shops he would err. They are places to loaf in, centres for news and gossip and discussion, while the free lunch counter forms a safety-valve against spirits taken on an empty stomach. Go inside a saloon and what do you see? Not a noisy crowd of rioters bent on getting drunk, but groups of well-conducted men who smoke, play cards, read the papers, and drink a glass of beer.

The saloon is the labourer's club, where he can rest and be luxuriously quiet. In winter the saloon is well warmed and comfortable, in summer it is cool, at night it is lit up brightly, and the habitués find their friends there.

The saloon-keeper is an intelligent man, well posted up with the latest news, quick to converse, generous to those in want, and therefore a power in the land. "An egg or a clam free with every drink." This sounds like a bribe to the toper; but it seems to work out well on the whole. More food can be bought cheaply, and men do not drink to excess in a saloon.

In San Francisco there was more gambling in the

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saloons, more card-playing. Most of the groceries there were also saloons, just as some of our fashionable shops have a refreshment room attached.

It seems, then, that the American saloon is far superior to the English public-house, where men are made uncomfortably drunk at ruinous cost. In fact, the United States have gone beyond us in stamping out the intemperance of the early nineteenth century. We have trusted to persuasion and private enterprise. They had recourse also to the power of the law. In Maine the so-called Maine law absolutely prohibits the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drink, except for scientific purposes.

Any one who breaks the law is punished by two months in the county gaol and fined a thousand dollars (£200).

Even persons found intoxicated in their own houses are liable to thirty days' imprisonment. The law seems to regard the liquor-seller as the chief law-breaker, and the drunkard as a culpable victim.

Other States have had their prohibitory laws, and retain the power to refuse licenses. In several there are local option bills.

The Maine Liquor Law, they say, has not been a success in large cities; for if men desire to drink it is so easy in a city to evade the law.

There may be no drinking saloons, but at scores of little houses drink will be quietly sold. In Boston, before the passing of a Prohibitory Act, the number of drunken persons taken up by the police in one year was 6983, while in one year subsequent to that Act the number was 15,542.

But the general effect of such a law in the country has been good.

Judge Davis says, "Before legal restriction the sale of



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spirits was permitted in almost every town. Nearly every tavern had its bar. At almost every village and corner was a grog-shop, where old men and young spent their earnings in dissipation. Men helplessly drunk on the streets were a common sight. No observing man who has lived in the State for twenty years, and has had an opportunity to learn the facts, can doubt that the Maine law has produced a hundred times more visible improvement in the character, condition, and prosperity of our people than any law that was ever enacted."

Temperance societies began in America. The first temperance society was founded at Boston, U.S., in the year 1824. They spread with strange rapidity, for in 1829 more than a thousand such societies were formed. The good they were doing can be proved by the decrease in imported spirits, for in six years they fell off from 5,285,000 gallons to 1,195,000.

The influence of this great movement was brought to Ireland just five years after the founding of the first society in the United States.

In 1829 Ireland was spending £600,000 on proof spirits. It was, for the number of inhabitants, the most drunken country in Europe.

In the summer of 1829 Dr. Penny, from America, visited Dr. Edgar of Belfast, whom he found grieving over the pleasant vices of his countrymen. They had long talks together on the drink question, and Dr. Penny explained how, in desperation, the Americans had at last forcibly shut up the grog-shops and distilleries, and forbidden the sale of the accursed thing. Then he told him of the temperance societies and the tens of thousands of voluntary members who were enthusiastically at work for sobriety.

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The result of this visit was that Dr. Edgar, in August 1829, wrote and published an appeal on behalf of temperance societies. He sent four young men out through all the town to disperse his tracts. The facts he stated—that four-fifths of the crime, three-fourths of the extreme poverty, and almost all the disease and insanity came from the practice of spirit drinking—astonished many thoughtful persons. Then the Surgeon-General for Ireland bore witness that nearly one-fourth of the deaths of adults was caused by drinking spirits. So here and there societies in Ireland began to be founded; the first being in New Ross, opened by the Rev. George Carr, a clergyman of the Established Church.

Later, some citizens of Cork, a clergyman, a Quaker, a slater, and a tailor met together and proposed to put the matter before a Roman Catholic priest who was known to be very popular in the city and held charitable views, so that he could sympathise with men of all opinions. This man was a Capuchin Friar, Theobald Mathew.

In a few months this friar had pledged some two millions of Irishmen to temperance. It was something better than a Maine law, even though much of his influence arose from the superstition of the ignorant peasantry. For they believed that Father Mathew could work miracles, and even raise the dead.

Father Mathew certainly had worked one of the greatest of miracles; he had in purity of heart and self-devotion wrought a wonderful change in the habits and conduct of many Irishmen. They crowded to see him in such numbers that at Limerick they broke down iron railings and trampled each other to death; then he travelled amongst them, and the fire of enthusiasm burnt

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ever stronger, and it seemed as if the gay, thoughtless Hibernian was becoming soberly grave and thoughtful; no more staggering drunkards were seen in the streets; money became more plentiful now it was not being wasted on whisky; the cabin roof was actually mended, and the domestic pig was surprised to find the rain no longer fell through upon his bristles; new bedclothes were bought, tea was brewed, coffee was ground, heads were no longer broken at market, tipsy songs made way for hymns and chaunted psalm. The savings-banks, too, were bursting with the monies of new depositors, for the Irish were paying three millions less for proof-spirit. If only this reformation could last it would be the re-birth of a nation!

But it all depended upon faith in one man—a heaven-sent man to be sure; and when the poor peasant kneeled down at his feet, swore the solemn oath, received the sign of the Cross and the blessing, it was not temperance he was thinking of, but some extraordinary blessings that would surely flow down upon him if he only abstained from the liquor a few dry and weary weeks.

In our Colonies the drink question has been very serious, for the new chum is hardly landed before he is invited to drink at some bar, and then he is expected to "shout" also, that is, call for drinks round, and so his purse soon grows lighter and his brain heavier. Then if he goes into the bush and works hard for six months, at the end he receives his cheque and perhaps goes away with a chum. At the first drink shanty they come to they find some of their old mates on the floor; these men have given over their cheque to the shanty-keeper, and, with a "let me know when this is run through," settle down to a long month's drink, and awake from their orgie sick and

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sad and penniless. If you are not very thirsty and don't mean to make a week of it, the shanty-man may dust some tobacco into your glass, which will make you so thirsty that you must drink again, and then——!

But all such wild orgies are, we will hope, only possible in very new countries. As the colony grows settled fewer wild spirits from Europe crowd in, and temperance wins the day.

But it is, often a long struggle before the waste, the cruelty to wife and child, the moral degradation, the spiritual death, are fully recognised by the conscience of swagsman, drover, and rouseabout.

## CHAPTER XI

### FATHER MATHEW

Born 1790 in Tipperary—Son of a large farmer—Educated by Lady Elizabeth Llandaff—Ordained at Dublin—Becomes a Capuchin friar—Mission at Kilkenny—Reproved by the bishop—Goes to Cork—His generous giving—The cholera of 1832—The "dead" man recovers—Governor of the workhouse and sees the evils of drink—Begins, with W. Martin, his temperance work, 1838—"Here goes in the name of God"—Pilgrims swarm to take the pledge—Visits Maynooth and other parts of Ireland—Great decrease of crime—Adventures and anecdotes—Visits Scotland and England—Debts mount up—*Punch* pleads for him—The famine of 1846—Help from America—Paralysis from overwork—Visits America—Meets Jenny Lind in New Orleans—Moral miracles—Stays a year in Madeira—Dies 1850

**T**HEOBALD MATHEW, the Irish apostle of temperance, was born in the year 1790 at Thomastown, some five miles from Cashel, in the county of Tipperary. His father was a large farmer and grazier, and had a family of nine boys and three girls. Theobald, the fourth son, was distinguished as a child for a sweet unselfishness. He was ever attentive to his mother and averse from rude and cruel sports; this, of course, gained him the title of "Miss Molly." The sight of a wounded hare gave him an agony of pain and sorrow. He was always remarkable for his love of order and neatness of dress, and became a great favourite with the family of Lord Llandaff, who lived in the big house hard by. Lady Elizabeth resolved to educate him at her own cost, and he was sent to a good school at Kilkenny. When Easter was coming near the boy set out on foot, and walked

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nearly forty miles home, where he met a loving welcome he never forgot. A school-fellow describes him as being pensive, fond of country walks, full of fun and mirth and laughter. Then he went to Maynooth College, but, having broken one of the rules by inviting some friends to supper in his room, he was censured, and left the college of his own free will. On Easter Sunday 1814 he was ordained by the Most Reverend Dr. Murray at Dublin, after he had joined the Capuchin Order of Friars.

His first mission was at Kilkenny. The friary chapel, soon after his coming, became thronged by poor and rich, for the young friar's earnest sermons, the preacher's handsome face and winning manners, the something angelic in his face—all attracted and influenced old and young. Theobald was never happy unless in doing good; he had a positive craving for making other people happy.

He had probably joined the Capuchins because he had seen them generally slighted by the priests of their own religion. The Irish were so poor that the country priests no doubt felt that the regular orders could not be supported in Ireland.

However, Father Mathew's confessional was constantly crowded; large crowds of penitents often awaited their turn for admission. One day, when he was so engaged, an ecclesiastic entered the chapel and handed him a document of an urgent nature. Father Mathew opened it, read it, rose from his seat and humbly asked his little flock to go to their other priest: "I have no power to hear your confessions any longer."

The bishop had bidden him to cease hearing confessions on the ground that he had, contrary to the regulations of the diocese, administered Paschal Communion.

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Without delay he left the diocese, wounded to the heart. The bishop had been misinformed, but it was too late. The much-loved priest had gone to Cork. Thus for a second time the young saint received a reprimand from his superiors.

Father Mathew was received cordially by the Capuchin Father Donovan, who went about saying, "Congratulate me; I have a young priest at last—a charming young fellow." In a few weeks his fame as a spiritual director spread through that great city, and some days the young priest had to sit for fifteen hours hearing confessions from throngs of the very poor, some of them smelling strongly of fish or oil.

Father Mathew had learnt the Erse tongue in order to understand the country people. One Sunday morning, after he had been hearing confessions from six to ten and celebrating Mass, he was going away weary to his breakfast, when four sailors rolled in. "I can't hear you now; come in the morning," he said to them; and the sailors turned to go. But a poor woman rose from her knees, and, touching his arm, said in a voice of respectful entreaty, "They may not come again, sir." This touched him so that he ran after them and confessed them, and then took them home to breakfast. Meeting the poor woman another day, he said, "I thank you for that appeal; 'sure, 'twas the Holy Ghost that spake through you."

One of the first things Father Mathew did was to open a school for poor girls, in which, besides ordinary school work, they should be taught industries which would be a source of profit. He persuaded many ladies to visit and help, and in 1824 there were 500 pupils, as well as a night-school for boys.

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His favourite proverb was, "Take time by the forelock, for he is bald behind"; and he practised this by rising at five and being punctual in all he did. Though polite to all, he was perhaps even more reverential and tender to the poor, for he used to say, "They will be as high in heaven as the highest in the land." Sometimes he would send money in an envelope by night to a family in need that had known better days. They little knew that the welcome gift came from Father Mathew. The clerk of his chapel, like the steward of St. Hugh of Lincoln, was aghast at his lavish giving. "Faith! an' if the streets of Cork were paved with gold and our Father Mathew had control over them, there wouldn't be a paving-stone in all Cork by the end of the year."

Once a young girl who had been brought up in affluence and was left penniless, rushed into the friary, and, flinging herself on her knees before the priest, could only sob out, "Oh! Father Mathew!"

"My dear child, what is the matter? Tell me what has happened?"

"Oh, Father, they are going to bury my poor sister in a parish coffin." The poor girl hysterically sobbed, and kept repeating her lament.

"No, my dear child, they shall not do so. Rise up, my poor child, and have no fear. I will have her buried properly." He kept his word. Next morning there was a hearse and pair of horses at the door, and a chaise for the priest and the sister.

Though there was much bitter feeling between Catholic and Protestant in those days, yet all respected and many loved the Father, who said, "A pint of oil is better than a hogshead of vinegar." He was the pink of a gentleman,



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and had something of the altar and sanctuary always about him. In his sermons he often told tales of the heroism of the poor which drew tears from all eyes.

In 1832 the cholera visited Cork, and all through that dreadful time Father Mathew was visiting in garret or hovel or hospital. And he was vigilant as he was gentle. For once, returning to the bedside of a young man whom he had left for a few minutes, he found the bed empty.

"Nurse, nurse! what has become of the young man who lay here?" he asked.

"Dead, sir."

"Dead! it cannot be. I was talking to him just now."

"The corpse is taken to the dead-house, sir."

"I can't believe he is dead. I must go myself and see," said Father Mathew.

Then he hurried to the ghastly chamber in which lay piles of coffins, dead bodies on tables, and sheets dipped in tar. Two men were bending over the body of his friend, preparing the tarred sheet in which to wrap it.

"Stop! stop! Surely the young man can't be dead."

"Dead, your reverence. The Lord have mercy on his soul!"

"No, no! let me try. I can't believe it; let me try."

"Wisha, try if you please, your reverence; but he's as dead as a door-nail."

As Father Mathew knelt down to feel for any action of the heart, the men stopped hammering at the coffins and clustered round in suspense.

At last the friar said, "Thank God! I feel his heart beat! Oh, thank God!"

The young man was removed, restoratives were given,

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and he recovered. In a few days he was thanking the man who had saved his life. And this story went all over Ireland. Only the poor peasants believed that Father Mathew had restored the man to life. This belief helped him much when the time came to ask them to take the pledge.

For some years he had been a Governor of the House of Industry, or Workhouse at Cork, and his sense of the evil of drink was stimulated by the life-stories he heard from the inmates. The drunkard who had come down from prosperity to ruin excited his compassion; but the suffering wife or orphan child of the drunkard made his heart bleed with sorrow. In the hospitals, the gaol, the lunatic asylum he witnessed the phases of the same awful infatuation. On the Board of Governors was one who, being himself a convert to total abstinence, never failed to direct Mathew's attention to all the more distressing cases with the remark, "Strong drink has been the cause of this." This was William Martin, a Quaker, who, with Nicholas Dunscombe, a Protestant clergyman, and Richard Dowden, a Unitarian, had been keenly trying to diminish the evils of intemperance; but they had not the ear of the public, and their success had been small. "Oh! Theobald Mathew," said the Quaker, "if *thou* would'st only give thy aid, much good could be done in the city."

Seriously and solemnly did Father Mathew commune with himself in the solitude of his chamber, praying the while for light and guidance.

He was now in his forty-seventh year, and had gained a large experience of his fellow-men both in the garrets of the poor and in the mansions of the rich. He had noted how the strong drink ruined rich and poor, old and young, now

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the young wife, now the successful trader, now the young man fresh from college honours—as he expressed it in one of his sermons, he had seen the stars of heaven fall and the cedars of Lebanon laid low. But he had hoped that Religion would avail best to stop the evil. Yet the drunkard did not often come to church, and if he did and promised amendment, those promises were usually broken.

Then there were the vast interests of the sellers and distributors to be considered, the enormous capital invested in breweries and distilleries. Thousands of respectable families living by this trade, contributing to the charities and supporting useful institutions, might be plunged into poverty by any sudden change such as total abstinence demanded.

Then, again, if the crusade should fail, all these families would be ruined for no ensuing good. Then there would be the friends he should pain, the enemies he should make. It seemed to him a terrible risk; and long did he, on his knees before God, ponder and deliberate.

In April 1838 William Martin knocked at Father Mathew's door in obedience to a summons. The friar met him at the threshold, his handsome face radiant with kindness and good-nature.

"Welcome, Mr. Martin, welcome! I have sent for you to assist me in forming a temperance society in this neighbourhood."

"I knew it," said the Quaker; "something seemed to tell me that thou would'st do it at last."

"For long I could not see my way clearly to take up the question. I have been asked by several good men to take up the cause, and I feel I can no longer refuse. How are we to begin?"

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They began with a little meeting in the friar's school-room, when Father Mathew, after his address on temperance, said, "I will be the first to sign my name in the book which is on the table, and I hope we shall soon have it full." He then approached the table, and, taking the pen, said in a loud voice, "Here goes, in the name of God!"

Sixty names were enrolled that night—the ball had been set rolling, the great miracle of Ireland was at its birth.

The people of Cork had ridiculed the idea twenty-four hours before, but Father Mathew's life was known to them as sincere and holy; what he did must give them pause, could not be laughed at.

Crowds came to subsequent meetings to hear him speak, and the tales he told of misery and quarrels and ruin and death sent them away reflecting. Then they had to get larger rooms, and the Horse Bazaar, in which 4000 persons were frequently assembled, became the cradle of a national movement. There was a barrister, Frank Walsh, who, by eloquence, playful fancy, and happy mimicry could move and delight his audience; and he became a great help to the cause.

In three months from the day that Father Mathew signed the book "in the name of God," the number on the roll was 25,000; in five months it rose to 131,000; in less than nine months it was 156,000.

Martin, "the grandfather of the cause," was seventy-eight years old, strong and vigorous, a hater of slavery and capital punishment; though a friend and supporter of peace, there was none who fought so hard for abstinence as William Martin. He would roar out at the top of his voice: "What does the racehorse drink? water! What

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does the elephant drink? water! What does the lion drink? water! It is good for man, beast, and bird."

Some years later William Martin was saying, "My friends, how things have changed! I remember the time when I was the scoff and scorn of all Cork," when an old lady, with a deep lace frill to her snowy cap, consolingly interrupted, "Arrah now, don't mind what they did, Mr. Martin, darling: 'tis you had the sense and they hadn't. God bless you! you knew what was good for poor crayers, and 'tis finely you are this blessed night, sure enough."

Early in 1839 pilgrims from surrounding villages and towns began to swarm into Cork to see Father Mathew, the priest who had raised a man from the dead, to take the pledge from him, to be blessed by him; they went home and sang his praises, and so more and more his fame grew in the green island. And now many of those who had laughed scornfully at the "fanatics," began to notice that Saturday night was much less noisy than before, that the numbers in the prisoner's dock were strangely diminishing, and that trade in general seemed to be improving, as working-men and their wives had more money to spend now it did not go to the dram-shop.

Invitations began to pour in upon Father Mathew from all parts of Ireland, soliciting his presence that he might administer the pledge and organise local societies. For some time he resisted this pressure, but at last his compassion for the pilgrims, who came faint and footsore, prevailed over his reluctance, and thus the movement took on a second phase; the cause was no longer local, but began to embrace a nation.

It might have been expected that those who had large amounts invested in the drink trade would have angrily

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opposed this movement; some did, but there were many noble exceptions. One eminent distiller, George Roe of Dublin, Father Mathew called upon "in fear and trembling." "No man," said Mr. Roe, "has done me more injury than you have, Father Mathew, but I forget all in the great good you have done my country;" and he handed over, with a smile, a very handsome donation.

Also in Cork the Beamishes, the Crawfords, the Wises, the Murphys, the Hewitts, and others helped the cause and respected the founder.

Every month, as it passed, seemed to rivet the cause more and more to his heart, and make it almost part of his being. "Here goes, in the name of God!" that expressed what he felt at its inception—a great risk, a quixotic adventure, a sublime hazard! but with all Ireland falling at his feet he knew that God had taken the issue out of human hands; doubt had given way to faith. His language became more trenchant: "What fills our gaols and bridewells? the effects of intoxication! What crowds the lunatic asylums? drunkenness! I never will give up until we are freed, with the blessing and assistance of God, from all these deplorable evils; and if I encounter, during the progress of my career, the sneers of some and the contumelies of others, I must expect it. Let them show me any one brought to misery and ruin by total abstinence. Show me any one brought to gaol or bridewell by total abstinence—oh no! not one!"

It must have been a moving and solemn scene when he visited Maynooth, his old college, and received the pledges of 8 professors and 250 students, who knelt down before him to get his blessing. One student wrote, "No pen can describe the stirring effect produced on a thoughtful spec-

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tator by the appeals of Theobald Mathew—the thunders of involuntary applause that greeted each new accession of converts as they moved deliberately forward in successive files and with eager emulation to the arena of virtue and heroic self-denial.” The college that had, perhaps rightly, censured him for inviting a supper-party to his rooms was now humbly following his lead and acknowledging his spiritual power.

He had great callers, too, at his little lodgings in Cork—the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire, and the Russian traveller, Kohl, who has left an accurate description of Father Mathew:—

“He is decidedly a man of distinguished appearance. . . . The multitude require a handsome and imposing person in the individual who is to lead them, and he is unquestionably handsome. He is not tall, but about the same height and figure as Napoleon, and is well-built and well-proportioned. He has nothing of the meagre, haggard Franciscan monk about him; but, on the contrary, without being exactly corpulent, his figure is well rounded and in excellent condition. His countenance is fresh and beaming with health. His eyes are large, and he is apt to keep his glance fixed for a long time on the same object. His forehead is high and commanding; his hair has a natural curl, and his nose is particularly handsome, though somewhat too aquiline. His mouth is small and his chin round, projecting, firm and large, like Napoleon’s.”

Mrs. S. C. Hall writes: “No man has borne his honours more meekly, encountered opposition with greater gentleness or forbearance; or disarmed hostility by weapons better suited to a Christian.”

Sometimes a feeling of despondency would come over

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him, but he had friends, Irish and American bishops and deans, who came to his rescue by words of loving sympathy. Dean Coll was one of these: "Enemies, you say, pursue you; fear them not, wherever they be. It is the mark of God's servant to meet with the cross, and to be obliged to bear it. No, fear not! you have the support of all whose support is worthy of appreciation—pursue your way as you have begun it, and as you have gone on, until a drunkard shall not be seen to reel through the land we love."

Amongst those who opposed and criticised were the Sabbatarians, who disapproved of temperance meetings being held on Sunday; to whom Father Mathew replied, "They must well know that if we did not assemble on the Lord's Day, we could not hold our meetings at all, for the great majority of those who compose our society are from that useful and virtuous body, the operatives, who on every other day labour from the rising to the setting sun. The temperance cause is the work of the Most High God, and it is admirable in our eyes."

The long travelling and incessant labour of addressing vast assemblies and administering the pledge to many thousands in the course of a day, standing up for six hours at a time, and having no time for rest or privacy—all this sowed the seeds of a painful disease which shortly began to appear.

Sometimes his great popularity led to comical results. He had arrived in the dusk of the evening at the house of a parish priest in a remote part of Galway. His host conducted him to a room on the ground floor in which was a large bay-window without blind or curtain. No sooner was Father Mathew in bed than he turned his face



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to the wall and fell into a deep slumber. Awaking, as usual, at an early hour in the morning, he opened his eyes, blessed himself, repeated a prayer, and turned towards the window. What was his dismay to see a crowd of people, of both sexes and all ages, standing tiptoe in front of the big bay-window, some even flattening their noses against the glass, all eager to get a peep at his reverence. A more modest man than he did not exist, and great was his embarrassment. He looked round furtively for a bell-rope, but such a luxury was not to be thought of in a priest's house in Galway! He dare not even put a leg out to stamp on the floor; he was fairly in prison between the blankets.

The crowd was growing larger, and the talk louder. He could hear bits, such as, "Do ye see him, Mary, asthore?" "Danny, agra, lave me take a look, an' God bless you, child." "Oh, wisha, there's the blessed priest abed." "Mammy! there he lies a-snoozing: I can see his poll."

Three mortal hours did the prisoner wish for deliverance; then his host came tapping, afraid to disturb his guest too early; saw the boys at gaze, and sent Pat to clear them off the house-front.

More than the number of those on the register, the accounts brought in of the moral progress of the people cheered and heartened Father Mathew.

In four years (1837 to 1841), homicides had gone down from 247 to 105; assaults on the police, from 91 to 58; incendiary fires, from 459 to 390; robberies, from 725 to 257; robbery of arms, from 246 to 111. The sentences of death, which were 66 in 1839, were only 14 in 1846, while transportation descended from 916 to 504.

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The decrease in the amount of spirits drunk was ruinous to some of Father Mathew's own relations, one of whom writes, "Every teetotaler has gained morally and intellectually by the movement, but my immediate family have been absolutely and totally ruined by this temperance mission."

Dr. Channing, in a discourse delivered in Boston, United States, said, "History records no revolution like this: it is the grand event of the present day. Father Mathew ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the time. Here is a living minister, if we may judge from one work, who deserves to be canonised, and whose name should be placed in the calendar not far below apostles."

Very often Father Mathew had to listen to personal experiences in a public meeting which did not sound so tragic as the penitent meant them to be. One evening an old toper had been explaining to a sympathetic audience how he had taken to long drinks:—

"Well, of coorse, dis kind of ting couldn't go on widout bringing me an' de poor wife and childer to sup sorrow. I first drank my own clothes into de pawn, den I drank my wife's cloak off ov her back, den I drank her flannel petticoat and her gound, den I drank de cups an' de saucers out ov de cupboard, den I drank de pot an' de kittle off ov de fire, den I drank de bedclothes from de bed, an' de bed from under meself an' me wife.

"Well, what brought me to my sinses at last was de could fiure, and de empty belly, an' de poor childer cryin', 'Daddy, we're so hungry!' I remimber the last night ov my blackguardin', dere wasn't a bit to ait, or a sup to taste for de poor little tings; an' de big boy, he said, 'Poor Mudder didn't ait a bit all day; she gave all she

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had to Katty and Billy.' 'Daddy, I can't go to sleep, I'm so could,' say the littlest of de boys. 'God forgive yer onnaterel fader!' says I, 'an' hould yer whisht,' says I, 'an' I'll make ye comfortable'; and wid dat, savin' yer presence, ladies, I takes my breeches—'tis no laughin' matter, I tell ye—an' I goes over to the craychers, an' I sticks one of de childer into one of de legs, an' anoder of de childer into de oder leg, an' I buttons the waistband round dere necks, an' I tould dem for der life not to sneeze all de night. But be cockcrow in de morning, Billy, who was a mighty airly bird, cries out, 'Daddy, daddy!' 'What's de matter?' says I. 'I want to get up, Daddy,' says he. 'Well, get up, an' bad scran to ye,' says I. 'I can't,' says the young shaver. 'Why can't ye, ye cantankerous cur,' says I. 'Me an' Tommy is in de breeches,' says he sadly. 'Get out ov it,' says I. 'Daddy, don't ye remimber? we're buttoned up,' says de little fellow, as smart as ye plaze. So up I got an' unbuttoned the craychers, an' I sez to meself, 'twas a burning shame dat de childer of a Christian man should be buttoned up yonder instead of lying in a dacent bed. So I slips on de breeches on my own shanks, off I goes to his reverence an' takes de pledge, an' 'twas de crown piece dat yer reverence, God bless you! slipped into de heel ov me fist dat set me up again in de world."

On one occasion, when Father Mathew had been sleeping at the house of a country gentleman, and was driving with him on the morrow to the place of meeting, the carriage suddenly stopped on the way. Father Mathew looked out and saw two or three rough men. Believing them to be enthusiasts in the cause who wished to take the pledge full early, he called out, "Good morrow, boys;

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glad to see you; hope we shall have a fine meeting. You wish to take the pledge?"

"No, yer reverence," said a sharp-eyed little man, scratching the back of his head with an air of comical perplexity; "we aint going to be after taking the pledge now; 'tis on another little business we've come; 'tis with the masther there we've a word to say."

"Oh, I beg pardon, my dear sir!" said Father Mathew, drawing back in his seat so as to permit the free conversation between master and tenant. But to his horror, he found that the sharp-eyed man was a bailiff, who had a writ to serve on his hospitable friend, and who was about to take possession of his carriage and horses. Both gentlemen were, of course, very much embarrassed and annoyed, and the squire more so, as he could not meet the amount. But Father Mathew pressed his hand softly on the arm of his companion, saying, "My dear sir, pardon the liberty I am going to take with you. Do allow me the gratification of relieving you from this annoyance." So there and then he settled the debt with his usual extravagant generosity, and employed the rest of the time they had in the carriage in distracting his friend's mind from a circumstance so unpleasant.

The Catholic Bishop of Glasgow had invited Father Mathew to Scotland. So, in August 1842, he arrived at Greenock and was well received; he administered the pledge one day to 12,000 people in the cattle-market, and on the next to many more. Crowds of diseased people also were taken to the market, in the hope that he would heal them. From ten till six in the evening he was busy distributing medals or ribbons and giving his blessing. He distinctly stated in the Catholic chapel that the power

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of performing miracles belonged alone to the Supreme Being. Yet there were many canny Scots who half believed that a touch of his hand would work a cure.

On his return to Cork his own folk received him as a conqueror, with bands and banners, scarfs and rosettes, gaiety and joy, while a tremendous shout went up as he entered the carriage of the mayor.

Poor city! now so full of innocent gaiety, soon to be afflicted with two of the greatest curses, famine and plague.

Father Mathew had not forgotten his hospitable mind; in his little house in Cove Street he would sometimes have merry parties. One day the flavour of the water seemed rather suspicious. The more rigid teetotalers shrugged shoulders and looked at one another; the younger ones tittered as they noticed that the butler's nose was red and his eyes shone with a wild gleam.

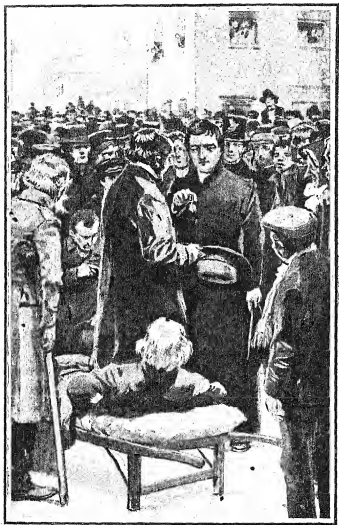
When Father Mathew tasted his own glass, he put it down sharply, saying, "John, John! what a strange taste and smell the water has! you must have had some spirits in the jug!"

"Oh yes, sir! I had to polish the tins, and whisky is very good for brightening them. Unfortunately I put it into this jug."

"Ah, I see! first you polished the tins and then you polished off the whisky. I must ask you to be more careful next time you do it."

A titter went round that made John dart furious glances right and left.

As to Father Mathew's miracles, the streets of Cork were full of them. Furious brutes that used to beat their wives in their drunken fits were now soberly working and keeping the pledge; desperate spendthrifts had grown to



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Father Mathew was specially invited to Scotland, and while in Greenock he induced 12,000 people to take the pledge in the Cattle Market, and many diseased people were brought to him in the hope that he would be able to cure them. From ten in the morning till six in the evening he was busy distributing medals and ribbons or giving his blessing.



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be frugal and saving; ragged children were going to school well fed and well dressed; unhappy, starved, and beaten wives were going to church with a smile of pride and delight in living. What miracles could be considered greater than these?

The next great event in his life was his visit to England in 1843. He visited Liverpool, Manchester, Salford, Huddersfield, Wakefield, Leeds, with great success. Many invited him to their houses, but, in order to be able to see any who might call, he chose to stay at hotels.

In Wakefield a Quaker gentleman, resolved to entertain the Apostle of Temperance, put up a board with "Hotel" painted on it, and so secured his guest, who was delighted with the extreme quiet of the hotel and the attentiveness of the servants. It was not until the time came for paying the bill that Father Mathew found out he had been staying as a guest in a private house. After Lancashire and Yorkshire he visited London, being warmly welcomed by the Catholic bishop and clergy. He spent much time in the poorer quarters of the city, but did not neglect the society of the upper classes. Some organised attempts to break up his meetings were partially successful, but in others an army of indignant Irishmen defended the platform. At Bermondsey the disturbances had a more serious result, for a large force of police had to be brought in to eject the friends of the publican and the sinner.

Before leaving England he visited Norwich at the invitation of the bishop, Dr. Stanley, father of the Dean of Westminster. That visit is not yet forgotten at Norwich, and temperance societies exist which had their origin under his auspices.

Soon after his return to Cork the shadow of a great



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anxiety began to dog his steps; the great debt of £7000 which he had incurred, by doing alone what usually a great society of subscribers attempts, began to press for payment. And yet his enemies were going about saying that Father Mathew had made a good thing of it, had sold millions of medals, and cleared £50,000 out of every million converts. As a fact, not one in ten paid for the medal, or could do so, and we have seen how generous he was to all in distress.

At this time he said, in reply to a wish that he might enjoy many happy days, "My heart is eaten up by care and solicitude of every kind."

He owed a large sum to a medal manufacturer, and one day, when publicly administering the pledge in Dublin, a bailiff entered, knelt down before him, asked his blessing, and then quietly showed him the writ.

Father Mathew never faltered, but went on with the converts as if nothing had happened. Then came consternation amongst his friends, and an examination of his accounts showed that his printer's bill alone stood at £3000. An important meeting was held in Cork at the close of 1744 to organise some means for his relief; even our own *Punch* had a paragraph about his self-denying life and poverty. "He counts his tens of thousands of proselytes, and then, taking his purse, he counts nothing. . . . Mathew is arrested for the price of the medals with which he decorated his army of converts. We know few orders, home or foreign, more honourable, if sincerely worn, and unless Ireland arises as one man, the reward of the great preacher is the county prison."

Letters of sympathy poured in from the highest to the lowest, and large subscriptions were made to meet the debt.

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Lady Elizabeth had often told her friend that she would leave him a good legacy, but unfortunately she put off the adding of the clause to her will, and died suddenly. Only the day before her death she had said to him, "You will see, Toby" (which was her pet name for Father Mathew), "that I have not forgotten you, and that I have kept my word." To his sisters she left £1200, but to her favourite—nothing, by misadventure. It is probable that all the time he was incurring these great debts he was thinking to himself, "the legacy will cover them." In October 1845 Frederick Douglas, "the fugitive slave," paid him a visit in Cork. He wrote an account of his reception at a soirée. "Two hundred and fifty persons were present—such a company of happy faces: among them all I saw no one that seemed to be shocked or disturbed at my dark presence. No one seemed to feel himself contaminated by contact with me." Father Mathew asked Douglas to breakfast, and welcomed him with great cordiality and affection.

In 1846 began the famine caused by the potato-plague. Men, women, and children were gradually wasting away; they tried to fill their bellies with cabbage-leaves, turnip-tops, &c., to appease the cravings of hunger; those in the country tramped to the towns, or the workhouses, if they had the strength to do it, the rest lay down in their cabins and died.

The famine-fever was at work, stretching father, mother, and child on their beds of damp straw. They became bereft of hope and energy, and lay still and apathetic, wishing and praying for death. The very skin became dark and discoloured by the famine-fever. Let us enter one court in Cork. A tall man leans against the doorpost, deaf to every appeal, insensible to his own

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sorrow. In the front room lie, stiff and stark, the dead bodies of two of his children, a boy of thirteen, a girl of seven; they are stretched on the bare floor. In a tiny room beyond, on a heap of infected straw, raving and writhing in fever, lies the dying mother of the dead children. Sixteen human beings, they said, had fled from the village to take refuge in this one dwelling, and in less than a week eleven were taken out dead.

We cannot dwell on those harrowing scenes, but we must remember that the potato blight and the famine were the chief causes of Father Mathew's temperance organisation failing to achieve a lasting success. England, of course, poured in food as soon as the great need was realised, and America did her part right nobly.

It was on the 13th of April that the white sails of the unarmed warship *Jamestown* were seen gleaming in the sunshine in Cork harbour. Her great hold was laden with bread-stuffs from over the Atlantic, and many an eye glistened with tears of gratitude.

All through this terrible time Father Mathew was working like a horse: temperance was forgotten in the greater need. There were the enormous number of 734,000 persons employed on the public works. The cost of relief in food was about £3,000,000. When all was done there was left but a skeleton people, unfit to work, maimed in body and soul.

In 1847 a strong petition was signed by laymen to the Pope, asking that Father Mathew might be appointed Bishop of Cork. To the general surprise and dismay the Pope did not accept their choice. It was unusual for Rome to neglect the general voice, and Father Mathew probably felt hurt and wounded, but he never showed it.

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No doubt, St. Hugh of Lincoln would never have been made a bishop if he had lived in a newspaper age. Your genius is apt to say and do wild things in a holy cause. "Who cares for Master Dean when God's cause is at stake?" cried Hugh of Avalon.

"What matters a paltry debt of sordid coins when temperance is at stake?" said Father Mathew, and so the Holy Father, at Rome threw him aside for a safer man—moderate in all things.

But, after all, it is to the reckless, devil-daring enthusiast that the world owes most. "Here goes, in the name of God!" It does not sound like the utterance of a bishop—no, it was only an apostle spoke that day, and God was with him, and in him, though he did sometimes, like St. Hugh, make men smile at his strange humour. One day Father Mathew was going rapidly through a large batch of converts, signing the cross on their foreheads as they knelt, when a man looked up and said, "Father, here am I, an-Orangeman, kneeling to you, and you blessing me." "God bless you, my dear, I didn't care if you were a lemon-man," was his quaint reply. No, this apostle had a large heart, a wide mind, though he had not studied much theology.

In Lent 1848 Father Mathew, as was his wont, fasted rigorously and worked as hard as ever. "I am the strongest man in Ireland," he used to say when friends remonstrated with him.

But Nature, too, made her remonstrance in the shape of a paralytic seizure; for when he rose in the morning it was only to fall beside the bed. Dr. O'Connor, his personal friend, came and found him calm, even cheerful and resigned. Awestruck crowds surrounded his door, the whole

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city was saddened; but day by day he mended, and soon he began to prepare for a visit to America. The temperance movement in Ireland since the famine had lost much of its spirit, and now the founder, too, had lost some of his strength and energy and boundless hope. Many branches had been closed in consequence of the death or emigration of members; some had yielded to temptation and returned to drink; the bands were broken up, there were no local funds—Ireland was in very low water. Instead of applying what funds he had to temperance work, he now had to buy seeds, turnips, flax, and potatoes for the small farmers; but he could say, after some riots that had occurred, “Not a single teetotaler out of the millions was implicated in the guilt of blood-shedding. The convicts were all whisky drinkers. Ireland would be the most moral country on the face of the earth, if all its inhabitants were total abstainers.”

It is computed that 3,720,000 emigrated in the twenty years subsequent to the famine, most of them going to the United States, Canada, and Australia.

It was against the wishes of his physician that Father Mathew went to America. The Municipal Council and the Mayor of New York received him with an address, the citizens cheered, especially the Irish, and the Mayor in a speech said, “Your titles are written on the hearts of the uncounted masses whom your heroic perseverance in the humble acts of mercy and good-will have saved from a fate even more dreadful than the grave. Your victories are not made up of the dead and dying left behind in your path, but of living thousands, whom you have rescued. Your trophies are seen in the smiling faces and happy homes of the countless multitudes whom you have won from the deepest abyss of wretchedness and despair.”

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For a fortnight he held levees in the City Hall, meetings everywhere, and made speeches without end, winning many over to take the pledge. Then he went to Boston, where he had to be reticent about slavery, as he was to visit the South.

At Washington he was admitted to a seat on the floor of the House, the highest possible distinction, and the members rose to receive him. At Richmond and Wilmington he laboured under physical pain, for his side troubled him: his hand was ever in his pocket, helping the poor, and so he found it hard to pay his way. In New Orleans more than 12,000 persons took the pledge. He visited prisons also, in one of which, after administering the viaticum to a dying man, he was astonished to hear the man say, "What's the news?"

"You should only be thinking now, friend, of your soul, and how to meet your God?"

"I know that, your reverence," was the man's reply, "but I should like to take to my friends in the other world quite the latest news."

His visit to the springs of Arkansas was very delightful to him. The lovely scenery, rock and river, the food of angels, milk and honey and pure bread, brought back to him his high spirits, and he revelled in story and anecdote and humorous memories.

He wished very much to visit an Indian village, but this he could not do. The hot springs did him no good, and he was impatient to be at work again. For three months of the year 1851 he lived in New Orleans, where there were many poor Irish; there he met Jenny Lind, and found her simple and interesting. He returned to Ireland in December 1851. His old weakness for giving was strong upon him.

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As he drove along a Dublin street he recognised an artist whom he had tried to reclaim: the carriage was stopped, the artist ran to the door, and began kissing Father Mathew's hand passionately. "Poor child, poor child!" he murmured, his face streaming with tears, and slipped a bank note into the prodigal's hand. A little later he gave a whining beggar half-a-crown, and when expostulated with by his nephew, replied, "Oh my dear, I delight in relieving the poor. I scarcely ever met a beggar in America, so let me be."

When John, his butler at Cork, had first heard of his master thinking to go to the United States, he appealed strongly against it. "Don't, sir, don't go to them bloody-minded savages." But he went; and John took the opportunity, when his master was away, to drink himself to death.

Father Mathew stayed some time with his relations at Lehenagh, where crowds of beggars flocked round him, and imposed on his good-nature. One day a young wife was brought suffering from delirium tremens.

"There is a devil in me," she shrieked, with wild stare and frantic gesture.

"Yes, indeed, the devil of drink possesses you, my poor woman," said Father Mathew.

"There! he says I have a devil in me. I knew it—I'm damned! the devil is dragging me down to hell."

Wilder and wilder grew her shrieks, while the poor husband looked on in shame. Father Mathew waited till she was more calm, then he put his hand upon her head and soothed her by kind words. She was brought to him every day, and after a few weeks a modest, blushing wife fell on her knees before him, kissed his hand with passionate fervour, and thanked him for the peace of heart and

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home which she now enjoyed. The husband's fervid "God bless your reverence," expressed what he felt. There is no doubt that stories such as these spread through the land, and helped to make people believe that Father Mathew effected cures. Even before his connection with the temperance cause they brought sick people to him that he might touch them; and many went away, believing that they were cured. They were profoundly impressed with the conviction of his goodness and holiness, and quite ready to believe that his prayers would be heard in their favour.

It was no use protesting that he could not work miracles, or showing his own paralysed limbs and saying, "Surely I would cure these if I could; but I have no power to cure any one."

Some replied, "Oh, Father, it is because you have taken the sickness of others on yourself that you are so afflicted;" and one doctor asserted that there was a good deal of truth in it; for that the Father had a strong magnetic power, which passed out of him every time he laid his hands on a patient, and so far weakened him. The following is vouched for by J. F. Maguire, M.P.:—

A young lady of position and intelligence was for years the victim of the most violent headaches. No advice could give her any relief. Starting up one day from the sofa on which she lay in a delirium of pain, she cried, "I cannot endure this torture any longer. I will go and see what Father Mathew can do for me." She went to Lehenagh, where the Friar then was, and threw herself on her knees before him, beseeching his prayers and blessing, that she might be cured of her awful pain.

"My dear child, you ask me what no mortal has power



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to do. The power to heal rests solely with God. I have no such power."

"Then bless me and pray for me—place your hand on my head," she implored.

"I cannot refuse to pray for you, or to bless you, my dear child," and he placed his hand on her throbbing brow. As the cool hand was softly pressed there—was it faith? was it magnetism?—the pain died away, the poor eyes that had been dull with aching looked up smiling into his face.

"I am so much better," she faltered; "thank the dear Lord and you!"

She went home feeling no pain; the headaches, which had been chronic for years, never reappeared. She was perfectly cured.

Dr. Baxter, a Protestant, head of a hydropathic establishment near Blarney, wrote a statement in 1853, in which he asserted: "Several sick folks came to Father Mathew to be cured of painful diseases, and I often witnessed great relief afforded by him to suffering people, and in some cases I was satisfied that permanent good was effected by his ministration. He possessed in a large degree the power of animal magnetism. I believe that his nervous power was lowered by imparting to thousands his own health and strength." Here is the evidence of a scientific man and a Protestant. A gentleman who had been afflicted with weak eyesight, and had to relinquish his business, went over to Cove Street, Cork, being led by a boy through the streets. Father Mathew prayed over him, and placed his hand for some time on the man's head and made the sign of the Cross on his eyes. The cure was instant; the sufferer was able to walk home unaided.

One day a young girl was brought to him whose hands

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were tightly clenched, the nails of the fingers being buried in the flesh of her palms. For weeks she had been in this condition, and physicians had tried in vain to open her hands. "Allow me, my dear," said Father Mathew in his winning voice; and taking her hand in his, and stroking caressingly as he kindly spoke to her of God's great power and goodness, he gently unlocked and extended her fingers and brought her hand into its natural form. This was a case, apparently, of hysteria affecting the limbs.

There were hundreds of stories as well authenticated as these; and when some intimate friend asked, "Father, how do you yourself account for these cures which occur after your touch and blessing?" his invariable reply was, "It is faith—the great faith of the people." And I think that this was the true explanation; for I remember being told by Mrs. Kingsford, one of the very first English ladies who took the M.D. of Paris, that one day in a Paris hospital she overheard two surgeons discussing the case of a girl in the ward, and knowing that both men were unbelievers, she was the more astonished when she heard the following remarks:—

A. "Well, she is beyond our art now. She must die."

B. "I am not so sure. There is one thing we have not tried."

A. "What is that? What can you mean, my dear fellow?"

B. "Let us send her to Lourdes; things do happen there!"

Mrs. Kingsford asked if they spoke seriously, and was assured that cases of hysteria were sometimes sent to Lourdes with excellent results.

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Faith and hope seem to have a marvellous power upon the heart, and perhaps on the whole circulation of the blood, and with this natural stimulant Nature sets her forces of repair at work with greater ease.

In February 1852 the Friar had a fit of apoplexy, and was found senseless in his room. He was put to bed and slept, and awaking next morning said, as if unaware anything was the matter with him, "This is the Feast of the Purification, David; I must prepare to say Mass."

In a few weeks he was about again at his work. In October 1854 he sailed for Madeira, where he stayed nearly a year. There was no need to preach abstinence to the islanders, for they were sober and poor.

On his return he tried to take up his old duties, but strength failed, and again he sought a rest in his brother's family. As he grew older and weaker he grew more sweet and humble, if possible; but a cloud of melancholy often settled upon his brain, and the elastic step, the bright eye, the hearty greeting, were things of the past. Every night he bade his relations an earnest good-night, for "I feared," he said, "that I might die before the morning."

After living in Madeira he found the cold of Ulster too great, so he went to live at Queenstown, now a venerable-looking man, white-haired, stooping, though he was not really old, but rather broken by excessive work and anxiety and the virtue that had gone out of him to make his countrymen sober. It was not long before he had another stroke. This time he was left powerless to move or speak. In a few days his noble spirit fled, gently, without pain or struggle. He was in his sixty-sixth year, and Ireland had been expecting the blow.

His great work had been marred by the famine and

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the political disturbances of 1848, and the poverty of the people. But there still remained in city and village numbers who had proved faithful to the pledge they had taken. The moral tone had been raised; drunkenness, from being regarded as a venial fault, had come to be considered as a degrading and shameful vice. Many a man felt himself ennobled by having had the privilege of shaking hands with the "Father," and so felt self-respect enough to refuse the offered temptation.

On the 12th of December 1856, Cork paid its last tribute to the memory of its great apostle. Every class and every creed attended the funeral. More than 50,000 mourners crowded the roads that led to the cemetery, most of them in tears, for they knew they had lost a friend, a great reformer, one of God's most devoted servants—and a Saint.

In England the war against drink was opened by Joseph Livesey, of Preston, in 1832. Very quickly temperance societies sprang up, such as the Good Templars, the United Kingdom Alliance, the National Temperance League, the Church of England Temperance Society, organised in 1873. Recently, Sir Wilfred Lawson and Archbishop Temple have been doughty champions for the cause; and still there is room for more.

## CHAPTER XII

### LORD SHAFTESBURY AND THE POOR

The manufacturing system—Its evils in mine and factory—The home of the Ashleys near Wimborne—Antony Ashley Cooper, born, 1801—Sent to a cruel school—Neglected at home—A school of sadness—Gladened by the freedom of Harrow—Meets the pauper's coffin—A great resolve—Sent to a tutor to misspend two years—M.P. for Woodstock—Speaks for the reform of lunatic asylums—Marries Emily, daughter of Earl Cowper—In 1833 he begins factory reform—The evils thereof he examines—Tour in Italy—Adventure with a horse—Hissed at Oxford—Care of the blind—Climbing boys—Children in mines—Ten Hours Bill—Ragged Children—M.P. for Bath—Meets 400 thieves—His son's death—A poor Earl—Death of his daughter—Sympathy with the Poles, 1863—The *Chichester*—Costermongers—Lady Shaftesbury dies, 1872—Freedom of the City—Dies at Folkestone, 1885

WHEN John Howard and Mrs. Fry had cleansed and improved our prisons, when Romilly and Mackintosh had softened the asperity of our criminal law, England was no doubt a happier place to live in, at least for the weak-minded and unfortunate. But there still remained, and always will remain, much to be thought of and done for the poor, the outcast, and the helpless. Besides those who were in prison or making ready for prison, there were thousands of factory women and children, toiling in hopeless slavery; there were others, chimney-sweeps, flower-girls, costermongers, the victims of drink and laziness and competition—that modern form of the fight for the means of living—all seething in misery tempered by the fitful sunshine of Nature's mirth. The manufacturing system had arisen in the long peace which

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came after the Napoleonic wars ; systems of making money for which men used to be put to death in the old times, such as making a corner in, or buying up, some necessary of life and then selling it at the holder's price, were beginning to be introduced. Capital was the new tyrant of the nineteenth century, against whose usurpations none had ever thought of making a legal defence. Again, in the mines, deeds of shocking degradation were daily and nightly committed. In the fields—the pleasant fields of England—gangs of harried women were toiling to their moral and physical ruin. There were many good men and true who saw the blots in the landscape of life, and grieved and sighed over them.

But of those who put their shoulder to the wheel none excelled the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury. It was a laborious, uphill task to get reforms carried—it always is : but neither the selfish fears of capitalists, nor the drag of a stupid Conservatism—for all Conservatism is not stupid—nor repeated failures and disappointments, nor the weakening of old age, could subdue this nobleman's sacred energy in behalf of the poor and the oppressed.

"My lords," the Duke of Argyll once said, "the social reforms of the last half century have not been mainly due to the Liberal party ; they have been due mainly to the influence, and character, and perseverance of one man—Lord Shaftesbury."

The earl himself has confessed that he never could have done the few things he had done, had he not been supported by true, zealous, earnest men, who gave him their brains and time to help forward the different reforms he was promoting. And chiefly it was by his religion that he was urged on to persevere and suffer in his work. "I

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think a man's religion, if it is worth anything, should enter into every sphere of life, and should rule his conduct in every relation. I have always been, and—please God—always shall be, an Evangelical of the Evangelicals." Like Sir Samuel Romilly, Lord Shaftesbury owed much to the sympathetic help of his wife—"that blessed woman"—"her memory is far better worth preserving than mine." Such were the expressions he used when speaking of her.

The ancestral home of the Ashleys is St. Giles' House, near Wimborne, in Dorsetshire; it was once fortified, and defended by a moat, which has disappeared; the modern house is built chiefly in the Elizabethan style. In the entrance hall is the round table on which Thomson wrote his "Seasons." There is a lake of seven acres on the south side of the house, and two beautiful avenues of beeches lead through the park. Near the village church is a row of ten almshouses, built in 1624, and in front of them is a poplar tree which was planted by Dr. Livingstone in 1854. The cottages in the village are surrounded by neat little gardens, showing that the great philanthropist was not too busy to look after his own poor.

Antony Ashley Cooper was born in London on the 28th of April 1801. His mother was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough. His father and mother entertained the old notions of severity in educating children; they ruled by fear when they ruled at all, and the little boy had to fly for refuge to an old nurse, Maria Millis, who loved him, and taught him prayers and Bible stories, and gave him his earliest religious impressions. At the age of seven young Ashley was sent to school at the Manor House, Chiswick. Dr. Horne, the headmaster, was a good classical scholar, but the school had a very bad

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tone: evil of every kind was unchecked; cruel punishments for trivial offences made life very unhappy to the ill-fed youngsters. Ashley lived in constant dread of bullying from master and boy; he wrote in his diary: "Nothing could have surpassed it for filth, bullying, neglect, and harsh treatment of every sort—perhaps it may have given me an early horror of oppression and cruelty. It was very similar to Dotheboys Hall."

While he was here the old servant, Maria, died. It was a very bitter grief to the boy, for she was the only person in the world just now whom he loved, the one to whom he had dared to confide all his troubles. And now he was alone in the world. It seems almost absurd that one so well born should have been so placed; but he was very sensitive, and it was no pleasure to him to return home to a father who was too busy to notice him, or to a mother who preferred social pleasures to domestic duties. So his great sorrow and loneliness made him turn to the old Book which she had loved, and thus began the life of deep religion that inspired and sustained him in the long, weary conflict with a selfish world. Maria had left him in her will her gold watch. He wore it to the last, and used to say, "This was given me by the best friend I ever had."

Perhaps his young life's experiences, the cruel school life, the loveless home life, may have given Ashley the look of sadness and melancholy which habitually characterised him. He knew what it was to endure persecution, loneliness, hunger and cold; like Dido he could say, "*Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.*"

At the age of twelve the little boy was taken away from the preparatory school he hated, and sent to Dr. G.



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Butler's house at Harrow. It was a revelation to him of joy and freedom and friendship with gentlemen; he revelled in the new and larger life. There were boys in the headmaster's house whose friendship he cherished all his life, such as Sir Harry Verney, himself destined to play a part in philanthropic movements. But at Harrow in those days there were also some trials. For he told the world in 1884, at a Harrow dinner, how a Harrow master, not being able to sleep soundly, would often call up his form—the Shell—at four o'clock on a winter's morning, and thus relieve the slow tedium of the morning hours. Then, when Ashley's father had succeeded to the Shaftesbury title and estates, it was a great joy to the boy to ramble in the park and forest, to watch the deer from his hiding-place in the long bracken, to explore each nook and corner of Cranborne Chase, which contained an area of eighteen square miles, harboured 12,000 deer, with six lodges and as many rangers. Here it was that the ill-starred Duke of Monmouth, disguised as a peatsart, was captured after the battle of Sedgemoor; and young Ashley might have lain often beneath the shade of the ash-tree where Monmouth was found. Seventy years had passed since Lord Shaftesbury was a boy at Harrow, when one day he went over to see Dr. Butler, the son of his old headmaster. As they walked together down from the lych-gate past the old schools, Dr. Butler said, "Can your lordship remember any particular incident which induced you to dedicate your life, as you have done, to the cause of the poor and wretched?"

"It is a most extraordinary coincidence that you should ask me that question on this spot," answered Lord Shaftesbury, stopping to look round him, "for it was

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within ten yards of the spot where we are now standing that I first resolved to make the cause of the poor my own: and this was how it was—ah, how well I remember it! I must have been fourteen years old, or a little more, and I was walking down from the churchyard, just as we are to-day, when I was startled by hearing a sudden yell—a drunken voice singing—a noisy sound of laughter coming up from the main road below; then they turned the corner, and I saw four men staggering along under a coffin and jesting with song and horrible laughter as they drew near me. I looked at the coffin. I could see the rough boards were hastily nailed together; great cracks half revealed what was inside. Just as they passed me one of the men slipped, and the coffin fell from their shoulders and rolled over into the road. It was horrifying to me; and then they began to swear at each other, using foul language. I thought they would have fought over the poor dead creature's corpse. I came away feeling that if God preserved my life I would do something to help the poor and him that had no friend."

There is a memorial tablet now let into the school wall to mark the spot where Ashley saw this terrible sight and learnt his lifelong lesson. Many a boy will pass and read the inscription and wonder. Perhaps to some who do not take it to heart very deeply at the time that picture will recur with strange vividness, on the veldt of South Africa or in the choking plains of India, and help them to persevere in doing God's will by patient service—the *vivre aux autres* which He demands of all. At the age of sixteen he was taken away from Harrow and sent to live with a clergyman in Derbyshire. It is remarkable how parents and guardians will impatiently remove boys from

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a school where they are doing well, and try a fatal experiment at a critical age. This gentleman knew little, and was not very keen to impart his small stock of knowledge. There were only horses and dogs for Ashley's amusement, and some country society.

He remained there two years, and says in his diary, "Perhaps no two years were ever so misspent. I hardly ever opened a book, and seldom heard anything that was worth hearing."

His father at first thought of putting him in the army, but was dissuaded from it by a friend, and he was sent to Oxford. His tutor at Christchurch asked him if he intended to take a degree. "I cannot say, but I will try," was his reply.

He must have read very hard, for, though he had taken some prizes at Harrow, he says he had not done his best there.

In 1822 he found himself placed in the first class in classics, and professes he was vastly surprised. But a fellow-student, Short, said, "I well remember Lord Ashley, how assiduous he was in his studies, and I remember thinking, 'If that is a specimen of the English aristocracy, we have in the House of Lords an institution which has no rival throughout the world.'"

When he was twenty-five years old he wrote: "For three years I have absolutely done harm to my intellect—not a study commenced, not an object pursued; visions without end, but, God be praised! all of a noble character. I fancy myself in wealth and power exerting my influence for the increase of religion and true happiness."

In June he was elected to Parliament for Woodstock, for he was the grandson of the old Duke of Marlborough. He gave a general support to Canning and the Conserva-

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tives, but it was the Duke of Wellington who was his hero from Harrow days, and soon they became great friends, and Lord Ashley often went to visit him at Strathfieldsaye.

One of the first causes that he took up in Parliament was the treatment of the insane. It had been the custom to chain lunatics to walls in dark cells and let them lie on straw: the keepers went in whip in hand, as lion-tamers enter a lion's cage: trap-doors were arranged so as to give way beneath their tread and half-drown them in a "bath of surprise," or the patients were set in a chair which revolved at a frightful speed till they were sick and faint. That took the "nonsense" out of them!

The only aim of the Act of 1744 was to protect the public: nothing was done to defend the lunatic against his keepers.

It may be remembered that Sir Thomas More, one of the most enlightened and humane of modern statesmen, reported his ill success in the usual way of treating lunatics. "I stroked him," he says (meaning, I had him struck or flogged), "for some two hours as he stood tied to a crab-tree in the garden; but for all we could do he remained as mad as ever."

The practice of treating the insane as naughty and perverse remained from Henry VIII.'s time to the beginning of the nineteenth century. But the Society of Friends at York had started a "Retreat" on more humane principles. The success which they were achieving by kindness was noticed in the report of a Government Committee of Inquiry, and in the following year the Commons passed a Bill for periodical inspection of asylums. This Bill the Lords thought good to throw out; but in 1819 a

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permissive Bill passed both houses, which, of course, did little good, for asylums could not be visited unless by invitation.

In 1828 Mr. Gordon moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law for the regulation of lunatic asylums. On this occasion Lord Ashley made his first important speech. "Last night," he says, "I ventured to speak and, God be praised! I did not utterly disgrace myself." Fifteen Commissioners were appointed, of whom Lord Ashley was one, and he continued in that office for fifty-seven years. Like John Howard in the prisons, he visited many asylums. He saw how the lunatics were chained to their beds, and left untended from Saturday afternoon till Monday, with only a little bread and water by their side. He saw how the violent and melancholy, the clean and the foul, were locked up together in damp, dark, disgusting cells—how the whip tortured the noisy and violent into sobbing submission, and how very little interest ordinary people took in the whole subject.

No wonder his face habitually wore an expression of deep melancholy, for he could not throw off these dismal thoughts; he was prone also to analyse his own feelings too much, and exaggerate his defects and failures. Sin and suffering were two spectres that dominated his soul, and prevented him from enjoying the goodness of God. Yet he loved nature, and was interested in science, especially astronomy. "I held forth last night upon astronomy a little; it was to persons who had not considered its glories. I hope the few remarks I made will lead them to reflect more deeply on the immensity of power and goodness in the Creator."

In June 1830 Lord Ashley was married to Emily,

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daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper, "a wife as good, as true, and as deeply beloved as God ever gave to man."

Lord Granville says, "Lord Ashley was then a singularly good-looking man, with nothing of effeminate beauty. He had those manly good looks and that striking presence which help a man more than we sometimes think. He was then seeking to marry that bright and beautiful woman who afterwards threw so much sunshine on his home."

In 1838 began the great work at which Lord Shaftesbury laboured for twenty years—Factory Reform.

Amongst the working classes at that time there was a spirit of resentment and lawlessness, which led them to assemble in riotous mobs, break windows of factories, and destroy the machinery and looms, or even set fire to the mills. Their very pleasures showed how degraded they had become. At Easter and Whitsuntide drunken men and women went shouting through the streets of the great towns. Low dancing-saloons formed the chief evening amusement; fairs and wakes were the popular resorts, and gambling was rampant. Little had then been done for the workers. There were no ragged schools, no industrial schools, nor mechanics' institutes; there was no Post Office Savings Bank, and the friendly societies frequently lost the money entrusted to them.

The inventions of the fly-shuttle and spinning-jenny obliged the people to work in the mills instead of in their own houses. Children could be employed to manage some of the machinery, and so a great and sudden demand for child-labour was created. Great numbers of children were taken from the workhouses of London, Birmingham, and other cities and set down in the mills as "apprentices,"

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where they worked for long hours under overseers, and were often treated with sickening brutality. Agents scoured the country for the purpose of tempting poor parents to sell their little ones as factory slaves. The machinery was kept going night and day, and the night gang succeeded the day gang. Some of the children were as young as five years old, and they were bound to serve until they were twenty-one. The parents were not aware of the conditions under which their children would have to work. The agent plausibly assured them that the food would be good; they would be clothed and paid wages, and would learn a trade.

On arrival at the gate of the "prentice house" they were checked off, like bales of goods, and sent to the sleeping-berths, which were filthy and unsanitary. At first they were set to pick up the loose cotton from the floor in a heated atmosphere reeking with oil. From morning to night they toiled, with backs that ached from the continued stooping, parched and half-suffocated by the dust and flue. If they stopped to rest a minute they received a blow on the head or a kick from the eager overseer. A dinner of black bread and porridge, or a slice of Irish bacon, came as a God-send, with forty minutes of repose. So they staggered on, sinking each day into hopeless misery. Some in their faintness fell on the machinery, and were whirled away to mutilation; others succumbed to disease and the poison-laden air. Great numbers were swept away by contagious fever. Many children averaged fourteen hours a day, and knew not that any law protected them.

The first Sir Robert Peel, himself a manufacturer, had in 1802 carried a Bill enjoining proper food and clothing

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and instruction, and limiting the hours of work to twelve. Again in 1819 he carried another Act by which no child under nine years of age should be allowed to work in a cotton factory, and no person under sixteen should work more than twelve hours a day, exclusive of meals. Mr. Nathaniel Gould, a rich and liberal philanthropist, did much to help Sir Robert in this cause. Yet, while the cotton-mills were in some sort reformed, there still remained the woollen, silk, and linen factories, in which evils as great existed. Sir John Hobhouse and Lord Morpeth carried a Bill in 1831 still more limiting the age and hours of work; but this Bill, which was extended to all factories, was strongly opposed, and not very effective when it was passed.

Mr. Sadler, M.P. for Newark, next took up the cause, and became the leader of the movement in the House of Commons.

A letter from the poet Southey to Lord Ashley says, "A friend of mine went over a cotton factory with the owner, and upon his remarking the extreme delicacy of the children, was answered, 'Oh yes, many of them are very consumptive, and a large proportion never reach the age of twenty. It is perhaps owing to the flue with which the air gets charged.' He spoke of this with as little compunction as a general would calculate the probable consumption of lives in a campaign. The negroes on a plantation may be rendered happy by kind treatment, and no doubt often are so, but I know not how a cotton-mill can be anything but an abomination to God and man."

As Mr. Sadler had been unable to retain his seat in the House of Commons, Lord Ashley was invited to take



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his place in furthering factory legislation. This entailed much worry and hard work, and it was not approved of by Lord Shaftesbury, his father. But he replied, "I have only zeal and good intentions to bring to the work; I can have no merit in it—that must all belong to Mr. Sadler. It seems no one else will undertake it, so I will. I believe it is my duty to God and to the poor, and I trust He will support me." Thus, out of a strong sense of duty, he took up a prominent position as champion of one of the most unpopular questions of the day. To take up this cause was to bring upon himself virulent abuse and opposition from many who had called themselves his friends; it was to give up the comforts of home life and domestic leisure with his wife and child, to abandon all his scientific and literary ambitions and pursuits. He laid it all before his wife. She smiled up into his face, saying, "It is your duty; go forward and to victory."

Soon after, Lord Ashley had to make a speech at a meeting in London. In this speech were these words: "It is a great religious question, for it involves the means to thousands and tens of thousands of being brought up in the faith and fear of the God that created them. I have read of those who sacrificed their children to Moloch, but they were a merciful people compared to Englishmen in the nineteenth century. For those nations destroyed at once their wretched offspring, and prevented a long career of suffering and crime; but we, having sucked out every energy of body and soul, toss them on the world a mass of skin and bone, incapable of exertion, brutalised in their understanding, and disqualified for immortality"—and he promised he would not concede to the opposition a single step.

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Great meetings of factory children assembled in the northern towns, bearing a slip round their hats with the words "Ten Hours Bill" printed on them. At Leeds there were not less than 3000 ragged little ones in the circle of some 15,000 spectators. Lord Ashley wrote a letter to Lord Althorp privately, pointing out the dangerous temper of the people in the north, who were only kept from desperate deeds of violence by the hope of Parliamentary aid.

A Commission appointed at the request of the master cotton spinners had seen many of these crowds, and now reported—

1. That the children employed in all the principal branches of manufacture throughout the kingdom work during the same number of hours as the adults.

2. That the effects of labour during such hours are in many cases permanent deterioration of the physical constitution.

3. That the children are not free agents, but are let out on hire, and their wages are appropriated by parents and guardians.

4. We are therefore of opinion that a case is made out for the interference of the Legislature on behalf of the children.

Lord Ashley made it an invariable rule to see everything with his own eyes. In factories he examined the mills, the machinery, the homes of the workers; in collieries he went down into the pits. In London he visited lodging-houses and thieves' haunts: he got to know their habits of thought and action and their pressing needs. He sat in their little homes, and had tea and talk with them many times. However, the Government

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defeated his Bill, but had to bring in one themselves almost on the same lines.

After all the tumult and anxiety of this wordy warfare Lord Ashley, with wife and "Sir Babkins" and Lord and Lady Cowper, set out for a six months' tour in Italy. It is amusing to us, in an age of motors, to read that the journey from London to Dover, seventy-two miles, took them ten hours. They went to Venice, and found it cold in October. On their way to Loretto an accident happened, which illustrates the feelings of the man who was to be the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

As they drove down a hill the leader fell and lay like one dead. Fortunately the carriage did not overturn, though for a quarter of an hour there was struggling and kicking to get the poor beast up. The postillion behaved like a fiend; "blood and hell were in every line of his face, and while he swore and blasphemed and flogged the miserable beast, the foam ran from his mouth like a panting dog." This brute, with his iron heel, stamped upon its eye and mouth and sides, nor would he desist when appealed to. At last the fainting and trembling creature staggered up, and was promptly harnessed to the carriage in spite of English protests and menaces of police.

On their arrival at Loretto the matter was reported to the postmaster, who rolled his eyes and shrugged his shoulders and wondered why all this fuss was being made about a heathen horse—"Non é Christiano" being the Italian excuse even now for every species of torture to dumb animals. However, Lord Ashley was determined to have the rascal punished, so he went from clerk to secretary and from secretary to president, with this result, "three days' imprisonment."

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It is strange to note that the southern races of Europe are far less sympathetic with animals, and far more thoughtless and cruel, than the northern races. Even now at Carrara, where the beautiful sculptors' marble is quarried, the poor oxen are stabbed with iron goads till they groan, and it is all in the day's work.

After a delightful tour through Florence, Leghorn, Lucca, San Remo, to Nice, he generously writes: "I love the Italian people. We abuse them and taunt them with degeneracy and cowardice . . . but such centuries of misgovernment and suffering would have corrupted, to a fifty-fold degree, any other people." So they came to Cannes, "a pretty spot on the sea-shore with one small inn."

In June 1834 Lord Ashley went to Oxford to see the Duke of Wellington installed as Chancellor; he rejoiced to see young Oxford receive the old soldier with such enthusiasm, but he himself was hissed as he left the theatre. "As I have done little to deserve their approbation, and nothing to deserve their censure, I felt greatly astonished, and I confess my vexation."

Young Oxford had but little sympathy with factory children and their sorrows.

Amongst his other cares Lord Ashley took upon himself the protection of the blind. Mr. Harman called upon him in 1834 and showed how the poor blind in London were wholly uncared for. From this time dates the founding of the "Indigent Blind Visiting Society," to visit the blind in their homes, provide guides for places of worship, classes for instruction, &c., and for pecuniary relief. Lord Shaftesbury was president of this society for fifty years; his abandonment of all political ambition made his

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social services possible. When he once visited the blind school at Glasgow, he wrote, "It is beautiful and consolatory to behold the peace of mind that these poor creatures enjoy. They are now become capable of every mental and spiritual gratification; many can exercise trades and callings and, instead of being a clog, prove an assistance to their families. Blindness is, next to insanity, the heaviest of God's visitations."

The writer takes leave to doubt this: his experience of total blindness for many months offered many intense pleasures, such as being read to, hearing conversations and music, riding on horseback, &c. It is the deaf who are most cut off from society; but they seldom get the sympathy which is lavished on the blind.

Towards the close of 1839 an important event occurred in Lord Ashley's private life, viz. his reconciliation with his father. For some ten years Lord Shaftesbury had strongly disapproved of his son's dealings with the factory workers, and had not invited his son to St. Giles' all that time. The diary says, "I can hardly believe myself or my senses; here I am in St. Giles', reconciled to my father and actually receiving from him ardent and sincere marks of kindness and affection! Who would have thought, when I quitted this house ten years ago, that I should never return to it until I came a married man with six children! . . . God be praised, we are reconciled, and his heart and mine are lighter. . . . I do most entirely thank God for His mercy in softening my father's heart, and pouring therein the sympathies of charity and truth."

The next cause which Lord Ashley took up—for there is no rest for the willing—was that of the climbing boys who swept the chimneys.

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As early as 1773 Jonas Hanway had written letters to master sweeps appealing to their humanity for their apprentices. In 1788 Parliament had passed an Act forbidding master sweeps to have more than six apprentices, or to take them under eight years of age. Many other attempts were made early in the century to grant the boys greater protection, and in 1817 a select committee printed their report.

From this it appears that small children were stolen for the purpose, or sold by their parents, or taken from workhouses; they were then forced to climb up narrow chimneys, brush in hand or in mouth; the soles of their bare feet were pricked, or wisps of lighted straw were held under them if they flinched from a crooked turn or dark hole; they were sent up naked to save their clothes; they were ill fed and clothed, covered with sores and bruises, often suffocated, more often maimed by falling down into the fireplace; they were sometimes sent up a chimney which was on fire, for the purpose of extinguishing it. Many insurance offices petitioned against the moderate Bills which were proposed for their protection; and when machines were invented to take the place of these poor children, it was some time before they came into common use; so strong is custom, with prejudice.

In his speech on the subject, Lord Ashley told the House that the lot of these children was tenfold worse than that of the factory children. For little boys and girls of seven, six, and even five years, were sent up these chimneys; they often passed the night naked on the soot-heap, and so got a skin disease; as to their demoralisation, he stated that, at that moment, there were twenty-three climbing boys in Newgate Prison.

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However, Lord Ashley's Bill passed, and the sooty babes were freed.

The sense of interest and the desire of profit were the mainsprings of opposition to his schemes. At Leeds he spoke of a young woman in a mill at Stockport, who had been caught by the machinery, whirled about, and flung to the ground with limbs broken and body horribly mutilated. Did her employers grant her compensation? Well, not quite; but they deducted eighteen pence from her wages, because she had chosen to fall and get damaged about two days before her week expired!

Lord Ashley prosecuted those mill-owners, and they had to pay £100 damages to the girl and law expenses amounting to £600.

When, in 1842, the "Commission appointed to inquire into child employment in mines and collieries" issued their report, many were astonished.

A large proportion of those working underground were under thirteen. Some had begun to work at the age of five. They were first used as "trappers"; that is, they were placed behind each door in the mine, and their duty was to open it for any coal-carriage that came, and shut it after it had passed.

This would last twelve or fourteen hours, and the time was passed in black darkness, and often in trickling wet, cold to back and feet. As they sat waiting, rats and mice and beetles would run over their bare feet. They only saw God's sunshine on Sunday, if they could keep awake that day. Then they were promoted to "hurrying," or loading small waggons with coals, and pushing them along a passage. Often it was so low that they had to crawl on hands and knees. A girdle went round the naked waist,

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to which was attached a chain that passed between the legs; so they drew the little carriages, like so many ponies harnessed, and often whipped.

Another task was to stand ankle deep in cold water and pump water from the bottom of the shaft. Now and then it was required that they should work double shifts, thirty-six hours at a stretch. Fortunately many died very young; for there were plenty of accidents at hand, falling coal, carbonic acid gas, floodings, and faintings under toil, with the chance of being run over.

But, the owners said, without the employment of children the pits could not possibly be worked at a profit.

In his speech on the 'Ten Hours' Bill Lord Ashley concluded thus:—

“For twenty millions of money you purchased the liberation of the negro; it was a blessed deed. You may this night, by a cheap and harmless vote, invigorate the hearts of thousands of your country-people, enable them to walk erect in newness of life, and to avail themselves of the opportunities of virtue, morality, and religion.”

One of the most determined opponents of factory legislation had been Mr. Richard Cobden; he never felt sure that Lord Ashley was acting from sincere motives: but as the latter ended this great speech, Cobden came over to him, sat on the bench by his side, wrung his hand, and said—

“You know how opposed I have been to your views; but I don't think I have ever been put into such a frame of mind, in the whole course of my life, as I have been by your speech.”

In August 1842 the Bill passed the House of Lords, but the time-limit was withdrawn after strong opposition.

In 1846 Lord Ashley, having changed his mind with



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regard to the Corn Laws, and voted for their repeal, thought it his duty to resign his seat. Cobden had then made a prophecy which he would have been ashamed of if he had lived a few years longer; for he said, "Repeal the Corn Laws, and the demand for labour will be so great that three masters will be looking after one man."

So Lord Ashley had leisure now to visit the ragged schools and the slums of the metropolis. There he found the children of the lowest classes swarming in the narrow streets, and playing in the gutters, creeping at night into some railway arches, like pariah dogs, for shelter from the rain.

The condition of London was so bad that Dr. Arnold said, "It haunts me, I may almost say, night and day. It fills me with astonishment to see anti-slavery and missionary societies so busy with the ends of the earth, and yet all the worst evils of slavery and of heathenism are existing among ourselves."

For many years the ragged children of London were daily in Lord Ashley's thoughts; he visited the homes, sat beside them in the schools, and invited those in trouble to his house; their needs weighed heavy on his heart as he explored lane and alley and noisome court. And the people grew to trust him; they clustered round him in respectful groups as they replied to his volley of questions; and he found out that they were ground down to extreme poverty mainly by the exorbitant house-rent they had to pay. Evil houses were the chief cause of evil habits.

In July 1850 the royal assent was given to the Ten Hours' Bill; the legal working day for the young, and for women, was fixed from 6 A.M. to 6 P.M., with one and a half hours for meals.

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Lord Ashley now sat in Parliament for Bath. His next practical question was that of emigration; he stated that the London City Mission estimated the numbers of roaming, lawless, deserted children to be over 30,000. Out of 1000 of these street arabs 162 confessed that they had been in prison many times; 116 had run away from their homes, most to escape ill-treatment; 170 slept in evil lodging-houses; 253 confessed that they lived wholly on begging; 101 had no linen; 219 slept in the streets; 306 had lost one or both parents. He proposed to transplant about 1000 each year to South Australia.

Money was voted by Government, and given by individuals, and a trial was made; it was a success, and "Lord Ashley's boys" soon became in great request in the Antipodes.

But overwork and anxiety were apt to dishearten the kind philanthropist. "Talk of the dangerous classes indeed! the dangerous classes are the lazy ecclesiastics and the rich who do no good with their money. I fear them more than whole battalions of Chartists."

Once Lord Ashley, with a city missionary, Thomas Jackson, met nearly 400 of the burglars and thieves of London. Some of the oldest of the profession stood at the door to make sure that none but genuine thieves entered the room. Lord Ashley took the chair, and began by offering up a prayer!

After that some of the men told him their experiences, and then the chairman begged them to give up their old bad habits.

"But how are we to live till our next meeting, guv'nor? We must either steal or die," said one.

Jackson cried, "Pray, boys, and God will help."

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Another thief rose and said, "My lord and gentlemen of the jury, prayer is very good, but it won't fill an empty stomach."

It was proved at this meeting that most of the men were anxious to give up their evil lives, and eager to try life again across the seas.

Before they broke up, one asked, "But will you ever come back to see us again?"

"Yes, my men, whenever you shall send for me." And the low deep murmur of gratitude that rose was his great reward.

The result of that one meeting was that over 300 emigrated.

In 1849 a great domestic sorrow came to sadden his life. His second son, Francis, who was in the Sixth Form at Harrow, was seized by a severe attack of cold and inflammation. The medical science of that day applied repeated bleedings, and in a few days the poor boy succumbed. But Lord Ashley was able to visit his son, and talk with him. Staying over Sunday he attended the school chapel, and received the Sacrament; was surprised to find that 120 boys were communicants, whereas in his day at school no boy even dreamed of staying to that service. He had the great pleasure of hearing his son thank him for having brought him up in the faith and fear of the Lord; and to his mother the boy expressed his regret that, through his incantion and neglect, he had exposed her to such heavy expenses; unselfish to the last, and worthy of his father! When the doctor told his patient how seriously ill he was, he smiled and replied, "Whatever is God's will is enough for me."

In June 1851 Lord Ashley received the news that his

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father was very ill ; he set out for St. Giles', but his father had passed away. And now he was left to manage a large estate much encumbered by debt, to make many necessary reforms, to rebuild most of the cottages, which were filthy and unwholesome, and to do all this without any money in hand. He found that many of the worst cottages belonged to small proprietors, that the farmers paid their men on the "truck system, that is, by letting them have flour, potatoes, beer instead of money, and charging much above market price to the poor labourer. All these abuses Lord Shaftesbury began to reform, and spent nothing on adorning his own house until other matters were arranged.

After long toil on Bills for improving the homes of the poor in London, he next turned to juvenile mendicancy and crime ; for thousands of children still evaded the ragged schools and were sent out into the streets by their parents to beg or steal. Lord Shaftesbury proposed that the police should be empowered to apprehend all "vagrant children" found in the streets, and to bring them before the magistrate. They were then removed from their parents' custody, if reports were bad of them, and sent to the workhouse to be educated. We can do better than that now, with our industrial schools, where they live happily and learn a trade.

In 1853 Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was staying in London. There were huge meetings at Exeter Hall against slavery. An address signed by tens of thousands of Englishwomen to the women of America received this reply from the wife of an ex-President: "Leave it to the women of the South to alleviate the sufferings of their dependants, while you take care of your own. The negro of the South lives

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sumptuously in comparison with a hundred thousand of your white population in London."

And one Southern editor in his wrath wrote: "And who is this Earl of Shaftesbury? Some unknown lordling; one of your modern philanthropists suddenly started up to take part in a passing agitation. It is a pity he does not look at home. Where was he when Lord Ashley was so nobly fighting for the Factory Bill and pleading the cause of the English slave? We never even heard the name of this Lord Shaftesbury *then*."

The people naturally did not realise that the new earl was at first a poor man. He was constantly being asked for money help. Old pictures, farms, houses, woods were sold in order to keep his tenants in comfort and pay his lawyers' bills.

In 1854 Lord Aberdeen offered him the Garter; but after consideration Lord Shaftesbury declined it, feeling he must be quite independent.

He was greatly pleased by his son Evelyn's success at Harrow. The boy had been promoted into the Sixth Form at a very early age. On Speech Day Lord Shaftesbury went to hear his son declaim in French and English. "Every one was delighted with his manner, his appearance, his manifest ability." His eldest son, Antony, was serving on the *Hannibal*, under orders for the Baltic and the Crimean War; him they saw before he started.

In 1861 his daughter Mary fell ill of lung disease. Her mother nursed her devotedly; but she died in September after great suffering. Those who see the Providence of God in every detail of life are often staggered by such visitations. In his diary he writes: "I submit to the Divine decree. I confess His wisdom and goodness.

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How I wish that God would reveal to me, before the time when all things will be known, His purpose in such awful severity!"

It was not often that Lord Shaftesbury made speeches on political occasions, but in 1863 a tragedy occurred in Poland which thrilled all England with horror and indignation. In 1861 some 30,000 Poles were assembled on a plain, singing requiems and offering prayer for the souls of their lost ones, when the Russian cavalry rode through them and slaughtered many. This gave rise to more patriotic fervour among the Poles and more repressive massacres by the Russians.

In February 1863 the Polish insurgents issued their first proclamation. The standard of revolt was raised, and in return Polish villages were set on fire, and their inhabitants were put to the sword.

The Lord Mayor of London called a meeting at the Guildhall to express sympathy with the Poles, and Lord Shaftesbury made one of his most telling speeches. He informed them how Garibaldi had offered them his services, but the Polish general, Langiewicz, had replied, "Come not here; our movement must have in it nothing of a revolutionary character. Let the Poles work out their destiny. We want your sympathy, but not your active co-operation."

Lord Shaftesbury, on presenting the petition from the Guildhall, made an impassioned speech in the House of Lords. But it was in vain that England, France, and Austria remonstrated against this cruelty. Russia and Prussia saw in the Polish revolt only a common danger. Many refugees fled to London, and their children are now our fellow-citizens.

In April 1864 Garibaldi visited England, and was

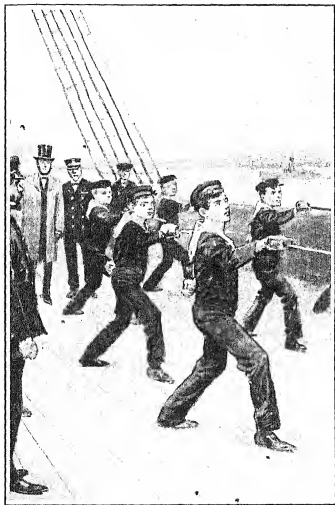
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welcomed by all classes, the great brawny workpeople pouring out in their thousands to cheer him as he passed through the streets. Garibaldi was much interested in Lord Shaftesbury's housing of the poor, and carried home hints for reforms in Italian towns. Lord Shaftesbury gave Garibaldi a New Testament in Italian, and got a promise from him that he would read it.

In 1866 the Government gave up an old worn-out man-of-war, the *Chichester*, as a training-ship for homeless boys. It was such a success that the *Arethusa* was afterwards added. Many of these waifs from the streets were thus rescued from moral ruin and became excellent sailors.

About this time Lord Shaftesbury's financial troubles were much increased by heavy losses which his steward at St. Giles' had incurred, and which pressed upon his spirit like "a horror of great darkness." Also the loss of old friends by death was saddening his life, and the increasing weakness of his daughter Constance preyed upon his mind. He was now taking great interest in Church matters, was opposing the new translation of the Bible, and trying to put down Ritualism. In fact, he had too many irons in the fire, too many meetings to preside at, too many worthy debts to be answerable for. And he now discovered a new sort of poor people to protect and raise from their moral slough—the costermongers of London.

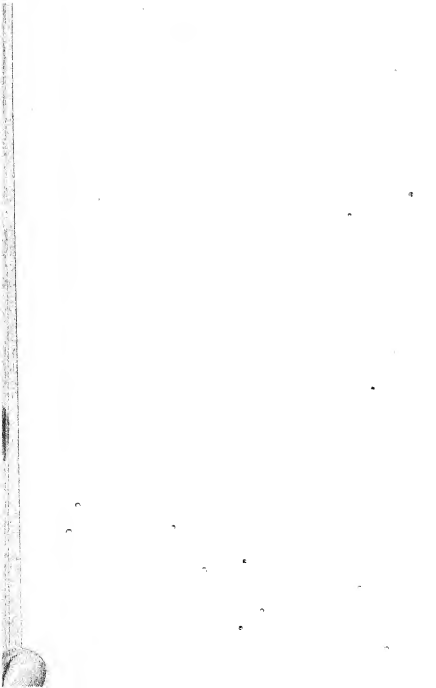
In 1861 a Civil Servant, Mr. W. J. Orsman, had begun to start a mission in Golden Lane for the purpose of evangelising costermongers, street-traders, and such-like. One of these gentlemen defined a coster as "a cove wot works werry 'ard for a werry poor livin', and is al'ays a bein' hinterfered with, blowed up and moved hon, and fined and sent to quod by them beaks and bobbies."



#### ON THE DECK OF THE "CHICHESTER"

This was an old worn-out man-of-war which, through the influence of Lord Shaftesbury, the Government gave up as a training-ship for homeless boys. It proved such a success that the *Arethusa* was afterwards added for the same purpose.





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The aristocrat among the costers owns a live donkey and barrow. The donkey sometimes shares the house with the family and stock-in-trade—fruit, fish, greens, toys—most of which can be commodiously stored under the bedsteads, ready for hawking about next day.

They are at Covent Garden Market before dawn, and are back on their pitch before the first arrivals. They are a very hard-working body of men and women, with a tendency to give vent to noisy expletives when crossed and crabbed. One week they may make a profit of two or three pounds, the next comes drizzling rain, and the receipts come down too.

Those who cannot own a donkey may hire one, and a truck also. Lord Shaftesbury heard by accident of the good work being done by Mr. Orsman—work done after his office hours—and wrote to propose himself as president. From that day he became a coster heart and soul, and subscribed for a barrow and donkey.

As President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, he took a great interest in the lot of the costers' donkeys, and by the institution of shows and prizes he got them to take a pride in the animals, and to treat them as pets. So that one year the President was invited to meet them in their hall, and was himself presented with a handsome "moke," decorated with pretty ribands. The donkey went to St. Giles', and lived a very pleasant life with the earl's grandchildren.

Lady Shaftesbury had been long taking care of her invalid daughter; but she overtaxed her strength and died in the autumn of 1872.

In December her daughter, Constance, followed her. The nurse remarked, "I have seen many deathbeds of

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holy Christian people, but never anything approaching to this. I can only call it angelic."

Yet, with all this sorrow at home, "the good earl" was happy in the thought of the ragged school children being saved from ruin.

One day he was sitting in his library at Grosvenor Square, looking thoughtfully at two portraits—one of a thin, wan child in rags, the other of a smiling, handsome woman in fashionable attire.

He told the friend who came to call that many years ago he heard a knock at the door late at night: then came the sound of the butler's wrathful voice, and the Spirit prompted the earl to go and see what was the matter. There stood a rough man holding in his arms a little child.

"Lord Shaftesbury," he said, "I have brought this child to you 'cause I don't know what to do with her. I can't trust myself to be her father, now her mother is gone, and I don't quite like to desert her like."

The earl brought the man in, made notes of the case, and accepted the child. Fortunately, Miss Rye came in next day and promised to find a home for the little girl. Before long a lady adopted her and had her educated. So she grew up to be a sweet, comely lady, instead of being ——? And Lord Shaftesbury said, "I feel as convinced that I was moved to do what I did by our blessed Lord as if I had seen Him in person."

In 1883 he called attention to the Children's Dangerous Performance Act of 1879, since he had received a letter from a gymnast describing the tortures to which children were still subjected in their training.

Again, in a preface to a little book on that subject, he

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told how ladies would almost faint from horror while reading a sensational novel, but would get up and witness the torture and danger of tiny acrobats at a music-hall.

In June 1884, amid cheers and congratulations, he was granted the freedom of the City of London. Old though he was, almost every day was occupied by some fatiguing ceremony or duty—Bible Society, Jewish Society, Costers' meeting, City Mission, Wycliffe Commemoration—he had no respite given him, and ever and again he suffered from nervous breakdown, depression, and pain. "When I feel age creeping on me, and know I soon must die—I hope it is not wrong to say it—but I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in it."

In July 1885 great weakness set in, but he managed to get down to Folkestone. However, there he took a chill, which caused inflammation of the lungs. He was surrounded by sons and daughters and grandchildren, and loved to sit in the balcony and look across the summer sea. Every morning he asked to have the 23rd Psalm read to him: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." He would fain have gone home to St. Giles', but that was not possible. It was on a sunny morning, the 1st of October, that he was called away. London was in mourning: not only club men and titled ladies, but every flower-girl, every factory-hand, every bootblack, mourned a father.

John Howard had gone all over Europe, visiting prison after prison, and securing valuable reforms; but, compared with the "good earl," he was an austere man. Even his only son never loved him.

But Lord Shaftesbury was of another mould. The

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tears would run down his cheeks as he listened to a tale of distress. He loved his fellow-men because he loved Jesus Christ, and tried to follow Him.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From Mr. Edward Hodder's "Life of Shaftesbury," by his kind permission, and with the consent of Messrs. Cassell & Co.

## CHAPTER XIII

### GENERAL GORDON AND "HIS KINGS"

Gordon erects forts at Gravesend, 1865—The victories of peace—How he spent his spare time—His "kings"—Sells the Chinese gold medal—His garden for all—Will not charge the woman-thief—The workhouse visits—Early life at Corfu and Taunton—High spirits at Woolwich—Crimean adventures—Chinese rebellion—Soudan in 1874—Frees slaves—Feeds the hungry—Coolness in danger—Makes an army out of slaves—In 1876 made Governor-General of the Soudan—Tries to stop the slave-trade—Resigns—To India—Pekin—Ireland—The Cape—Wanted for the Congo—Sent to bring back the Soudan garrisons and not backed up—Rescue comes too late

IN the autumn of 1865 a young officer of distinction was appointed commanding Royal Engineer officer to superintend the erection of some new forts for the defence of the Thames. There were five forts to be built, three on the Kent side, two on the Essex shore. A huge sum had been voted by Parliament for their construction; but the new engineer officer quickly saw what a waste of money it would all be, for they were quite unprotected in the rear. However, to him duty was duty—a thing to be done as well as possible.

So the engineer officer took a quaint, old house with a good-sized garden near the New Tavern fort, on the Kent shore, and began at once to get all the work out of his men he could, beginning himself at eight in the morning. "Ah! that gentleman is a disciplinarian, if you like." "Nay, he is a martinet—something cruel." So they criticised him. But if he spared not others, neither did

## GENERAL GORDON AT GRAVESEND

he spare himself; for he went on receiving visitors on business even while he took his frugal midday meal. He had a deep drawer in his table, in which his cold meat or bread and cheese was laid, and this could be shut up at a moment's notice. Sometimes he would starve himself so during the day, from pressure of work, that he had to rise at night and suck raw eggs to stay his appetite.

Colonel Charles George Gordon, if he was not known to Gravesend folk, had yet made a great name for himself in China, where he had put down a great rebellion and refused a rich reward.

But let us first see what he was doing at Gravesend, "the most peaceful and happy six years of my life," as he said, for there he learned more of the value of life as it should be lived than he had ever known before. The poor folk at Gravesend would wonder as he rushed past them on his manifold duties, a bit impatient, a bit irritable. They would stand looking through the hedge of his garden as he played with his ducks in the pond, laughing and turning the hose on Duchess E—— and the Prince of C——; he had nick-names for them all, and pleasant satirical hits for their frailties. The people knew he was a bit out of the common, and they just stared; forty years old, under middle height, slight but strong and wiry, and full of activity, thick brown hair clustered over a broad forehead; the mouth showed firmness, the blue-grey eye glinted like steel, and read you through and through; but the voice was soft and very clear. He seemed to his neighbours to be a quick, practical soldier, not given to emotion, sensible, one who would hit hard at laziness, or neglect, or vice, but cheery and full of humour. They saw him stop and talk to a poor boy in the road. Did he give him

## GENERAL GORDON AT GRAVESEND

sixpence and go his way? No, he called that boy into his garden, took down all the facts of his young life, invited him to come with others every night for a little instruction; his was no patch-work benevolence, for he followed that boy, and every boy he knew, until he had placed him in some ship or regiment. Not even then did he desert them, for Gordon kept in his sitting-room a big chart of the world, with pins stuck in it to mark the position of the ships in which they were—his “kings,” as he used to call these boys of his.

For he looked upon himself as just a central point from which some light and brightness might flow to those around him, never mind who they were—the rough boy from the fishing-smack, the street arab, the old hag, the lame veteran—all were free to come to him and get his practical help and sympathy, and feel the encouragement of a brave heart that laughed at trouble and worry, and believed in God. Soon his room grew too small for his class; for not only did he teach them history and geography, and explain the Bible, but sometimes he would tell them blood-curdling tales of Chinese revenge and torture, and deeds of heroism that he had seen—and perhaps enacted, for they never heard him boast of his own doings. Gordon was like Quintin Hogg in wishing to get influence by appealing to human nature; both men were full of fun and loved practical jokes, both teachers played on the whole organ of life from the treble of mirth to the deep bass notes of tragedy and pathos. Gordon had begun by clothing two or three boys, he ended by distributing several hundred suits in the year, and he had to buy boots by the gross. If he had accepted the munificent gift offered him by the Emperor of China, he would have been able to



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organise some permanent relief for the poor of Gravesend; now he had to do what he could out of his pay, and he cut down his own personal expenses to the lowest point; even then he often found himself penniless before his pay was due. After the close of the American Civil War the Lancashire cotton operatives were in great distress; Colonel Gordon wished to send a contribution, but he had no money, so he defaced the gold medal which the Chinese Emperress had given him, and sent it anonymously to be sold for the benefit of the fund. It cost him so much to part with this token of his Chinese doings, that he made it a saying, when he wished to inculcate self-denial, "You must sell your medal!" His gold medal only fetched ten pounds at the time, but the feeling that prompted its sale was of value to all time. Everything that Gordon did showed thoroughness; he followed the career of his boys till they were well started; sometimes, of course, he was deceived, and his charity was abused, often he found his protégés ungrateful, but he persevered in well-doing. There was one boy whom he had twice sent out in good clothes to a good place; for the third time the young rascal turned up one evening, all in rags and filth. He was too dirty to be admitted into the house, so Gordon took him to the stable, fetched him bread and a mug of milk, pointed to a heap of clean straw, and said, "Good night! I shall come for you at six o'clock to-morrow." Precisely at six Gordon appeared, carrying a towel, a flesh-brush, a piece of soap, and a fresh suit of clothes. Then, sharply ordered, "Off with those dirty clothes, youngster!" and the naked boy was hauled off to the horse-trough, where he received such a scrubbing from head to foot that he tingled for many an hour. In 1885, after the news of Gordon's death at

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Khartum, a young man called at Sir Henry Gordon's house, bringing an offering of £25 towards a memorial of his benefactor. "You see, sir, I was one of his 'kings,' and he saved me more than once from going to the bad."

Though it was the boys whom Gordon took most interest in, he did not overlook the sick and aged; he had keys made to admit some of these into his garden, and there they strolled and smoked his bit o' baccy or took home their screw of tea, after sitting under some shady tree by the pond. In the hospital or workhouse he was well known as a visitor to the sick; for it is the busy man only who can find time to help his neighbour. There is one story told of Gordon which reminds us of a scene in Victor Hugo's "*Les Misérables*." An old woman had called on him with a tale of sorrow, and the Captain left her in the hall while he ran upstairs to his bedroom to find her half a sovereign. While he was away her sharp eye roved round and fastened upon a nice brown overcoat; she too was prompt and practical, for while he was rummaging about in his pockets, she had whipped the coat off the peg and pushed it securely under her skirt. She was so painfully grateful for the money when he returned, and left the house voluble with thanks. As she was walking home, feeling a little elated at the good business of the day, a policeman called out to her, "Hi! missis, what's that coat you've got hanging down there? Where did you get that, eh? Come, out with it!"

"The coat? Oh, sir, that's what the Colonel gave me."

"Oh, gave it; did he? You come along wi' me to his house."

The policeman brought the woman to call upon the "Colonel," and explained that he wished him to identify

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his property and charge her with the theft. Gordon gazed with infinite sadness into the woman's face, then curtly said, "No, no. I don't charge her."

"You better, sir; she's a bad 'un," urged the policeman.

At last Gordon, with a merry twinkle in his grey-blue eyes, said, "The coat! You really wanted it, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," answered the thief, dropping a low curtsy.

"There, there, policeman, take her away, and send her about her business."

It was about this time that Ruskin was delivering a lecture at Woolwich before the cadets, in which came this fiery challenge: "How many yet of you are there knights-errant now beyond all former fields of danger, who still retain the ancient and eternal purpose of knighthood, to subdue the wicked and to aid the weak? To them, be they few or many, we English people call for help to the wretchedness, and for rule over the baseness of multitudes desolate and deceived, shrieking to themselves this new gospel of their new religion, 'Let the weak do as they can, and the wicked as they will.'"

Sir William F. Butler, in his valuable little book on Gordon, writes, "As we read these words, spoken at Woolwich in 1869, and think that only a few miles away from the place where this prayer for a leader of men, for a knight who would sustain the ancient and eternal purpose of knighthood, for one who would even teach us 'how to die,' went forth like a cry into the wilderness, there was living at Gravesend in absolute neglect, unnoticed and unknown, the one man whose heart, brain, soul, and hand were able to fill the void of that night, which the speaker saw beyond all the gaslight glare of a false and rotten prosperity—the pity of it all is the first thought that

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comes to us—the pity of the fate that let this ‘captain of good leading’ waste his life in the deserts of Africa. And yet who would now have it otherwise? It was on the night of 14th December 1869, this prayer, that a knight might arise who would teach us how to die, was uttered at Woolwich. Fifteen years later to a day, on 14th December 1884, Gordon was writing the last words that ever came to us from Khartum: ‘*P.S.*—I am quite happy, thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty.’ Surely the prayer had been answered.”

In this retiring engineer officer the English army and the English Government had forgotten they possessed a military genius. Because he was too modest, and did not work his interest in army circles, he was left for six years in utter neglect—the man who had taught the Chinese how to make war, and had led them to victory with a bamboo cane, a leader of men, a despiser of gold, a mystic who saw God in all things, and only cared to do what was right.

On Sunday evenings Gordon would sit with his class in the Ragged School, his curly brown hair forming a strange contrast to the rough, tangled hair of the boys around him. It was to this school that Gordon presented the Chinese flags of coloured silk which he had brought home with him after the war. It was a gospel of love that Gordon preached, and nothing angered him more than to hear some stranger, in his address to the poor people, scolding them for their faults and ignorance. When Gordon left Gravesend, the parents spontaneously put their pennies together and presented him with a Bible as a mark of gratitude.

Every week for an hour or more he visited the work-

## GENERAL GORDON AT GRAVESEND

house infirmary—not the most pleasant of spots at any time—and he would chat cheerily with one and read to another. There were also sick people living at home whom he visited, some to whom he made a weekly allowance, or invented some little alleviation—like the frame covered with gauze netting which he sent to an old man who was much tormented by flies. Once he was caught on his knees trying to light the fire for an ailing old woman. He made her gruel, and fed her with a spoon, sent a doctor to attend her and a nurse to look after her.

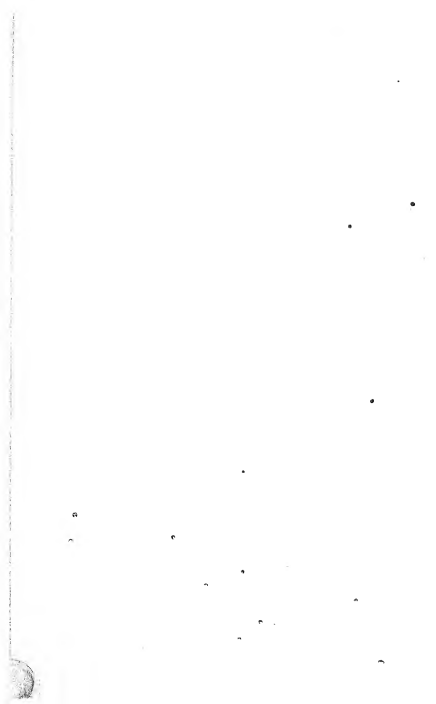
Many a poor woman can remember the day when the Colonel came in and paid the arrears of rent to save the furniture from being sold. But it was the young boys whom he loved most to help, for the future lay, he knew not how great, in their destiny. "Scuttlers," he would call them in his humorous way, "lumps of flesh," and "unconscionable varlets." Yet he was very careful not to hurt their feelings, or, if he did, he would beg their pardon. And they, seeing how he was a man of his word, stern to the liar and hypocrite, but gentle as a mother to those who tried to do well, loved him and trusted him and strove to show their gratitude. "God bless the Kernel," writ in chalk upon the fence opposite his house, shows the general feeling. One of Gordon's impulsive failings was to issue wholesale invitations to people, and then feel very sorry when they came in to waste his time; for, like Oberlin, he treasured every half-hour. He never let work accumulate, never put off trivial duties till they became an overwhelming mass. He rose early and did much work before breakfast, then he was able to give his poor friends the afternoon or evening hours.

He was most courteous in his manner to the very



"GOD BLESS THE KERNAL."

Gordon entered whole-heartedly into everything he did, be it a joke or sober work. He was a strict disciplinarian, but his open nature and manly qualities endeared him to all, especially to his "kings." He is here turning the hose upon a favourite duck, while one of the boys is expressing the general feeling with which he was regarded.



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poorest, yet there was something about him which prevented any too great liberty being taken with him.

The American poet Whittier wrote, after Gordon's death, these words: "A providential man, his mission in an unbelieving and selfish age revealed the mighty power of faith in God. For centuries no grander figure has crossed the disk of our planet. Unique, unapproachable in his marvellous individuality, he belongs to no sect or party, and defies classification or comparison."

So, then, this famous soldier, whose name was a household word in half Asia, was doing subaltern's work all day, and mission work in the evenings. He probably told his "kings" some stories of his early life, some faint records of his boyhood until the age of ten, when he left Corfu for Taunton Grammar School; there he remained five years, noted for his excellent maps and drawings. One year's coaching at Shooter's Hill, and then Gordon passed direct into the Royal Academy at Woolwich. Here he was very careful not to waste his father's money, for he was one of a large family. He was still sixteen years old and a very merry boy, not averse to mischief, fond of sport, and boisterous in high spirits. His escapades were probably told to his "kings" on winter evenings: how he caught mice in his father's house and transferred them quietly to the house opposite, which belonged to the commandant of the garrison; how he got the man at the arsenal to make him excellent squirts and crossbows, and how one Sunday afternoon twenty-seven panes of glass were found broken in the store-houses; how his younger brother would somehow get pushed into houses, the bell rung, and the door held to prevent escape. Foolish stories of a madcap youth; but after earning many good-conduct badges, he



## GENERAL GORDON AT BALACLAVA

got into a worse scrape. For, in order to make the cadets leave the dining-hall in a more orderly way, a corporal was posted at the top of the staircase. Gordon in mere wanton frolic butted the corporal with his head, and sent him sprawling down the stairs. Gordon was placed in confinement and narrowly escaped dismissal. For another similar offence he was put back six months for his commission. So he then decided to work for the engineers instead of the artillery. He did not mind any punishments he got, he never tried to shirk the consequences, but he was very sensitive about his honour.

Once his superior officer in a moment of exasperation declared that he would never make an officer. Gordon looked at his superior with angry eyes, then vehemently tore off the epanettes from his shoulders and flung them at the officer's feet. After passing his examinations he was sent to Chatham and then to Pembroke dock. Whilst he was there, the Crimean War broke out, and his two elder brothers were at the front. On the 4th December 1854, Gordon received orders at Pembroke to leave for the Crimea in charge of huts. After spending three weeks at Balaclava in the erection of huts, he was ordered to the trenches. In his first experience under fire his own sentries fired at him by mistake in the dark! He soon got credit for a knowledge of the enemy's movements, such as no other officer possessed.

In the final attack on the Redan Gordon had carried a ladder and tried to place it against the fort, but he was not backed up. Kinglake-says in his history of the war: "This impassioned lieutenant of sappers was a soldier marked out for strange destinies, no other than Gordon—Charles Gordon—then ripening into a hero, sublimely

## GENERAL GORDON IN CHINA

careless of self, and a warrior saint of the kind that Moslems rather than Christians are fondly expecting from God." After the fall of Sebastopol Gordon was employed in destroying the docks. He got no honour or promotion from the English Government, but the French awarded him the Legion of Honour!

Then came the Chinese war against the rebels, in which Gordon was helping the Emperor of China. It was a dreadful war; the poor, peaceful villagers being victims of the turbulent on either side. Gordon could have told his "kings" at Gravesend strange stories of how the villagers followed up and stripped the fugitives stark naked; how the rebels killed in every village and mutilated women and children; how the dead lay where they had fallen, and were trodden flat by the passers-by; how the folk were so hungry that they cut steaks from the dead bodies and ate them raw.

In 1874 Gordon was asked to take Sir Samuel Baker's place in the Soudan under the Khedive: the English Government granted him leave, and he set out for Alexandria. The Khedive had fixed his salary at £10,000 a year, but Gordon refused to take more than £2000—he said, "My object is to show the Khedive and his people that gold and silver idols are not worshipped by all the world. They are very powerful gods, but not so powerful as our God"—so he refused "to pillage the Egyptians."

It was to govern the Equatorial Province that Gordon was sent south; to put down slavery, and restore communications—and in Gordon's own mind, to make life a little brighter for the poor Soudanese.

As you travel south from Cairo for 1200 miles the whole land is one expanse of hot, glaring sand, no rain, no

## GENERAL GORDON IN THE SOUDAN

water, except a narrow strip of green by the edge of the Nile. After that you get into a region of tangled grasses, distant forests, vast marshes on either side; and the river wanders with sluggish stream through hundreds of miles of tall, nodding reeds. This is the Soudan—the land of the blacks—for here lives no Arab, no camel, no horse; but fever and ague, the alligator and hippopotamus, are the companions of the Dinka and Shilluk; the only trades are ivory and slaves, the former growing ever more and more rare. There are no roads; and if there were, the tsetse fly would poison horse or ox, and make them useless.

Just before Gordon's arrival at Khartum the great news had come that the sudd had given way, and the river had become navigable.

Of the sudd Gordon writes: "A curious little cabbage-like aquatic plant comes floating down, having a little root ready to attach itself to anything; he meets a friend, and they go together, and soon join roots. When they get to a lake the current is not so strong, and so they go off to the sides; others do the same—idle and loitering, like everything up here. After a time winds drive a whole fleet of them against the narrow outlet of the lake and stop it up; so all the passages fill up."

We cannot follow Gordon through all his journeys; only let us take an incident here and there to show his character, and how life at Gravesend had brought a new gentleness into his being.

In twenty-six days he had reached Gondokoro, 1000 miles south of Khartum, and had seen the desolation—heat and mosquitoes, fever and ague were decimating his suite. On his way he succeeded in freeing 1600 human beings from slavery; but one of his own lieutenants had tried to

## GENERAL GORDON IN THE SOUDAN

pass a slave convoy for a bribe of £70. Many were the men and officers he had to send back to the base, because they were corrupt and disobedient.

Meanwhile, he provided the natives with seed, paid for every service they rendered him, punished hostile tribes, treated all with justice and kindness, and engaged a stalwart bodyguard from a tribe of cannibals, turning cruel devils into brave and loyal soldiers. One night he was in his tent door-way when a girl of twelve years, dressed only in a leathern girdle, came up to his fire and warmed herself. Gordon sent for the interpreter: "What does the girl want?" "She says that one of your soldiers who owns her beats her too much, and she will not stay with him." "Put her on board the steamer," said Gordon. Next day the soldier came up, very angry, "Where is my girl?" "You have beaten her, and she leaves you; but if the girl likes to stay with you, she may; if she does not, she is free." The girl preferred to have no more beatings, and stayed on the steamer till she could be landed near her tribe.

A little while after Gordon took "a poor old bag of bones" into his camp, and tried to feed her up, but she died, "and now knows all things," as Gordon quaintly puts it in his journal. She had her tobacco to soothe her up to the last and died quietly.

Another "wisp of bones," struggling against wind and rain, squatted near his tent. Gordon sent her some dhoora to produce a spark of joy in her black and withered carcass. Then he ordered one of his men to see her into one of his huts. The night was stormy and rainy, and ever and anon Gordon thought he heard a child crying near his hut. He got up at dawn to see what it was, and passing through

## GENERAL GORDON IN THE SOUDAN

the gateway of the enclosure, saw his "sister" lying dead in a pool of mud. Her black brothers had been passing and repassing and had taken no notice of her. In the midst of the high grass was a baby, about a year old, left all by itself in the rain by its mother. Gordon, the Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, astonished his soldiers by carrying it in. As he passed the dead woman, she moved! "What! not really dead! Hi! you fellows, lift this girl out of the mud, take her to the fire, wash the mud out of her eyes, pour brandy down her throat—quick!" Her black brothers grinned and obeyed orders. The poor thing was only about sixteen years old. "I cannot help hoping," writes Gordon, "that she is floating down with the tide to the haven of rest." She was still alive next day, very feeble and quiet; but the babe took to a gourd of milk and drank it off like a man. The black sister died at 4 P.M., deeply lamented by Gordon; but her black brothers grinned, for they thought her rather a nuisance.

"I dare say you will see," Gordon writes to his sister, "this poor black sister some day, and she will tell you about it, and how Infinite Wisdom directed the whole affair. I know this is a tough morsel to believe, *but it is true*. I prefer life amidst sorrows, if these sorrows are inevitable, to a life spent in inaction. Many a rich person is as unhappy as this rag of mortality."

The Governor-General's staff had been mostly removed by death or sickness, but Gordon never gave in. He had a conviction that God had sent him to do something for that land. "The main point is to be just and straightforward, to fear no one, or no one's saying, and to be *hard to all* if they do not obey." This was Gordon's

## GENERAL GORDON IN THE SOUDAN

temper: to be kind and gentle whenever he could honestly be so; but to be like flint and to strike hard if striking were necessary.

So the Soudanese soon began to look upon him as their redeemer from wrong and evil; the freed slaves knelt and kissed his robe; hostile chiefs, hearing of his justice, came in and laid their grievances before him, and he could go anywhere unarmed, defended by their sense of his nobleness.

A soldier of Gordon's told Slatin Pasha: "Gordon was indeed a brave man. I was one of his chiefs in the fight against the Mina Arabs. The enemy had charged us, and had forced back the first line, and their spears were falling thick around us. One came within a hair's-breadth of Gordon, but he did not seem to mind it at all, and the victory was won entirely through him and his reserve of 100 men. When the fight was at its worst he found time to light a cigarette. Never in my life did I see such a thing. And then the next day, when he divided the spoil, no one was forgotten, and he kept nothing for himself. He was very tender-hearted about women and children, and never allowed them to be distributed, as is our custom in war; but he fed and clothed them at his own expense, and had them sent to their homes as soon as the war was over."

One day an expedition was sent out to hary an offending tribe. It failed, and the blame was laid on the sheikh who led the party. Gordon can't help sympathising with the sheikh, who had favoured his own Arab folk. "They want me to shoot him; but if he did mislead them, he was a brave, patriotic man, and I shall let him go. Poor fellow! they have tied his hands so tight that

## GENERAL GORDON IN THE SOUDAN

they are quite swollen. How I hate all this sort of work!"

Gordon's generosity and sympathy, even with his enemies, was as remarkable as his justice. Never mind what it costs, he will do the right thing.

A war party one day captures the daughter of a hostile sheikh. Given in marriage to one of his own chiefs? No! she is by Gordon's command dressed in the best costume that his stores can provide, and sent back to her father.

Gordon, with an army on which he could not depend, was confronted with daring Arabs, slave-dealers, well armed and strong; so he often compelled slaves whom he met to enter his service, and they became good soldiers, and helped him to put down slavery. But some good folk in London were shocked at this conduct, and denounced him at Exeter Hall. It is rather a habit we have in England of not trusting to the man on the spot, and thinking we know better than the man who has all the facts before him.

Gordon expressed his wrath in his diary: "If it suit me, I will buy slaves. I will let captured slaves go down to Egypt and not molest them. I will do what I like, and what God in His mercy may direct me to do about domestic slaves; but I will break the neck of slave raids if it costs me my life. I will buy slaves for my army. For this purpose I will make soldiers against their will, to enable me to prevent raids. I defy your resolutions."

Alone in a torrid land—no wonder he sometimes felt irritable. So, when a chensy servant fired off his heavy duck-gun close to Gordon's head, he received such a box on the ears as he remembered for a week. So also, when he met a slave-gang tortured by heat and long walking,

## GENERAL GORDON IN THE SOUDAN

and, on asking the boy in charge to whom they belonged, and seeing the boy hesitate as if about to lie, he struck him across the face with his whip. And afterwards Gordon confessed that it was cruel and cowardly, but the sight of the poor slaves enraged him beyond endurance.

In 1876 Gordon left the Soudan, intending to quit the Khedive's service, but he had not been a fortnight in England before he got a letter from the Khedive, making it a point of honour for him to return.

So he went back, this time as Governor-General of the whole Soudan. He began at once attempting to destroy the slave-riders; but the scenes that met his eye, the horrors of thirst and hunger in the slave caravans, the women and children abandoned in the midst of blinding deserts, the smell of the putrefying dead, made him sick. "I am a fool, I dare say, but I cannot see the sufferings of these people without tears in my eyes." And then, bit by bit, the truth was being forced on him that he was engaged in a hopeless task. "I declare I see no human way to stop the slave-trade here." But he went on to the end, and often, as he listened to "the cushioned footfall of his camel," he must have asked himself the question, "What good am I doing?" and yet he writes, "I go on as straight as I can. I feel my own weakness, and look to Him who is Almighty, and I leave the issue, without inordinate care, to Him." And again he wrote in the desert of El Obeid: "I declare if I could stop this traffic I would willingly be shot this night. This shows my ardent desire; and yet, strive as I can, I scarcely see any hope of arresting the evil." All along are the skulls of slaves. In three days he had captured 400 slaves, a mere drop in the ocean of the traffic.



## GENERAL GORDON IN CHINA

In July 1879 a telegram comes to say Ismail Pasha has been deposed: Tewfik reigns in his stead. Gordon resolves to resign; for his health was at last giving way. But no honour was paid him at Cairo for his six years' labours in the Soudan. He met with indifference from both Egyptian and European officials; his only reward being that of a good conscience.

Some English papers published documents to prove that this man was not only a headstrong, disobedient son of the Empire, but, as was whispered in the clubs, that Gordon was mad. Perhaps he was, if it is madness to dare to speak the truth to princes, to do justice regardless of interests, to give his life a ransom for many far beneath him. But time will prove who was mad and who was wise, who was great and who was unspeakably mean. Time tries all, even the pure gold of human nature.

So Gordon takes a rest, goes to Switzerland, is offered the command of the colonial forces at the Cape, and refuses it, to men's surprise.

Lord Ripon asks him to be his private secretary in India. He accepts, but three days after his arrival in Bombay, to the surprise of all he resigns his appointment.

When a man has been long his own master, it is difficult for him to play second fiddle. In fact, as he himself confesses, he was an impossible colleague in such a country as India.

Then came a telegram from China, asking him to go to Peking, for China was on the verge of war with Russia. China remembered what Gordon had done for her, and needed his counsel. The English War Office refused him leave, so he threw up his commission—pension too, "if they liked"—and went to Peking. There he found a

## GENERAL GORDON IN IRELAND

powerful war-party, and was brought in to say his say before the mandarins. Gordon's temper, not improved by the Soudan sun, grew hot as the discussion advanced. He even pronounced the idea of fighting Russia as idiotic. The interpreter dared not give the meaning of the word, and Gordon opened a dictionary and pointed out the epithet to the Ministers. They were not angry with him: they knew him better than the matter-of-fact English officials did; they even took his advice and made no war on Russia. On his way home Gordon heard from the War Office that his resignation had not been accepted.

The winter of 1880 was bringing deep distress to Ireland—distress and eviction and famine and ruin. Gordon could not read of these things without wanting to go and see for himself what were the rights and wrongs of it all. So in November he went with a gun casually through Kerry and Connemara, asking questions and seeing facts for himself, noting the great gulf of antipathy that existed between landlord and tenant, and finding that in many parts the condition of the Irish was miserable in the extreme: patient he thought them beyond belief, loyal but desperate, and living always on the verge of starvation. He had his ideas of what it was right to do, but they did not meet with acceptance.

Then came a year in Mauritius, looking after barrack repairs, while the Cape Government engaged in a little war with the Basutos. In 1882 Gordon received a telegram from the Cape, "Come and take command." He went, but came to the conclusion that the Basutos had the right on their side. This was a very awkward discovery for a general to make!

It seems the Basutos had been working in the diamond

## GENERAL GORDON IN PALESTINE

fields, and had been paid in guns and ammunition; after a dozen years of this the Cape Government passed a Disarmament Act. The Basutos were to surrender their guns—in other words, all the wages they had worked hard to win. So Gordon came home in disgust.

The person in Europe now who seemed to value him most was the King of the Belgians, who wished Gordon to go to the Congo on his own terms. But first he must needs go to Palestine and meditate over life and death on the holy scenes he had so often read about. He not only meditated, he also sketched and measured and drew plans and tried to re-discover sites. While he was making researches near Mount Carmel, he got a letter from Sir William Mackinnon, saying that the King of the Belgians was calling on him to fulfil his promise to serve on the Congo. Again the War Office refused to sanction his appointment; and Gordon was thinking of again retiring from her Majesty's service without any claim for pension, as his Majesty, King Leopold II., had promised, to compensate him for any pecuniary loss. He was arranging for his journey to the Congo when a telegram arrived from Lord Wolseley, "Come to London!" Gordon knew what that meant: it meant that at the eleventh hour of disaster in Egypt he was being sent for to repair the ruin caused by the defeat of Hicks Pasha and the rise of the Mahdi.

He saw Ministers in London, who said, "Will you go and bring away the garrisons from the Soudan?" Gordon said, "Yes," and left that evening for Calais. But, owing to many delays, he was being sent too late, sent to danger and to death. What did he care? He went to Khartum in twenty days from Cairo: the city had been in a state of panic, women and children expecting to be killed by the

## GENERAL GORDON IN KHARTUM

Mahdi's people. When Gordon came, the whole population turned out to welcome him as their saviour; the women tried to kiss his feet; on every side were cheers and tears of joy; even the Mahdi sent him a formal message of respect. At once Gordon began to send away the most helpless part of the garrison, and, in the first eight weeks, 2500 women, children, and employees reached Kosoko in great comfort.

Gordon asked for a few white soldiers; not one was sent; the road even between Cairo and Khartum was not kept open—he was stranded without help or favour. One might have thought that they wished for his failure. Now, for the first time, Gordon knew how great was the power of the Mahdi in the Soudan; to remove the garrisons from the south was quite impossible, for, since his last visit, Islam had awakened, and religious fanaticism had fused the motley tribes into one fierce nation.

Gordon wanted to visit the Mahdi and come to terms. He was ordered to do nothing of the kind. He asked that Zebehr should be sent to him; Zebehr was refused him. Nothing that Gordon advised was done; and little by little the Arabs were cutting off Khartum from the world without.

Meanwhile all that science could do was being effected to make Khartum more secure; earthworks, mines, wire entanglements, raids for collecting food, went on during March, April, and May of 1884; on one side the Nile and Gordon's steamers defended the city; on the three other sides there were three lines of land mines connected by wires. But the Arabs were in no hurry; they would wait till General Hunger had done its work.

On the night of September 9 a small paddle-boat, the

## GENERAL GORDON IN KHARTUM

*Abbas*, started down stream from Khartum, bearing away Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, M. Herbin, the French Consul, some Greeks, and fifty soldiers; they went towards Dongola, leaving Gordon all alone to keep the flag flying. Henceforth the captain of engineers, who had tried to help his poorer neighbours at Gravesend, must be answerable to God alone. Faith and Duty—these are the two watch-words that remain. Alone on the flat roof of his palace he communes with his soul and his Maker. On March 4 he had written: "May our Lord not visit us as a nation for our sins, but may His wrath fall on me, hid in Christ. This is my frequent prayer, and may He spare these people, and bring them to peace." On the 21st of September he first heard of a relief expedition being on its road to Khartum; three days later he sent his four armed steamers to Metemma to help our troops.

Never thinking of himself, he denudes his own defences to assist the strong armed force which is so very cautiously advancing. Not a word in his diary of complaint or blame.

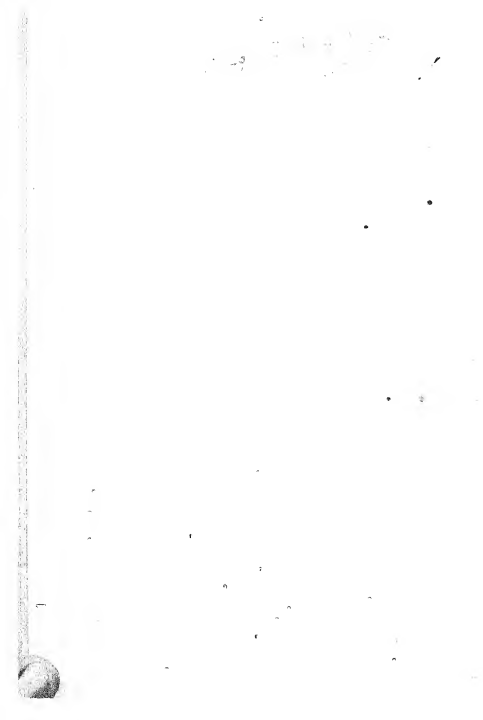
On the 22nd October the Mahdi sent him news of the loss of the *Abbas* and the death of Stewart and the others; all his papers, too, were taken. The English expedition under Wolseley was still 600 miles away at Wadi Halfa, and the Arabs were pressing closer. Gordon's men began to desert; the rats were leaving the sinking ship! Only some 14,000 were left in December, and yet food was very scarce. Omdurman fell. "The Almighty God will help me," he wrote.

We were a little too cautious in our march to save Gordon; we arrived just too late; for three hours before dawn on January 26 the Arabs made their final assault. Gordon had quitted the palace, and was walking at the



THE GORDON STATUE AT CHATHAM

By E. Onslow Ford, R.A.



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head of a small party of soldiers and servants towards the Church of the Austrian Mission, the spot chosen for the last desperate resistance. A body of Arabs issuing from a neighbouring street met him, fired at close range, and all was over for Gordon in this world.

The knight that Ruskin had wished for we had not helped when help would have been easy; now we had been too late to rescue him. To him came death, to us dishonour. *Virtutem incolumem odimus*: "We like not virtue when 'tis secure." *Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi*: "Removed from our gaze, we wish it back again."

All England awoke at once to their loss when the news came of the fall of Khartum. The madman was speedily pronounced a great prophet, and it was tardily remembered that the Government of China had many years ago recognised his merits, and recommended Charles Gordon to our own Government as one of the best Englishmen they had ever known. But prophets who will not advertise themselves, or permit their friends to boom them, can win but scant belief among white races. So much the worse, perhaps, for the White in the long run—when the mills of God have done their grinding.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From Sir W. Butler's "Life of Gordon," in "English Men of Action," with the kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.



## CHAPTER XIV

### SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS AND THE Y.M.C.A.

Born near Dulverton in 1821—The simple life of Somerset and Devon—School at Tiverton—He overturns a hay-cart and thereby makes his fortune—"George, thou must do thy best whatever comes!"—Apprenticed to a Bridgwater draper—His spiritual growth—In 1841 begins London life on £40 a year—One of 150,000 shop assistants—Work in the slums—Room meetings—Conversion by kindness—The cause grows—In 1848 Lord Ashley introduced—The Y.M.C.A. buy Exeter Hall—Growth of the society in America

THE jubilee of the foundation of the Young Men's Christian Association was held in London in June 1894. Two thousand delegates from all parts of the world met together—from Europe, from the United States and Canada, from India, Australia, New Zealand, China, Japan, and Africa. Shortly before the day fixed for the jubilee, Queen Victoria offered to George Williams, the founder of this great society, the honour of knighthood, "for his distinguished services to the cause of humanity." His biographer, Mr. Hodder Williams, states that "when Lord Rosebery's letter communicating her Majesty's pleasure reached him, on reading it his face grew pale; his voice was choked with feeling as he spoke of its contents; the whole thing was so utterly unexpected by this humble Christian worker. Handing the letter to the secretary, he said, 'What do you think of that?'

"'Sir, it is a well-deserved honour.'

"'No, no,' said George Williams. 'It is not for me:

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it is for the Association. It belongs to our Master; let us put it at His feet.' ”

There and then they knelt in prayer and gave God thanks. The honour was given not only to the founder but the cause.

And who was George Williams? and what had he done?

He came to London a poor boy, without any influence except what he won by his character and abilities. He amassed a fortune by steadily attending to business. He gave munificently to religious works of all sorts and creeds, and he died a rich man, for he always lived in a quiet and simple way, spending little on personal needs. He was not a Londoner, but the son of a west-country farmer, who lived near Dulverton, in Somerset, the land of bubbling streams, green meadow, red earth, with great hills rising all round, heather-clad and lonely. Mr. Williams' farm lay on the confines of Devon, close upon a pathless moorland, where the glory of gorse and fern lights up the distance. The land looks large and lonely, a strong nurse of heroes.

George was the youngest of the eight sons of Amos and Elisabeth Williams, of Ashway Farm, and was born in 1821. For generations they had lived there, yeoman farmers. In the days of old, when times were good, farming and sport went together. They rode to hounds and shot hares and rabbits when the season allowed. Their home was the country of the wild red deer, hill and combe alternating like the crest and hollow of Atlantic waves. The sturdy bay and brown ponies of Exmoor bred and fed on the neighbouring hills, for Sir Thomas Acland loved the hardy breed. Wheaten bread in those days they knew not; even plates were rare. Instead of such silly crockery, the dinner-table

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was carved throughout its length into a series of mock dishes, on which the meat was placed. Each day they washed the table with hot water, and covers were laid over the imitation plates to keep off the dust. Pudding and treacle first, as in other counties, to satisfy the great craving of a country appetite; simple fare made glorious by Devonshire cream, and washed down with home-brewed cider. The peasantry were rough and untanght, full of superstitious, nursed on local legends; apt to smuggle, drink and quarrel; slow to move, but terrible in their wrath when roused; hardy with the strength of mountain, moor, and river; wonderful, when trained on board ship or in regiment, to stand and face the foe.

George's father was bitten by an adder at the age of sixty-three, and died, leaving his sons a heritage of indomitable will and perseverance.

From his mother George inherited a bright and sunny disposition, a cheery and winning manner that disarmed all opposition.

May we not say that this combination of force and gentleness made it possible for the boy to carve his fortune in London city?

It is worth something, too, to have breathed mountain air in boyhood, to have trained wind and muscle in breasting those giant shoulders that overpeer the river valley, to have fished the Basc all day on an empty stomach, to have had so many quiet hours for thought and meditation.

George, the youngest son, not so tall or so strong as his brothers, was the licensed wit of the family. He was called upon in the long evenings for some droll story or merry song or biting jest. But, like the others, he took his share in the farm work, driving sheep or cattle to the Torr steps, the

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prehistoric causeway that spans the Basle, or driving the hay-carts, full of sweet hay, from the hills above the farm. When he was a little boy his father sent him to school at Dulverton, four miles away, to a Mrs. Timlett, in the High Street. He rode behind one of the farm hands, with arms wound tightly round the fellow's belt. Thence he went to Gloyn's grammar school at Tiverton, where he learnt at all events to suffer and be silent. One day a friend of his father rode over and tipped George a shilling. A most momentous tip! For, years after, that farmer's son came to London and applied for help to George Williams. "Why! are you not the son of my father's friend?" Sir George was thinking of that shilling which had come in so convenient a time, and he promptly got that boy a good place.

In those days the sporting parson was not unknown, neither was he so unspiritual as one now might suppose. He met his friends on the moor or by the river; they had tastes in common, lived wholesome, healthy lives, and were good neighbours. The Williams family came now and then to Dulverton Church; they considered themselves good Churchmen and Tories of the old sort. They gladly followed the parson after morning service to the village green, and took part in wrestling and running matches.

At the age of thirteen George left school and helped his brothers on the farm. But they were somewhat critical of his performances, and the family was large; some must go forth and seek a future. One day George was leading a cart of hay home to the rick in the homestead. Over the hills came galloping a bank of black clouds, and the horses were pressed onwards to escape the coming storm. George was thinking and not observing, his brothers said. There was a deep rut in the road, and in a moment cart, hay, horses, and

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George were all in the ditch together. A peasant looking on might have said, "The ruts be up to the nuts of a leery put (axles of an empty cart), an' 'twould take a good plough (team) to draw'm through." Anyhow, the deep rut overturned the cart, and was the cause of George going to "Lunnon." For they held counsel over this accident, and the verdict was: "George—he will never make no farmer! He must away to business, where thinking won't upset his cart!" So, after much discussion, George was to go to Bridgwater, to be apprenticed to a draper.

Father and son started early in the moorland mist, and rode through Dulverton and along the bright green of meadow and orchard, past the thatched farmsteads and the sounding threshing-floor, and by the side of tinkling brooks that hurried to the Exe, till they saw away on their left the dim outline of the Quantocks. This country-bred boy was going to make a great change in his mode of life. Would the long hours and impure air exhaust his strength and sap his vitality? Was his father regretting this forced exile for his favourite boy?

"George, thou wilt do thy best, whatever comes!"

"Ay, father."

He did his best all through—in London he never spared himself or husbanded his strength. From morn to late at night he was working brain and body, stretching and straining every nerve to attend to his employer's business, to give help and counsel to others, to work for God and make others more devout—and he lived to be eighty-four. Good breeding, strong air, a healthy boyhood, braced up his constitution and enabled him to work as few others could.

So his father left him at the Bridgwater draper's shop to do for himself; and if he was like other boys he must

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have often sighed for the open-air life with the sheep and cattle and dogs.

"I entered Bridgwater a careless, thoughtless, godless, swearing young fellow": so in later life he made confession.

We know from other assistants in the shop that George was from the first most attentive to all his duties, a favourite with the other apprentices for his cheery disposition, and eminently successful behind the counter in serving the ladies. He was, though small, yet active, healthy, and ruddy-faced. In his spare hours he would write down and learn by heart details of prices and lengths, and he went about with his pockets stuffed with papers on business details. There were twenty-seven assistants in Mr. Holmes' house, and they all "lived in." Mr. Holmes, a regular member of the old Zion Congregational Chapel, insisted that all the members of his staff should attend his place of worship on Sunday morning. This annoyed George Williams, who had been brought up in Church principles, and thought Nonconformity was wrong. His mother, however, remarked that he could go to the parish church in the afternoon to make up for it.

A gentleman living in Bridgwater, a Unitarian, also pressed the boy to attend his chapel; but after a few Sundays Williams said he would go no more. "Then I will have nothing more to do with you," said the Unitarian; which was perhaps the best thing that could have happened.

A fellow-apprentice, William Harman, "a man with the heart of a child," had great influence over Williams, who was ever prone to look to the life lived rather than the words spoken.

He was only sixteen when it first came to him as a revelation that his life was not given him for his own enjoyment. He once told them at Bridgwater: "I learned in this

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city to see the vital importance, the tremendous importance, of the spiritual life. I saw in this town two roads, the downward road and the upward road. I began to reason, and said to myself, 'What if I continue along this downward road—where shall I get to? What will become of me?' Thank God, I had kept in the clean path in my youth: yet I was on the downward road—and I said, 'Cannot I escape? is there no escape?' They told me in this very town of Bridgwater how to escape—Confess your sins, accept Christ, trust in Him, yield your heart to the Saviour."

The next person that influenced Williams was the American evangelist, Charles G. Finney—his books, "Lectures to Professing Christians" and "Lectures on Revivals of Religion," fanned the young flame of his piety. For it was practical religion which appealed to the boy, in whose mind were neither poetry nor mysticism; neither did he ever in his life care to study the subtleties of theology. But Finney's practical business of religion—the saving of souls—seemed to take hold of his spirit. "What influence have you exerted? Perhaps hundreds of souls will meet you in the judgment and curse you for leading them to hell by practically denying the truth of the Gospel."

Thomas Finney was another preacher from whom he learned much—a man who hated hypocrisy, a great lover of character, who was ever insisting on the nobility of commercial character, on the dignity of trade, and the life of honest work. "How the devil must chuckle at his success when he gets a fellow to think himself wonderful, because he can dress in scarlet or blue, and wear a sword by his side, and a feather in his hat; and when he says to him (the poor fool believing it), 'Your hands are far too delicate to be soiled by the counter and the shop,' and then whispers to

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him, 'Keep them for blood—human blood!'” It was Binney who taught him to draw men to Christ with cords of love.

At the age of nineteen his apprenticeship came to an end. His brother Fred, who had once been in the employ of Messrs. Hitchcock & Rogers on Ludgate Hill, had recently set up for himself at North Petherton, near Bridgwater. For some six months George helped his brother in his shop; but in October 1841 Fred took George with him to London, and introduced him to Mr. Hitchcock.

“No, no, I’ve no place for him—he’s too small.”

The boy’s ruddy face was so downcast by this verdict that Mr. Hitchcock said, “Well, come again to-morrow and we’ll see.”

Next morning George appeared in fear and trembling before the principal, who said kindly, “Well, you seem a healthy young fellow; I will give you a trial, my boy.”

The boy entered on a salary of £40 a year. The hours were from seven A.M. to nine P.M. in the summer and from seven to eight in the winter. All young men were expected to wear black broadcloth coats and a white tie. Moustaches were unthought of in those days.

As to the living-in, London houses are noted for their paucity of bedrooms, and in this establishment even the smallest rooms contained three beds—each bed two assistants. On the last stroke of eleven the outer door was banged, and any who were late were reported next morning. The only amusement available was the public-house—the “Goose and Gridiron”—where rollicking songs and queer stories filled up the gaps left by the powder.

Those who had bedrooms over the “Goose and Gridiron” used to lower a long Wellington boot, and whistle.



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The tapster filled the boot with bottles, and returned the whistle. Up went the boot, and then a merry carouse was enjoyed by the tired assistants.

The London that George Williams came to was a hard place for one who wanted to lead a good life. There was then no middle road between the saint and the sinner. As Sir George Williams said once, the first twenty-four hours of a young man's life in London usually settled his eternity in heaven or hell. The early-closing movement has made it possible for shop assistants to be less like slaves and more like civilised human beings. In the days of the 'forties the living-in system took no heed of the moral or physical welfare of young men and women. The hours varied in different houses from six, seven, and eight in the morning to nine, ten, and even twelve at night; and during the busiest part of the year the assistants were penned in the unhealthy atmosphere of the shop the whole time. In some shops they were often employed for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four; and on Saturdays the closing hours were later, and many did not get to bed until one or two o'clock on Sunday morning. The only sitting-room then was the dining-room—a basement kitchen—foul with stale smells and used-up air. To sit down in the shop for any period was universally forbidden; and while at that time the day labourer had half-an-hour allowed him for breakfast and an hour for dinner out of his twelve hours of labour, the assistant draper had no fixed time for either. We have it on the authority of a prize essay of this period that five or ten minutes only were usually allowed for breakfast or tea; dinner was hurriedly snatched about noon as they could find time to absent themselves from the counter. So they had no time for reading or improving their minds, and turned

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naturally to the tavern or the music-hall. It was not always easy to find men of proved good character to serve at the counter, and thus a few black sheep were taken in and speedily lowered the tone of the whole house. "There was no class more degraded and dissolute, none who were sunk deeper in ungodliness and dissipation than the shopmen of London." This is the testimony of one of them. There were at least 150,000 of these assistants in London at that time. It was with such as these that the young Williams had to associate thus intimately. He saw them run off to the tavern for heavy drinking, gambling, smoking, and comic songs. In the summer they were off to Highbury Barn or Cremorne Gardens, pleasure-grounds of doubtful reputation, filled with the most frivolous of both sexes and often the most licentious. With all this there was one redeeming feature. Those who had had the moral power to resist the evil and choose the good were very strong characters indeed. They were worth knowing and making much of. And as for material advancement, it was far easier to get promotion then than now. Trade was booming, and there was a real demand for young men of quickness, industry, and ability. It was a time when the proverbial youngster who came up to town with half-a-crown in his pocket could make his fortune in a score of years.

Such was the condition of things which George Williams found all around him; and for three years he worked hard and said little. But from the first he began to work in the slums and to hold services in the darkest districts of London, or hunt up absentee Sunday-school children. On one occasion he burst in upon a group of Irish labourers who were playing cards. "All-right, sorr: we've been to"

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mass this very morn." So one of them excused himself and friends. But Williams stood before them, and denounced their conduct in such solemn language that they hung their heads in silence.

His cheery manner and winning ways with the poor and wretched brought him many forms of work. He was always looking on the bright side of things and promising a good time. He seemed never to be disheartened or cast down by temporary failure. He never went about with a long face. His religion was not gloomy, and it was very broad. He would not recognise divisions in church or chapel, distinctions of creed or party. One Sunday evening he and three others were standing in St. Paul's Churchyard before separating each to his own place of worship. George Williams suddenly threw his arms around their necks, drawing them closely together, and said: "Here we are—Churchman, Baptist, Independent, Wesleyan—four creeds, one in Christ. Come along!"

Williams spent his holidays with his kinsfolk in Somerset, finding his mother very sympathetic and affectionate. His industry and ability procured him speedy promotion, and no one resented it, so much had he endeared himself by helping any that were behindhand with their work.

In his diary he writes: "What is my duty in business? To be righteous. To do right things between man and man. To buy honestly: not to deceive or falsely represent or colour. What is my duty to those under me? To be kind, patient, winning, and respectful. When I see a fault, to call the party aside and talk to him, rather than rebuke him before others—I would be righteous and holy in business, doing it for Christ."

There were in the firm of Hitchcock & Rogers 140

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assistants; there were six in his bedroom, and their conduct was as bad as their talk. In an inner room there were four young men, "one of whom was a Christian, and one was of good moral character, although unconverted." In this inner room they began to meet for prayer. "We met, our numbers grew, the room was soon crammed, we had conversion after conversion." This was the first birth of an Association for holiness which embraces the whole world; so great things grow out of small with God's blessing. First they banded themselves together for a systematic campaign of prayer and influence; in due course every one in the house was to be spoken to about his soul. It was a revival on business lines, backed by prayer and fervent zeal, not without tact: "Don't argue, don't argue—take him out to supper"—that was one of Williams' plans of salvation. There was a young man in the house who objected to the "saints," as he called them. "We'll soon take all that nonsense out of you," he used to say to any one who joined in the prayer-meetings. He was the organiser of the "Free and Easy" held every Saturday evening at the "Goose and Gridiron," and his hostility to the party of Williams grew more and more bitter. They prayed for his conversion in vain for several weeks; they discussed ways and means of winning him over. "Can any one tell me," asked George Williams, "if there is anything he is specially fond of which we could give him?—something to overcome his dislike for us?" One of them suggested with a smile that he was very partial to oysters. "Let's give him an oyster-supper, then," said Williams. They selected one of their number to invite the chairman of the "Free and Easy" to a big oyster-supper, and to their surprise he accepted the invitation. "Rather a joke! those Christians and their big oyster-supper!" Orders had been

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given that no attempt at proselytising was to be made; they spent a lively, merry evening, and the chairman thought, "By jove! they are not so black as we had painted them." In return for their hospitality, he promised later on to attend one of their meetings. The result was, he was so impressed by their sincerity and fervour that he joined them, and became one of their most valued members. In their own house they were making great progress; but it occurred to Williams, "Why should we not try to extend this work to every house in London?"

It was as he crossed Blackfriars Bridge on his way from St. Paul's Churchyard to Surrey Chapel that Williams first mentioned this idea to Edward Beaumont; they called together a little meeting in Williams' bedroom, "the little upper room," on June 6, 1844, and this date may be considered the birthday of the Y.M.C.A.

A room which would hold twenty was hired for half-a-crown a week at St. Martin's Coffee-House on the south side of Ludgate Hill. This was the society's first outlay for rent; within sixty years their property has grown to the value of many millions in all parts of the world. In a few weeks their numbers had so increased that they had to hire a large room at Radley's Hotel in Bridge Street at the cost of seven shillings and sixpence a week. But this was only let to the society on the strict condition that they did not sing, for fear they should annoy the guests at the hotel.

This reminds the author of a similar condition attached by the Roman Catholic Church in Spain to the English residents in Jerez de la Frontera. "You cannot have a Protestant place of worship (Church of England) in our Catholic land unless it is placed in such a position that

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the sound of your hymns cannot reach the public streets." Hence a building in the centre of some gardens had to be selected; for the Spanish priest is a power in the land. When the first report was read at a tea-meeting at Radley's Hotel, there were 161 members present. Next year, under the presidency of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, 300 were present.

• After tea-meetings—the natural sequence of the first oyster-supper—came the celebrated Exeter Hall lectures, the first being given by Dr. Stoughton on "The Connection of Science and Religion." Tickets were only one shilling for a course of twelve lectures, which were given by such men as Archbishop Whately, Dean Alford, Dean Stanley, Dr. Dale, &c. A very notable development in so short a time, and the broad selection of lectures was due to the tolerant spirit of the founder. In 1848 Lord Ashley, fresh from his social reforms, got to know George Williams, and from 1850 to the year of his death Lord Shaftesbury presided at almost every annual meeting. The next step was to move to Gresham Street, City, and to admit non-members to the library and reading-rooms; this latter course was strongly opposed by a few bigoted members. For there was always a danger of this society being narrowed into a clique, as the following extract from a letter of the secretary in the 'sixties abundantly proves: "We have no hesitation in saying that a Christian young man had better not compete in a swimming match, or indeed in a match of any kind. The desire of distinction will in itself be a snare, while if he should win in the strife, passions of envy, jealousy, or disappointment may be engendered in his competitors." Poor secretary! what a world he would have made, if only he had had the control of affairs.

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The editor of the Y.M.C.A. paper also rebukes Dr. Trench and Dr. Dale for "trailing their Christian priesthood in the dust to offer homage at the shrine of a dead playwright [Shakespeare]." Such narrowness strikes us now as almost ludicrous. But George Williams, with his cheery optimism, saved the life of the young society, not by denouncing all forms of recreation as sinful and dangerous, but by asking, "Come, now! what shall we do to win young men?"

It was the policy of the oyster-supper—religious zeal tempered by common-sense—that secured so rapid and sound a development. The next great step was taken in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition in London, when visitors from all lands were present. No less than 362,000 leaflets and tracts were distributed, making known to the visitors the existence, aims, and objects of the Y.M.C.A. The rise of foreign societies was as rapid as that in London, and from this time delegates from all the world met in conference.

Though George Williams was so optimistic and gentle, yet his character was strong and firm. He could be very stern and sometimes very angry. Always deliberate, sometimes gently obstinate, if he thought he was right it was difficult to turn him. He was not a great orator, but could say the right thing at the right time, and he always carefully prepared his addresses and looked out timely illustrations. "Why," he asks on one occasion, "all this to-do about young men? Why should there be a separate Association for young men at all? I will answer by showing what a young man can do. He can injure his health, he can destroy his moral character, he can lose his situation, he can become a drunkard, he can break his mother's heart, he can lead other young men and women astray, and surround himself to

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all eternity with lost spirits who will look upon him as the means of their perdition. But, thank God, he can do something else . . . he can become an *active* member of the Y.M.C.A., and by his life and zeal for the souls of young men and women become instrumental in leading many to the Saviour, who, instead of accusing him of being the cause of their ruin, shall be a joy to him throughout the countless ages of eternity." In 1880, having outgrown their last home in Aldersgate Street, a great ambition was presented to them; it seemed almost too great for them to achieve. "Mr. Hind Smith," said George Williams one afternoon, "I think I should die happy if we had Exeter Hall for the headquarters of the Y.M.C.A."

Exeter Hall was built in 1831 for religious and philanthropic meetings. Here the Prince Consort made his first appearance in 1840 for the Abolition of the Slave Trade; here Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was first performed in London; here Jenny Lind had sung. The idea of buying the hall for the headquarters of the Y.M.C.A. was at first scouted as being too expensive; but five members promised £5000 each, and the thing was done.

In 1894 the jubilee of the foundation was held in London. Delegates from every great nation in the world gathered together, and Exeter Hall became a second Tower of Babel. Sir George was presented with the freedom of the City, and every creed in England took part in the services.

The American Association now numbers more than 400,000 young men among its members, and they celebrated their jubilee in 1901.\* Two years after this, Sir George and Lady Williams kept the golden anniversary of their wedding-day. The latter had from the first shown a self-sacrificing interest in the work of the Association.



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Sir George died at Torquay in a good old age, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. The choir sang the beautiful anthem :—

“Blest are the departed who in the Lord are sleeping from henceforth and evermore. They rest from their labours and their works follow them.”

It is a wonderful life for the little farmer's boy who overturned the hay-cart to have lived. Had George Williams stayed on the land and vegetated among illiterate rustics, he would have had small chance to better his neighbours. Some one else might have taken the lead in doing the work he did, first in London, then all over the wide world ; but some one else would have done it in a different way, not so wisely perhaps, or with such genial, tolerant spirit of true holiness. We may then be thankful that George Williams was added to the roll of philanthropists whom England and England's Queen were proud to honour.

In July 1907 the Association vacated Exeter Hall after a stay of twenty-five years, and a new building is in course of erection at the Oxford Street end of Tottenham Court Road at a cost of £150,000. Out of the 800,000 youths who live in London, there are at present 2800 who belong to the Association. With better accommodation, it is hoped that many more will join, for there they will find social attractions, a bureau to advise them about lodgings and to find work, to further their education, to fit them for various phases of business, and to facilitate interest in games and physical exercise. It will contain a gymnasium, swimming bath, reading rooms, a restaurant and reception rooms, while the second floor will be entirely devoted to the educational department, where there will be a laboratory. There are to be also two hundred bedrooms for young men begin-

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ning their London life, to be let at the cheap rate of five shillings a week.

In America more than two million pounds have been given for the erection of Y.M.C.A. buildings, money which is believed to have been well invested for the good of the country, judging by the increased efficiency and moral safeguarding of the thousands of their members.

• London is so immense that there is room for many Polytechnics and many houses of Y.M.C.A. Fortunately, when the first idea has been carried out and proved a success, there is no lack of rich and influential philanthropists who are ready to advance and extend the good work. But all honour to those who have borne the burden and heat of the first days, when sceptics and conservative or timorous critics made the realisation of beneficent schemes almost heroic.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From the "Life of Sir George Williams," by Mr. J. E. Hodder Williams, and with his kind consent and that of the publishers, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE POLYTECHNIC AND QUINTIN HOGG

Growth of the Polytechnic—Quintin at Eton—Good at games and full of fun—Mincing Lane—The Adelphi Arches—Ragged school—Shoeblack Brigade—Helped by sister and wife—Many travels in the West Indies and America—Free negroes—Friendship with Moody—Boys' holidays—Visits India and China—In 1880 they leave Long Acre and begin in Regent Street—Enormous growth—Helped by J. E. K. Studd—Ill-health and more voyages—An astonishing dive—1886, foreign tours for the members—Institute for girls at Langham Place—Labour bureau—Visits Harrow School—Dies, 1903

IT is astonishing how most of our philanthropic institutions owe their origin to the energy and devotion of an individual. The homes for our soldiers and sailors, many of our orphan asylums and hospitals, arose from the unselfish earnestness of one man or woman. It is the same with that later Polytechnic Institute in Regent Street, which owes its existence, and for many years its maintenance, to the late Mr. Quintin Hogg.

It began in amazing obscurity under some damp railway arches. It is now a national institution. More than ten thousand boys and young men have their names on its books. The cost of maintenance amounts to between £14,000 and £15,000 a year: the receipts for fees to about £9000, and the deficiency, some £6000 a year, was for many years entirely met by the munificence of the founder. To keep a few poor boys out of harm, to teach them a trade, to make life possible and self-supporting, to prove to them the love of God—this humble project has vastly outgrown its inception.

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You may enter the hall any evening between seven and ten, and you will find every room thronged by members, lads and young men, either amusing themselves or studying in class, and preparing themselves for a higher step in life.

Some, again, are reading newspapers or playing chess or having tea—none are lounging about with pipes. There is a debating society at work in one room, and in the next a colour-sergeant in the Guards is teaching a large class of gymnasts; a hundred boys in flannels taking the kink of the office desk out of their back and lungs. Three shillings a quarter admits all to the free use of library, social room, gymnasium, &c.

Then there are science and art classes held in connection with the department at South Kensington, and industrial classes, more or less related to the City and Guilds of the London Institute of Technical Instruction, with fees that vary from 2s 6d. to 10s. 6d. per quarter. Many apprentices and young workmen come here every evening to improve themselves in the work they are doing all day. There are classes for engineering, cabinetmaking, carpentering, stone-carving, tailor's-cutting, watchmaking, plumbing, bicycle-making, telegraphy, even hairdressing; the one condition being that all should be already engaged as apprentices in some trade. That the work done is thorough and good has been set on evidence by the resolution of the London Trade Council on 10th April 1883: "That the system of trade teaching adopted at the Polytechnic Institute be recommended to the London trades."

After spending some £100,000 on his scheme, Mr. Hogg, having a family, naturally thought that it was time the nation did something to help him. So he applied to the Commissioners of the City Charities. They undertook to

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give the Polytechnic an endowment of £2500 a year if he would raise a sum of £35,000 by private subscriptions. This has been done; some of the City Companies lending a helping hand, while hundreds of old boys showed their gratitude by giving according to their means. There are now similar institutions in other parts of London, while the Drapers' Company have assumed the entire financial responsibility of the Peoples' Palace.

There are few men who have ever done so strong and lasting work for their country as Quintin Hogg has done in raising to such a pinnacle his early humble structure of education.

Quintin was the fourteenth child of Sir James Weir and Lady Hogg, and was born in 1845. In 1858 he was sent to Eton. At that time he was a self-willed, high-spirited, mischievous boy; but his tutor, Mr. Joynes, by appealing to him for his help with the new boys, won his boyish trust and confidence. At Eton he was very popular, for he was extremely keen on all games and sports, especially football.

One who was at the same house with him describes him as "a sturdily built boy, with broad brow, well-brushed mop of dark hair, honest blue eyes, and firm mouth." He was even then a boy who would never overlook any wrongdoing or bullying; always he was ready to stand up and defend the right, so that even big, swaggering fellows would take a rebuke from him that they would not from any other.

And yet this seriously-minded boy was capable of taking place in mischievous larks. One dark autumn afternoon, as he and a boy friend were passing through St. James' Park, they saw a heap of chairs stacked for removal, and began throwing them into the water. One of the keepers heard the splashing and ran up, but could not catch the

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culprits. So he blew his whistle; the gates were closed, and the whole posse of attendants set themselves to grasp the offenders, but in the growing fog they only arrested one another to their mutual irritation. After they had tired out the keepers, the two boys climbed the railings and went leisurely home. His one meeting with Ruskin brought out a very pessimistic utterance on the part of the Master.

Quintin made some laughing remark to his sister, Florence, who was copying a picture of Turner's, when a gentleman standing near said in a lugubrious voice, "You had better laugh while you can, for every year you live you will become more and more miserable." This was Ruskin in his bitter mood.

After leaving Eton he went into an office in Mincing Lane. The change from being a swell at football to a fag in a London office was, of course, hateful at first; but he shirked no duties.

After eighteen months of this grind he was offered a berth in the West India house of Messrs. Bosanquet, Curtis and Co., with the chance of going to the West Indies for six months. Writing in joy to his sister, he says, "What burning coals such blessings come from a God for whom one has done so little." Even then his young heart was strangely touched by the sight of the "poor little beggars" who crossed his path as he walked along the streets.

"What do you know of God?" he once asked two dirty urchins in Trafalgar Square who were playing about on Sunday morning. "Know about God? why, that's the chap wot sends us to 'ell," was the reply.

He had once been taken into a ragged school and seen a pitched battle between two classes, with wooden forms for,

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weapons. He had been so disgusted that he had resolved never to have more to do with London boys; but the daily sight of their misery soon broke down this resolve.

Years afterwards, I remember, Quintin Hogg told the Harrow boys how he had first begun. "My first effort was to get a couple of crossing-sweepers whom I picked up near Trafalgar Square, and offered to teach how to read. In those days the Thames Embankment did not exist, and the Adelphi Arches were open both to the tide and the street. With an empty beer-bottle for a candle-stick and a tallow candle for illumination, two crossing-sweepers as pupils, your humble servant as teacher, and a couple of Bibles as reading books, what grew into the Polytechnic was started. We had not been engaged in our reading very long when at the far end of the arch I noticed a twinkling light. 'Kool ecilop!' shouted one of the boys, at the same moment 'dousing the glim' and bolting with his comrade, leaving me with my upset beer-bottle and my doused candle all in the dark, forming a spectacle which seemed to arouse suspicion on the part of our friend the policeman, whose light it was that had appeared in the distance. However, after scrutinising me for some time by the light of his bull's-eye, he moved on, leaving me in a state of mental perturbation as to what the mystic words I had heard might mean, and to ask myself what I, who a year before had been at Eton, was doing at that time of the night under an Adelphi arch."

After this he bought a suit of shoeblack clothes, and set himself to live and learn the life of the poorest, spending the night curled up in a barrel or on a ledge of the Adelphi. After a few months' experience, he and Mr. (now Lord) Kinnaird hired a room near Charing Cross for £12 a year,

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and started the ragged school, which was to blossom into the Polytechnic.

In his peregrinations he discovered even deeper depths of poverty; Irish immigrants sleeping on rags, and using old brandy cases for chairs. He began meetings for the Covent Garden porters, open-air meetings, and a class for flower-girls. At one of the open-air meetings a rough man was about to heave half a brick at him when some one in the crowd called out, "Don't hit him; yon's the cove as looks after the kids in Bedfordbury." Instantly the man's manner changed. "Beg yer parding, gov'nor; I never knew as 'ow you was the bloke what gave my little Joey 'is truss." And the man, to evince his sincerity, joined in the hymn with such robust zeal that it became a one man's part, and no one else could be heard.

The hired room was tried as a night-school, but, on the first occasion of its use, Hogg being in bed with a feverish cold, there was a row between the boys and the police. Hogg was fetched, and found on his arrival that all was in uproar; slates were flying, gas-fittings wrenched off and being used as batons. He rushed in and called to the boys to stop and be quiet. To his amazement the riot ceased. In two minutes the police had gone away, and thus for the first time he awoke to the knowledge that he possessed some power or instinct for the management of boys. After that he seldom missed being present at the ragged school.

In 1865 a second room had to be added, and next year the house next door was rented for £20 and made into a twopenny doss-house. This was intended for the housing of boys who had no home, so that they should be kept away from thieves' kitchens—for five of his first pupils were so poor that they came absolutely naked, except for their



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mothers' shawls that were pinned round them. Ragged they were in 1864, dirty and ignorant, of course, and mostly belonging to gangs of thieves; yet in four years' time most of them had become orderly, decently dressed, and desirous to climb a little higher. Then he started a shoeblack brigade, which gave him some trouble—for at least one member had to be punished for excessive zeal; he had a habit of seizing unwilling fares by the trouser-leg and forcing them upon his block!

His father and mother were sometimes a little incommoded by finding dirty boys going upstairs to see Mr. Quintin; or it was even worse when they were taken an airing round Hyde Park in the brougham.

His sister, Annie, used to help with girls' classes at the top of the hired house—young savages turning Catherine-wheels and indulging in rough tongues. But a policeman at the door and discipline within broke the back of disorder.

In these days Hogg would rise at 5.30 and run down to start the boys off to their work; then he would rush home to breakfast, then away to the City, to work as if nothing else existed for him to think of.

Then one day in 1868 he was told he had to go to the sugar estates in the West Indies. So he had to leave his boys and girls to the care of his sister Annie and his old 'Eton fag, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird.

After visiting Demerara he went across to America and took a trip up the Mississippi, where he was nearly stalked by a would-be robber; but the production of a rifle and revolver brought him through without bloodshed.

On his return he found the ragged school going strong. They had to remove into larger quarters in Castle Street, where there was sleeping accommodation for forty boys and

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a cubicle for a master. Many Eton friends came from time to time and gave him help; and his sister still persevered with her work amongst the girls. Gradually it was forced upon him that emigration was the best cure for many of the boys, and some 1500 were sent to Australia and Canada during the next few years. His boys had a wholesome dread of abusing his kindness. One boy emigrant threw up his job and came home.

"Going to see Mr. Hogg, Jack?" asked Mr. Pelham.

"Not me! I remember 'ow he looked at another boy as ran back. I ain't a-going near 'im—I ain't!"

On another occasion a hardened young urchin called out, "Oh, sir, do thrash us—only don't give us a look!"

In 1869 he went again to Trinidad. In his letters he tells interesting things of his visit. "Grenada is the queen of West Indian islands for romantic beauty." He found, 1200 feet above the sea, a lake strongly impregnated with iron, in which they said nothing could live.

Then he steamed on to Dominica, wild and rugged to the water's edge. From the deck he could see and almost hear the highland burns rushing down the steep gullies, while little towns seemed to be clinging to the dark rock that rose above the sparkling wave.

What a contrast to the gloomy scenes of poorer London! Yet even here he witnessed much that was sad—for human beings have a way of making this world miserable, and then turning round and putting the blame on the great First Cause.

Quintin Hogg took note of the spirit-broken, indolent looks of the better classes; they had seen better times, and had been ruined by the freeing of their slaves. He marked the insolent laziness of the blacks as they lay in his way,

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as though daring him to kick them. It was not enough for England to have said, "Ye are free!" and then to have left them a prey to their own passions and vices. No slave is fit for immediate freedom, and it showed very little wisdom to have left the negro without at least a tutor. These social mistakes exact a long penalty. We have not yet done paying for an emancipation which was followed by no moral schooling. So Hogg grieved over an ignorant, ruined race, which marred God's fair earth and well-nigh broke the hearts of the Christians who tried to help them. At the age of thirteen a negro boy or girl would be quite as advanced as a white child of the same age; but there they seem to stop in intellectual growth, while all that is animal in their nature springs to the front. "There are good points in the nigger; but the man who wishes to rule him as an Anglo-Saxon, and to do away with paternal government, does him a grievous wrong." In Trinidad Hogg caught yellow-fever, and nearly killed himself by unwittingly taking overdoses of mercury on his way home.

In the summer of 1870 he became engaged to Miss Graham of Perthshire, a lady of the same age, ideals, and sympathies. One of the first places he took his fiancée to see was the home in Castle Street. She had promised to take a class for him, expecting to teach some small boys; it was rather a shock to find big boys and young men, some of the latter not being so very young either. However, she went through the ordeal with great pluck and success, and ever after gave splendid help.

Soon after their marriage an important change was made in the management of the home. There were now two elements amongst the boys, the ragged element fresh from the streets, and the boys who had been improved into a

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steady, up-growing class. It was proposed to separate the old from the new, and to let the better-class boys have the room on the ground-floor for themselves. Thirty-five boys enrolled themselves as members on the spot, and these thirty-five formed the nucleus of the Polytechnic of to-day, numbering 18,000 members.

In July Quintin Hogg took his wife to America; with them went several Castle Street boys to settle in Canada. Everywhere they found boys who had been rescued out of the slums round Charing Cross occupying good positions, and leading honest, industrious lives. One man, who wrote from Montreal, said: "It is a beautiful country, and I only wish more of the poor of England were here. There don't seem to be any poor here." Many others returned the money which had been spent on them with expressions of gratitude.

Mr. and Mrs. Quintin Hogg were to have gone together to the Grahams' home near Perth, but the advent of Mr. D. L. Moody kept Hogg in London, as he had invited him to stay at his house in Richmond Terrace.

July 1874 was the date of his mother's death, Lady Hogg; she, together with his father-in-law, Mr. William Graham, seemed to have exercised the greatest influence on Quintin Hogg's life and character. His mother, deeply affectionate and possessing great strength of character, had been brought up in the strictest school of Puritanism. To her verbal inspiration and eternal punishment seemed of the very essence of Christianity, and Hogg had great difficulty in shaking himself clear of some of the sterner attributes of the law. Mr. Graham's religion was of a more tender type, with its doctrines of universal love and eternal mercy, and acted as a softening agency; but both influences were clearly at

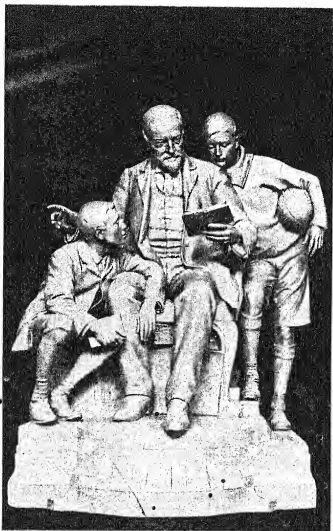
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work, and both were needed in one who had to control so much that was evil.

In these years Hogg was much interested in spiritualism, but he soon discovered that mediums were not above making a few shekels out of the gullibility of their clients, and when the audacious rogue on one occasion professed that it was Lady Hogg who was speaking, he drily remarked, "H'm! how sadly she must have deteriorated both morally and intellectually since she left this world!"

As the members soon increased from 35 to 300, new premises were taken in Long Acre. From this time the Institute, with its educational and social experiments for the growth of those who wished to improve themselves, was definitely separated from the ragged school, which picked up waifs from the gutter; it was the former which henceforth absorbed most of the philanthropist's time, though Mrs. Hogg kept on a rescue home for girls for five more years. The advent of board schools had made the ragged school less needed.

One quotation from an old boy's letter will show something of Hogg's great influence and goodness: "One day Mr. Hogg did not take his class; he was ill, but had sent word he wanted to see me after evening service. So I went to Richmond Terrace and saw Mrs. Hogg, who took me into his bedroom, where he was lying very ill in the dark: he greeted me very kindly and asked me about my work. He was going to apprentice me—even in his illness he could not forget his boys. He was always thinking of what he could do to make us boys happy, so he bought a large steam-yacht called the *Mayflower*, and took about sixty of us for a week's cruise—think of it! sixty London boys going to sea for a week, to sleep on board—what a week's delight!"



THE FOUNDER OF THE POLYTECHNIC

Thoroughness in whatever he undertook was the prominent feature of Quintin Hogg's character. A determination, which in lesser cases would only be dogged obstinacy, enabled him to carry to a successful conclusion the many projects formed in his active brain for the physical and moral betterment of youth.



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They went to the Channel Islands, and after spending two delightful days in those pretty coves and bays they were leaving for home and having a concert, when suddenly the vessel stopped with a jerk—they were stuck fast on a sand-bank—they enjoyed the spree with Mr. Hogg, and after some hauling by the sixty boys and the crew at an anchor, the steamer sheered off and the concert was continued.

Another, who had been a bad boy, gambling and lazy, got taken to the home, and says: "He learnt me to read and to love God." All my life his words to me and his beautiful face have sown the good seed of my life—now my sons will not believe that I was ever one of Mr. Hogg's ragged boys. Your father was so kind to take us ragged boys to his fine house: he did not take us in the back way, but in the front door, and we had livery servants to wait on us. Dear Miss, your father's was a grand life."

Then came a visit with Mrs. Hogg to India, from which he sent long letters to his boys: one very interesting letter giving the details of the death of John Nicholson, his cousin, at the siege of Delhi. At Benares, one of the holiest cities in India, where many Hindoos go to die, he says the state of the river is simply indescribable—the London main sewer would be sweet compared to it; and in addition to a fearful amount of refuse, you see occasional dead bodies floating down, on which carrion birds are perched and feeding.

In China they were astonished at the dense population; in Canton the streets were swarming with Chinese, yet were so narrow that often two chairs could barely pass each other, and carriages were quite out of the question; a play at the theatre usually took three months to act.

On the return to England it was seen that "Long Acre" could not contain the increasing numbers; by 1880 it was



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quite inadequate, and a new site was obtained in St. Martin's Lane; but shortly afterwards the Polytechnic in Regent Street came into the market. The lease was purchased, and the Long Acre premises were closed. A scheme of technical educational classes was drafted by Mr. Mitchell, and, as London hitherto had possessed no facilities for improving the education of the artizan, there were soon 5000 students hard at work. In 1884 Lord Selborne, the Lord Chancellor, presented the prizes; so that the dingy arches of the Adelphi had at last given birth to an institution which was recognised as of national importance.

In 1903 the sum of £14,417 was received in students' fees alone. No religious test of any kind was ever imposed on candidates; the infidel or atheist was given all the freedom of the classes, but he enrolled himself a member of an avowedly Christian institution, and the religious life was never kept in the background. The average attendance of the Sunday class was 550; while the Christian Workers' Union, consisting of about 250 members, gave their time to forwarding good works both amongst their fellow-members and the surrounding poor. Of athletic clubs there was no end, and one company was attached to the 4th Middlesex Volunteer Corps.

In 1885 Mr. J. E. K. Studd, the Eton cricketer, joined in helping the Polytechnic, and on Mr. Hogg's death became its President.

Again ill-health necessitated a long voyage, and a visit to Demerara did much good. Georgetown, or the City of Palms, as it might be more fitly named, had wide streets, often with canals running through them. Nearly all the houses stand in gardens of their own, having wooden frames and two storeys and verandahs. There are more trees than

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walls, and the vegetable life is so rich and abundant that the town looks like a forest.

The servants, as in India, do not sleep in the house, and you can sit in the open air all day amidst the blossoms, palms, wild flowers, and festooning creepers of every hue and scent. You can go on picnics inland and camp on the shore of some tiny sequestered lake. Dug-outs, or canoes, are at hand to carry you across the water, and deer peep at you from behind the forest trees. Even here the energy of the "Founder" astonished the natives, for desiring to explore the depth of a muddy creek, he ordered some niggers to go in, but they refused. "No, no, massa; water she full of alligators!" Quintin Hogg took off his shirt and plunged in head first, taking care to stay down in the cool depths a few unnecessary seconds. Meanwhile the niggers bent over with horrified faces, giving vent to long-drawn cries of anguish. When he came up and saw their long faces he roared with laughter, and loved to amuse his boys with the recital of Massa Hogg eaten by them alligators. At Santa Cruz they found a mixture of races, and the niggers all talking in an Irish brogue; so that the story goes that one young Irish colonist, on arrival at the harbour, put his head out of the port-hole to see the view. A darkie who was in a small boat looking for passengers saw the head and cried out, "Does your honour wish to go ashore, at all, at all?"

The poor Irish emigrant was horrified as he thought of the effect of the climate on that Irishman's face. "How long have you lived here?" he asked.

"About three weeks, your honour," said the black-a-moor.

"What! and turned black already!"

He could not stand it, and went to the purser forthwith and took a return ticket for Cork.

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On their way through America they stayed at Chicago, now so large, and almost more smoky than London; and yet one of the largest merchants of the city pointed out to Mr. Hogg the site of the few log-huts which composed it fifty years ago. A western trapper is reported to have boasted that he could have bought the whole tarnation swamp for an old pair of boots in 1836. "Then why didn't you?" asked a listener, who was rather sick of his talk.

"Because, stranger, I hadn't got the boots!"

As the members of the Polytechnic grew more numerous it became impossible to provide holiday accommodation, so in 1886 began foreign trips to Switzerland and Boulogne. In 1892 they ventured as far as Norway, a thirteen days' cruise for eight guineas, then a three weeks' tour to Madeira for £12.

Outsiders were allowed to join by payment of a little extra fee, so that English folk had a new intellectual stimulus brought within their reach; and, strange to say, these cheap tours always gave a balance to the good. But lest the very poor should be forgotten, a fund known as "The Holiday by Proxy Fund" was started, to enable some 600 to be sent away to the seaside at a cost of £500.

To show the thoroughness of Quintin Hogg's methods, and the determination not to be cheated by fraudulent beggars, we will recall how he treated the cases of the first hundred men who begged of him in the street. He personally investigated each case, and found that about fifty gave him wrong addresses, most of the remainder were undeserving; only two were cases of genuine need. There are plenty of cases of genuine need in London and elsewhere, but, as a rule, they suffer in silence and solitude. "Ten shillings given in the street is ten shillings worse than wasted, whereas

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the same money spent in taking a mechanic's tools out of pawn, or in helping to give a fellow a suit of clothes to enable him to get work, might permanently take a man out of the ranks of the needy and place him again in the comforts of home life."

The sister Institute for Girls at 15 Langham Place was still kept up, the subscription being five shillings a year. It arose from Mrs. Hogg's Sunday afternoon class for women. Many of the boys' classes were also open to girls, and this was found to work well; but at the Girls' Polytechnic special domestic classes are held, elocution being a favourite subject. They have their own gymnasium, athletic and social clubs, and the bright rooms are felt as a great boon to those who have only dingy lodgings to go to at night. For the last twelve years the members have voluntarily kept a child in one of Dr. Barnardo's homes. More than 12,000 names have passed through the books since 1888, the majority being shop-girls and clerks. As it was found that among the many thousand young men and women entering London every year only a small proportion ever heard of the Polytechnic, the Labour Bureau was started, and all clergy and ministers informed by letter and recommended to advise their young friends to apply there. So many important reforms started by one or two individuals for the good of the community, reforms which the State had never thought of, and only helped in when it had been proved they were a success—do they not seem to point to the fact that Socialism will be a long time before it overtakes our smallest needs? What is everybody's duty is too often undertaken by nobody.

And what Quintin Hogg did was the outcome of personal kindness shown to individuals and given back to him in grateful loyalty, so that the stone he threw into the waters

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of misery evoked waves of surrounding sympathy that carried his first act of charity into an ever-expanding sphere of Christian love. Here is a story which shows his moral power. He had promised to give one of his old "Poly boys" a bed as he was passing through London. On going into the library during the evening with a view of having a talk with the boy, he was surprised to find the boy had gone out; neither did he return until eleven o'clock. On his return he confessed that he had felt so sure Mr. Hogg would ask him what he had been doing to brighten other lives, that shame at feeling he could give no satisfactory answer to the question had driven him forth to go and sit with a sick boy whom he knew in London, and try to cheer him in his loneliness, before facing his kindly monitor.

As the years went by Quintin Hogg's face showed signs of the great stress which responsibility had put upon him—a man of medium height, well and strongly built, a massive head and kindly face; beard closely trimmed and moustache hiding the firm mouth that set with something of sternness; only the tender look in the blue eyes that beamed, now with fun, and again with genial affection, made you feel you had a friend at need—such was the figure that night after night mixed with the crowds in hall or gallery or class-room. One member says: "I shall never forget the warm greeting he gave me the first night I went to the 'Poly.' It was raining, and I felt strange and miserable and not sure if I should stay, when he put his hand on my wet shoulder, and looking into my face said some kind words of welcome, ending by a fervent, 'God bless you, my lad.' I felt no doubt then as to whether I should stay or not. I can never say half that he did for me, but he helped me to lead a truer and better life."

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The greater part of the evenings was given up to personal talks with the boys ; they used to be known as his " Nicodemi interviews," because they came by night. From eight o'clock till midnight he would have a succession of these boys, who had written to ask his advice, in the little room between his house and the Polytechnic. There again extremes meet, and you have the confessional under another form—in its best aspect. Another says: "He spoke so kindly to us boys, and at the same time he was so manly, talked to us of cricket and football." Why, look at all the good he has done, all his influence and power, and yet you wouldn't believe it—with us boys he was so humble ; with all his wealth and his great name, he made himself just one of us."

Hogg suffered terribly from insomnia ; he would sit up, writing or reading, until 2 or 3 A.M., and then would be out bicycling as the heavy waggons rumbled along towards Covent Garden. In society, if he felt people unsympathetic, he sat silent and brooding ; but if he felt the electric spark of sympathy, he would pour out a stream of interesting and witty talk, telling story after story with change of voice and mimicry, not unlike his great predecessor, William Wilberforce. For instance, he told a story of Bishop Magee being asked to meet a well-known millionaire at dinner. The rich man, wishing to stand well with the Irish bishop, began to assert in a boastful manner that he gave away £500 a year in charities as a salve for his conscience.

"Dear me!" said the bishop, half talking to himself, "that is one of the biggest fire insurances I have ever heard of!"

When Hogg was travelling by sea he used to have with him large boxes of books, and could get through several volumes a day ; his good memory would treasure all the

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brighter parts for quotation when he got home amongst his "bad boys." He was fond of poetry; perhaps Lowell and Whittier were his favourites; of the latter he said: "He was a broad loving Christian spirit; no man could be worse for studying him." In addressing his Bible-class his language was always simple, and he had a great power of apt illustration; he spoke to them as friend to friend, and when he felt anything very strongly his voice became rich and vibrated with his intensity of conviction. At one time you would hear his class burst into a laugh of enjoyment as some humorous story tickled them: the next moment they were hushed in the presence of a deeper pathos, as he drew them near to God.

He gave much time to preparing his Sunday afternoon class: "I will not offer to God what cost me nothing, for we have no more right to expect a blessing on slothfulness in spiritual than in temporal things."

He rarely spoke outside the Polytechnic, but twice he went down to Harrow and spoke to the boys in the Speech-room, telling them stories of his early failures and successes amongst the waifs and strays of London.

It was remarked how earnestly the Harrow boys listened to this old Etonian, who had given so lavishly of his life and riches to brighten the lives of the outcast and the neglected. They had their Ford Shaftesbury to remember, and they had their own mission in Latimer Road; but here was a live Etonian showing them a better way.

He was a firm believer in St. John's doctrine, that God is love: that things are working out for the bettering of humanity. If love is to be real love, he said, service, real service, it must be voluntary and spontaneous: men must be free to give or withhold it. And if God gave men free will,

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then in the long run it was a dead certainty that some one would put up his own self-will against the will of his Father—and then as to future torment, he said: "Do you remember that grand verse of Milton's, where he makes Satan realise the truth as to the real nature of the punishment in the next world?—

'Which way I fly is hell: myself am hell.'

There lies the real sting of sin. 'There is no hell equal to the deep damnation of having become utterly, voluntarily, and completely bad'—and as to heaven, he said he no longer thought of it as a place of golden gates and pearly streets; but as the place where he should meet his loved ones, wife and mother and the boy friends he had made and known.

In the autumn of 1889, what with the every day's work in the city and the evenings with his boys, Quintin Hogg's health again gave way, and another trip was taken to Demerara. On his return to England a friend told him of Dr. Dupuis in Paris, who was very clever in treating indigestion. He went over at once, adopted his treatment, and at once became stronger. But in 1892 he nearly killed himself by diving in the Polytechnic swimming bath in a dim light. After this he had several severe accidents during games at football or lawn-tennis. It is so difficult for some people to recognise the fact that they are growing older: they will persist in being boys to the end of their lives.

In 1895 a bad attack of influenza left behind some depression of spirits, but that now suddenly passed away.

In January 1903, as the institute was closing for the night, Quintin Hogg stood at the top of the steps, shaking hands with some of the members, when a lad passed him very thinly clad.



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"Where's your overcoat this cold night, sonny?"

"I haven't got one, sir."

"Porter, fetch this boy an overcoat that will fit."

That was his last personal service for his "bad boys."

Next morning he was found dead in his bath. He was not quite fifty-eight, but he had lived many lives: he had taken upon his shoulders, in addition to his mercantile duties, responsibilities that might have taxed a government department; he had shown himself to be one of England's truest sons and greatest benefactors.

He had been too modest all his life to court fame, and what he had done only a few out of the many millions ever knew. But there are many thousands of saved lives who are now teaching their sons and daughters what great things he had done for them.

When Mr. Studd suggested that the service on the Sunday following his funeral should close with the Hallelujah Chorus, saying, "You cannot end that life with a 'Dead March,'" he expressed the general sentiment.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From "Quintin Hogg, a Biography." By kind permission of Mrs. Wood (formerly Miss Ethel M. Hogg) and Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.

## CHAPTER XVI

### DR. GRENFELL AND THE DEEP SEA

From sailing smack to steam trawler—Growth of Grimsby—Labrador and the Deep Sea Mission—Hospital work in the ice—Komatiks on the snow—Accidents by flood and field—The Russians in 1904—The Dutch "coper" brings drink—On the Dogger—The frozen fisherman of St. Malo—Dr. Grenfell at Marlboro' and Oxford—The *Princess May*—The *Strathcona*—M.D. of Oxford, *honoris causa*—American help and generosity

WHEN we are enjoying a slice of good fish it may be seldom that we give a thought to the brave and hardy men who win it for us from the heaving main. But none can thus fail in sympathy who take in and read *The Toilers of the Deep*, the magazine devoted to the fishermen of Britain and Canada and Newfoundland.

Every year adds more wonders to the great industry which is going on all round our coasts and far out into the deep.

In January 1894 the modern steam-trawler, with its tireless activity, had scarcely appeared on our waters; look where you would, the sea was then dotted over with tiny craft that spread their canvas to catch the favouring breeze. Perhaps there might have been lying in their midst the mission-ship, bearing to the wounded or ill the help they craved. To-day the sailing-smack is seen but seldom on the Dogger Bank; men no longer turn out to haul on frozen ropes, or man the windlass to get the third reef in the main-sail snug and taut. There are no topsails now blowing away

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like leaves to leeward ; the smoke of the hurrying trawler and the telegraph on the bridge speak of new methods ; but the scamen of Old England are the same as ever, frank and joyous and simple, heroes without knowing it, worthy of our esteem and gratitude and care. But we seldom give them a thought, save when some violent storm shakes our own windows and bends our tree-tops, and roars in the hollow of our snug chimneys.

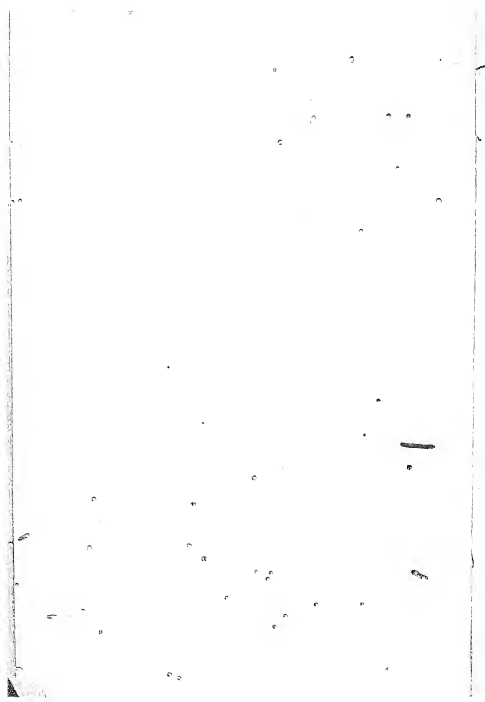
Things are changing still on our coasts, for in 1894 Great Yarmouth, Hull, and Grimsby were the fishing ports of first rank. To-day Yarmouth has become of less importance, as far as trawling is concerned, whilst Lowestoft has advanced to the front. Grimsby is now the premier fishing port of the world, Hull has greatly developed, and Aberdeen proudly claims the third place. In 1790 the population of Grimsby was less than 1000, now it is 65,000. In 1882 there were only two steam-trawlers, now there are more than 400.

Again, the area of the sea fished over has enormously increased during the last twenty years. From Aberdeen and the east coast ports trawlers steam to the waters of Iceland and the Faroe Islands ; from Milford Haven fishing steamers set out for the Bay of Biscay ; from North Shields vessels have sailed for the Southern Ocean, fishing off the Cape of Good Hope, and carrying their catch to the South African market. As to the herring fishery in the North Sea, the nets used, if placed end to end, would extend for more than 2000 miles. Sometimes a great catch is made, and the markets become glutted ; the fish cannot be carried in time to the hungry, so food is wasted and the fishermen lose their fair reward.

During one week last year there were landed at Yarmouth 9946 lasts of herrings. Now a last contains 13,200 fish, so



• THE HOSPITAL SHIP "STRATHCONA"  
Conveying a wounded sailor to the hospital ship off Labrador.



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that there were of herrings for sale 131,287,200. What a pity that so much splendid food should be wasted, for in our inland cities we do not find that fish is very cheap on occasions, though we are often told that it has "gone up."

There is a want of organisation; and this waste may continue, for it is not the middleman's interest to sell fish cheap.

Fourteen years ago we knew very little of the hardy fishermen along the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador, which stretches still farther north. A hospital at Battle Harbour was opened in 1893, and next year "The Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen" erected a second hospital at Indian Harbour, with Dr. F. W. Willway in charge.

Two tiny hospitals and a crazy steamer—that was all the Society possessed to carry on a vast mission and medical work along a dangerous coast. Now there are four good hospitals; the *Strathcona*, a steamship that has done thousands of miles every year in fog and storm, amid fies and toppling icebergs; and other mission buildings are springing up, for the good folk of Boston and New York, as well as English friends, have given bountifully, so that each hospital has its little home for the doctor and his wife, its motor-launch which carries the doctor along the coast to his patients, and its komatik, or sleigh, with a strong team of dogs, that carries him in the winter over the frozen wastes.

One excellent work was the erection of a sawmill, which provides work and wages for many a hungry family; for sometimes in the winter their little store of flour and potatoes runs out, the children cry in vain, the neighbours cannot help, and cases have been known of the poor anxious father

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losing self-command at the sight of his children's agony and taking an axe to destroy them before he kills himself.

There are nurses, too, out there, ready to help in hospital or travel over miles of ice to take charge of a patient who cannot be moved.

Accidents and diseases are sad enough to us though we are surrounded by kind friends and clever surgeons. What must it be to those fisher-folk who live far from help, and sometimes have to wait for months with a broken limb before the doctor comes their way!

Dr. N. B. Stewart tells us in *The Toilers of the Deep* of such cases:—

"I received a message to see a young lad living about a dozen miles away. I set off in the launch, and on my arrival found the boy in a very low state, very much wasted away. He lived in a very dilapidated house, and the room in which he lay was very small. The boy's condition was desperate; indeed, in two or three days he would have been dead. His only chance was to remove him on the launch to the hospital, and this was a poor chance, even at the best. We got him promptly wrapped up in a lot of blankets and put on the deck, and set off on our return journey. We got our young patient (a lad of fourteen) safely to the hospital, and into a nice, warm, comfortable bed in a fine, airy ward. His father we had brought with us, for the boy might have fretted away what life was left in him if he had been suddenly separated from his home and parents. I expect he had scarcely been out of sight of his home all his life. A week went past—the boy still lived; but after a second week had gone, I was able to say he was mending. It was a stiff, uphill fight, but I am thankful to say that he went home at last perfectly well."

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Here is another picture drawn by Dr. W. T. Grenfell :—

“‘It will be dawning shortly, doctor.’ So my driver’s voice filtered into my sleeping-bag.

“‘Right you are, Rube. Put the kettle on and call the dogs; I will be ready in a couple of shakes.’

“Oh! what a glorious morning! Absolute stillness, and the air as sweet as sugar. Everywhere a mantle of perfect white below, a fathomless depth of cloudless blue overhead, and the first radiancy of the coming day, colours blending one into the other with a rich transparent red suffused. The bracing cold made me feel twenty years younger. We found it a hard job to tackle up the dogs, they were so mad to be off. We topped the first hill, and the great bay lay below us. We scaled the next hill, and were galloping over the high barrens when the dogs began to give tongue, loudly announcing that a team was coming in the opposite direction. As we drew nearer a muffled figure jumped off, and hauling his dogs to one side, shouted the customary ‘What cheer?’ Then a surprised ‘The doctor, as I live!’ You’re the very man I’m after. Why, there’s komatik gone all over the country after you. A lad has shot himself down at St. Ronald’s, and is bleeding shocking.’

“‘All right, Jake, old friend. The turn for the path is off the big pond, is it not?’

“‘That’s it, doctor; but I’m coming along with you, anyhow.’

“Surely my little leader must have overheard this conversation, for she simply flew over the hills. Yet it was already dusk when we shot down the little precipice on the side of which the tiny house clings like a barnacle. The anxious crowd disappeared at our arrival like a morning mist. I soon found myself in a small naked room, already



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filled with well-meaning visitors, who were able to do nothing but defile what little air leaked in through the fixed windows. Stretched on the floor behind the stove lay a pale-faced boy of about ten years. His clothes had been taken off, and an old patchwork quilt covered his body. His right thigh was covered with a mass of bloody rags. Sitting by him was his mother, her forehead resting in her hands, as if she were wrestling with some inscrutable problem. She rose at once as I entered, and, without waiting for question, began, 'Tis Clem, doctor. He got Dick here to give him the gun to try and shoot a gull, and he were a-trying to climb over some humps of ice and pushed the gun before him with the barrel turned to himself, and she went off and shot him, and us doesn't know what to do next.'

"While she ran on with her story I cleared the room of visitors, and kneeling down by the boy had removed the dirty rags that had been used to staunch the blood. The charge had entered the thigh at close quarters above the knee, and passed downwards, blowing the kneecap to pieces. The outlook for the poor boy was a very ugly one. The mother kept repeating, 'What shall us do? what shall us do?'

"'There's only one thing to be done. We must pack Clem up and carry him to the hospital right away.'

"'Iss, doctor, that's the only way, I'm thinking; an' I suppose you'll be cutting off his leg, and he'll never walk no more, and—oh, dear!'

"'Come! tear up this calico into strips, and bring me some boiling water, and give me that board there—it will do to make a splint of;—and then go out and tell Dick to get the dogs ready at once.'

"So we kept her too busy to worry or hesitate about

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letting the child go, for she had never seen a hospital, and it sounded to her as terrifying as a dead-house.

"'Home! home! home!' to the dogs, and once again our steel runners are humming over the crisp snow. Now in the darkness we are clinging tightly to our hand-ropes as we shoot over the various hills. Soon the hospital lights come up, and the windows, being lit for Christmas Eve, look as cheerful as a town. The children greet the doctor; they are waiting for Santa Claus, and are a little sobered when the poor boy is carried in.

"The children had their games below with shouts of merriment. Sleeping overhead in a clean white cot, free of pain, and with a good fighting chance for his life, lay our bright-faced lad, little Clem. The gift to us, doctor and nurses, this Christmas Day, was the chance to save his life. At the old home in England, where doctors are plentiful, such a gift was improbable. We would not have changed our gift this day with any one else. . . .

"Christmas has gone long ago. Already we have heard ominous groaning of the heavy ice along the land-wash, warning us that the open sea is getting nearer, and that soon our icy fetters will be broken.

"Clem has gone to his home again. He is able to run and walk like the merry lad he is. For not only his life but his limb also has been given to us. There is no cant in saying that giving service to others always brings a greater blessing than getting."

Now let us turn for a short while from Labrador to the Dogger Bank. It was in 1904 that the Russian battle-fleet, mistaking our Hull trawlers for torpedo boats, poured into them some deadly volleys. It was in the mission ship that the wounded were attended to by the mission surgeon, using

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knife and needle, and helped by Skipper J. W. White. "With all these wounded men on board our floating hospital looked like a veritable battle-field," wrote the surgeon. It is wonderful how neat and cosy the mission ship looks, with its cabins and dispensary, swing cots and fixed bunks, even an X-ray installation, and bright instruments of steel in case of need.

For accidents happen more frequently at sea than on land. Now it is a man who has hurt his hand or been cut in two by the tautening of a steel wire. Such cases as this are not uncommon. A man comes on board and shows his finger. "Doctor," he says, "I've hurt it a bit by catching it on a wire rope," for the little strands stick out like nails when the rope is a bit frayed. The doctor examines the finger and says, "I think you had better go to London with the carrier and have this looked after in the hospital." The fisherman objects to losing precious time. "You had better go, or you may lose an arm." The man obeys the doctor, goes to London—too late! and in three days he is dead, a victim to virulent blood-poisoning.

Sometimes a great gale comes, like that storm in March 1883, when forty-five smacks were totally lost, eighty-nine seriously damaged, and hundreds of men and boys were swept away. In Hull alone on that black day more than two hundred wives were made widows. Instances have been known where a man has been swept overboard by a huge wave and again washed on board, generally smashed beyond recognition.

In the old days the fleet was made up of sailing-smacks, and one steam carrier used to take the fish to the London market. When the men wanted drink they signalled to some old Dutch "coper," who provided deadly schnapps, rum, or gin. In those days the poor fellows would go mad

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with the liquor. The coper has been the cause of many a smart smack being lost at sea. He did a roaring trade in the old sailing days, and would take gear in exchange for his vile stuff, for on those days when there was no breeze the smacks could not fish, and the crews had nothing to do but drink. One old salt has given his experiences. "The coper had been very busy amongst us owing to the weather.

• Suddenly some of us thought to go ashore for a spree, so we rigged up our topsail on an oar and made for a Dutch island. We hadn't a bit to eat; it was sup, sup all the time. When we landed it was night, an' there were no places open. So we went exploring, an' seeing a nice little cottage with a big tree overhanging a bedroom window, two of us swarmed up the trunk. I clambered on a branch that touched the window and tumbled in somehow. Then you might have thought the end of all things had come, for there were two women asleep in the bed, one old, t'other young. They both rushed to the window an' raised squalls that fetched out all the police an' people in the place. My pal had flown, and I was left there to face it out as best I could. Well, they talked a lot an' shouted a lot. I told 'em my tale, and they told me theirs; but they talked foreign, so we could not understand each other. However, they began firing pistols, so I cleared out as far as the beach. There I saw my pal a-sitting with his feet in the flood tide, wi' an empty spirit-bottle clasped in each hand, nodding calmly asleep on the sand, just ready to be drowned in another five minutes. I hauled him high and dry, and then slipped away to try and get some breakfast, for I hadn't touched food for three days an' three nights. I wandered about till I fell in with a little restaurant. I tried to tell them what I wanted. No go! Then I made signs, an' that

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worked 'em. They brought me 'one of their foreign breakfasts. But what's rolls and coffee for a starving man?

"However, I drank their coffee an' ran through their rolls in a way that surprised them, an' I ate all they had. Yet I wasn't satisfied neither."

"Now, when I felt in my pocket I found I hadn't a coin of any sort left. It had all gone to that coper for drink. But they was very kind to me, and wouldn't hear of being paid, and came down to the beach to see me off with my pal. That's a little yarn o' the way we used to amuse ourselves in them old days. But now the Mission has driven the coper off the Dogger, an' provided beautiful ships where we can get good tobacco at cost price, an' magazines an' papers to read, an' med'cine an' a cot or two for a man to lie in if he be ill and wants the doctor, instead of his having to go back to home, an' ten to one losing his berth."

This is a sample of the old yarns which may still be heard.

To return to Newfoundland and Labrador: Dr. Hare, one of the devoted men who labour on those wind-swept shores, tells us that the ice is fit for komatiks or sledge travelling about the middle of December, though there is trouble in getting on and off the ice, because the tide breaks it round the shore. Think of the hardship of having to answer a call when the temperature is 16 degrees below zero! Sometimes they meet with bad ice, and have to go inland, and take to the hills, where the work is fearful for the poor dogs: some of the hills are 600 feet high, covered with ice, no track visible, and the sharp crust cuts the dogs' feet. Again they plunge down through bushes, over stumps of trees and rocks, with soft snow 3 feet deep, and the dogs up to their bellies, steaming with exertion. Sometimes the

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ice is covered with a foot or so of water, the brooks overflowing after rain: the komatik breaks through the ice, the men get wet, and soon their clothes turn to a stiff coat of mail. Again a snowstorm comes on so thick that they cannot see their dogs. Dr. Hare received a telegram recalling him to Harrington when he was 186 miles away, and his load, including himself and driver, weighed 540 pounds; yet with his team of dogs he arrived in Harrington within three days, a record performance for one team of seven dogs, making an average of 62 miles a day.

These dogs, though they are so useful, are very apt to quarrel, and even kill one another, and at times will attack and devour a child: for they have the blood of the wolf in them, and are not to be trusted.

There are a good many French fishermen who fish along the Newfoundland shore, some of whom come over from Normandy and Brittany, returning in the autumn. One day while the great Cunard liner *Carmania* was ploughing its way through a hurricane of snow, the look-out called the attention of the officer on the bridge to a little boat, a fishing dory, in which they could see the figure of a man sitting upright. The sea was too rough to allow of a boat being lowered, and the captain called for a volunteer who would swim out to the dory, and try to bring its occupant aboard. The passengers cheered as Seaman Breen, known to his mates as "Sunny Jim," stepped forward with a cheery smile.

The snow was falling heavily, and it was not a pleasant dip he was going to take. A lifeline was fastened to his waist, and in a moment he had dived over the ship's side into the boiling sea. Silent and sympathetic, the passengers crowded to the side of the ship, and watched the brave sailor battling

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his way through the crests of the white horses towards the little boat. Ever and again he was lost in the trough of a great sea, and those who held the lifeline got ready to pull taut and haul him in. At last Breen swam to within a few feet of the boat, and shouted to the man sitting stiffly in the stern to help him aboard.

But the grim figure never gave him either look or word: his eyes were fixed straight ahead, and had a glassy look. A moment later a great wave caught Breen, and rushing on towards the skiff lifted him over the bulwark, and left him lying at the bottom of the dory. The spectators cheered, for it seemed to them like the feat of an acrobat: they were not thinking of his bruised limbs and torn hands.

"Well, mate, what cheer?"

No answer, no motion of the eyes, gave sign of life: yet there he sat with his hand on the tiller. So Breen, without more apology, took the oar from between the man's knees, and began to scull towards the steamer, while the cheers of the crew and passengers gave him the spurt he wanted. In a very few minutes eager arms were outstretched to pluck them both from danger, the saviour and the saved. The former was soon rubbed back to warmth, the latter lay unconscious for several hours, but skilful massage at length restored the circulation to his tingling, aching body. In twenty-four hours he was able to speak, and bit by bit he told his painful story. His name was Louis Vallet, and he was a fisherman of St. Malo in Brittany. Two months ago he had left his home, sailing on the barquentine *Le Mimosa* for a fishing expedition off the coast of Newfoundland. In May he and another fisherman set out in the dory to bring in the nets: they were caught thus in a hurricane, and soon passed into the mist and spray, losing all sight of their

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ship. Vallet's comrade was swept overboard by one of the heavy seas which washed over their tiny craft, and then Vallet was left alone on the wide sea. He had provisions for two days in the boat, and these he made do for five days. After that no food, no water, no friend to help. He became numbed with cold, and gradually lost all consciousness, nor did he know anything more till he saw strange faces, and heard English voices all about his berth. Ladies who could speak French came to bid him God-speed, and when he turned up again at St. Malo, there was a great pilgrimage made to St. Anne's to give God thanks for a great miracle.

We cannot leave the wild coasts of Labrador without wanting to know something of the plucky Dr. Grenfell, who has been to the desolate and abandoned people of that region a very present help in time of trouble.

His professional round extends from Cape John of Newfoundland to the straits of Belle Isle, and from Ungava Bay southward into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, some 2000 miles of rocky shore, where only a few sunken rocks are charted; the others come crunching through your keel when you least expect them. Before Dr. Grenfell went there the patients might have had to wait a year or two before they could see a surgeon.

It is a sullen, cruel shore, bare of trees, angry with jagged teeth that bulge into the deep, or rise suddenly in stupendous cliffs. You look in vain for a beach of sand or grassy slope: the jagged rocks sink down sheer into the sea.

Now and then you come upon a narrow opening that leads through a devious winding to some land-locked harbour: this opening they call a "tickle," for it is ticklish work finding your way through such a gloomy defile. Sometimes the course lies from headland to headland, sometimes on the



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lee side of a string of islands. The look-out must ever be watching for the green swirl that plays above the rocks, and sing out in time. Then there are the icebergs, massive dead-white glacier ice from the Arctic, floating in the spring upon the current, sometimes all round the ship, a hundred at a time. And then the fog! that mysterious pall that makes the stoutest heart tremble, for then no science can save them; they are as blind men rushing on their death.

Wilfred Grenfell was at Marlboro' and Queen's College, Oxford, where he won his blue for Rugby football. Then he studied medicine at the London Hospital, and became house-surgeon to Sir Frederick Treves. His career seemed to be mapped out for him—a fashionable doctor in Harley Street, making money for himself, and winning honours from the King. But, like Cecil Rhodes, he saw in his imagination a better way, though all was at first unformed and misty. He loved nature; he loved adventures by flood and field. Already he hated the life of the city and its senseless amusements, when one night he strayed into the Tabernacle in East London and heard Mr. Moody preach; and this settled him. From this hour he began to ponder how he could give his services best to suffering humanity. First he joined the Mission to North Sea Fishermen, and for five years worked hard on the Dogger, healing, teaching, cheering, and befriending.

Then he heard from some fishermen of the destitute condition of the poor fisher-folk of Northern Labrador, men of English blood, who were degenerating from hardship and famine and sickness: so he volunteered for Labrador, setting sail from Great Yarmouth harbour in the spring of 1892 in a ninety-ton schooner. They say that when he first appeared on the coast, knowing nothing of the reefs

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and currents, and when the weather was too bad for the schooner visiting by surprise in an old whale-boat, many thought him a bit mad.

It is a fact that, the whale-boat gave in betimes, after being capsized, driven out to sea, and blown on the rocks. Next season the doctor secured a steam-launch, the *Princess May*, in which he traversed the whole Labrador coast to the very farthest settlements in the north, and weathered a gale that should "by rights" have been her ruin. As one old skipper remarked, "Sure, I don't know how she done it. The Lord must kape an eye on that chap."

And he does his deeds of daring and tender helpfulness with such evident enjoyment and zest in life. The misery and sadness he has met have not made him a whining pessimist, for he has seen how man, as God makes him, can call up spirits of mirth from the vasty deep of pain; and surely if any one should go about his work with a genial smile it is the medicine-man—for many of his cures are faith cures, though he know it not.

Soon the doctor had worn out the *Princess May*, and the *Julia Sheridan* took its place. Next came the *Sir Donald*, which got crushed in the ice. Now the *Stratheona*, with a little hospital amidships, is doing duty along the three thousand mile stretch to the poor "Liveyeres" and Eskimos of Northern Labrador. Often has he climbed out on the bowsprit, looking out for rock and reef, and guiding the vessel by flash of the breaking sea—for he looks upon himself as an instrument in the hands of God; so when a call for help comes, it is not wind or fog or iceberg that can stay his going.

There are some 25,000 Newfoundlanders who fish off Labrador, with wives and families, during the summer.

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They return before the ice comes. But to the poor "Liveries," living in turf-huts in some lonely ravine—fishermen catching cod in the summer, trappers of otter, mink, and marten in the winter—to them the doctor has been a veritable Godsend.

Very rarely some poor family may have the luck to trap a silver-fox. Then they will sell it to the agent for the Hudson Bay Company for perhaps 60 dollars, to be resold for 600—for trade knows no morals but its own.

There are no cows on the coast—no goats; babies must get on with what they can find at hand. There are no fowls or sheep; but at times grouse, eider-duck, gulls, puffin, and Arctic hare are to be seen. In spite of all the disadvantages the people are not stunted, and look healthy. In winter they retire up the long bays or rivers and live in little "tilts"—log-huts, consisting of one large, square room, with bunks at each end for the women. They have no stoves; the thermometer often falls to fifty degrees below zero.

There are no men practising trades along the coast—no lawyer nor constable; and when once a clergyman happened to come along in the doctor's ship, several couples came out to be married; they had waited years for him.

The religion of the people, like the land in which they live, is gloomy and harsh. Dr. Grenfell has done much to instruct them in the real revelation given us by Jesus Christ—that God is love; that He means us to be happy if we will only do His will; that all sorrow comes from seeking our own pleasure first.

In May 1907 Oxford University conferred upon Wilfred T. Grenfell, Esq., the degree of Doctor of Medicine, *honoris causa*. It is the first instance of such a degree being given

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at Oxford. Shortly after he was received by his Majesty the King, to whom he was presented by Sir Frederick Treves. The King, after hearing from the doctor's lips an account of his work, personally invested him with the Order of the C.M.G.

For some years Dr. Grenfell's name and work were more widely known in Canada and the States than in Great Britain—for naturally many Canadians and Americans took their holidays up north, and came in contact with the ubiquitous *Strathcona*. Young students lent him a helping hand for the fun of it. Now and then an eminent surgeon rushed up to one of his hospitals and worked "miracles" with the knife. So Grenfell's name grew to be a household word. Rich ladies and gentlemen were interested in his labours, and when in one of his lectures he pathetically confessed, "I can't do everything by myself!" they sprang to his rescue with gifts and annual subscriptions. President Roosevelt, too, received him most kindly and sympathetically—for such a strenuous life was after his own heart.

But he lives, too, now in the hearts of thousands of English men and women, whose offerings have set Dr. Grenfell wondering if there may not be some other way of helping Labrador which had not yet been thought of. What that new way might be we must leave to another chapter.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," by kind permission of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, and from *The Toilers of the Deep*, by kind permission of the Secretary to the Deep Sea Mission.

## CHAPTER XVII

### DR. GRENFELL AND THE COMING OF THE REINDEER

Labrador our reserve for sailors—Savage dogs—Through the ice—Why not bring in reindeer?—Labrador moss is their food—Deer in Alaska—Mr. Reed of Boston—The deer arrive, January 1908—The Lapps—Chicago and the Eskimos—Prince Pomiuk falls ill—Found again—Dr. Grenfell as magistrate

DR. GRENFELL told the people at Ottawa that the whole coast of Labrador had possibilities which had never been dreamt of: that there were in all probability mineral deposits which would keep many generations busy: that he believed a railway would one day be built from Montreal to a point on the east coast of Labrador, from which steamers could run to the Old Country in a little over two days, while the trip from ~~Montreal~~ to such a port would also take two days. In that time he hoped that Labrador and Newfoundland would be brought into confederation, and cemented as a portion of the Dominion.

Some people grumbled at too much money being spent on feeding and healing the sick along the Labrador coast, when they might all-at less cost be brought away and transported to a milder clime. To this Grenfell replies that if England is one day hard bested and runs short of men for her navy, here on this hard shore she will find her best reserve, men of resource, brave, generous, and strong. England

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cannot afford to plant such a seasoned race on a land where they may languish or degenerate. Then, asking for volunteers, he said, "I know no better or more healthy exercise than skimming over the hard crust of the fields with a good dog-team, knowing there is some use in your trip, that you will be able to do some good to your fellow-men."

Ah! it was on the long winter journeys with the dogs that Dr. Grenfell pondered over the possibility of another way for Labrador. For it is a mighty painful experience travelling by komatik all day and half the night, creeping into your sleeping-bag and lying beneath some bushes, while your dogs dig for themselves little pits in the snow and snuggle down together to keep out of the biting wind. He could not do without the dogs, magnificent animals, capable of unselfish and heroic deeds: there would be no getting about in winter without them, for the sea is ice-bound too. Every prosperous householder has at least six or eight full-grown sledge-dogs, and puppies galore. In the summer time they lie in your way, fat and lazy and good-tempered, for if you don't feed them, they just fish for themselves in shallow waters. But in the winter, when all food is scarce, and their own meat is frozen like lumps of iron, then are they lean, snarling, savage, hungry, and treacherous. One day a father, just returned from a day's hunt on the ice, sent his little son to fetch a seal from the water-side. The man forgot that the hungry dogs were prowling round: they took the seal, and after the seal they ate the small boy.

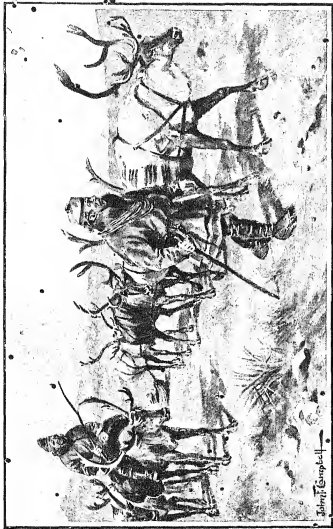
It is no extraordinary case; and yet, when the wolf nature is out and the dog nature is in, what loyal comrades are they, galloping freely till they drop down dead; ever pleased and ready to go on a new journey, fearing no dangers. Crossing Hare Bay, Dr. Grenfell said, "One of my dogs fell

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through the ice: there was a biting nor'-west wind blowing, and the temperature was ten degrees below zero. When we were one mile from the land I got off to run and try the ice. It suddenly gave way, and in I fell. It did not take me long to get out, for I have had some little experience, and the best advice sounds odd: it is, 'Keep cool.' But the nearest house being at least ten miles off, it meant almost one's life to have no dry clothing. Fortunately I had; the driver at once galloped the dogs back to the woods we had left, and I had as hard a mile's running as ever I had; for my clothing was growing to resemble the armour of an ancient knight more and more every yard I ran. Although in my youth I was accustomed to break the ice to bathe, if necessary, I had never tried running a race in a coat of mail. By the time I arrived at the trees and got out of the wind, my driver had a rubber poncho spread on the snow under a snug spruce thicket. I was soon as dry and a great deal warmer than before." Yes, but the dog could not change his coat of mail, and no doubt he never complained of any inconvenience.

Well, one result of Dr. Grenfell's meditations was, Why not see if we can do as the Lapps do and employ reindeer? He began to talk it over with his friends and discuss the possibilities, for the reindeer is everything to the Lapp. It provides him with clothes and food and carries his heavy burdens. They own the herds of deers by families, some of the herds being over 10,000 head of deer. Altogether they reckon there are some 400,000 reindeer in Lapland. The first question arose: Can they find anything to eat in Labrador?

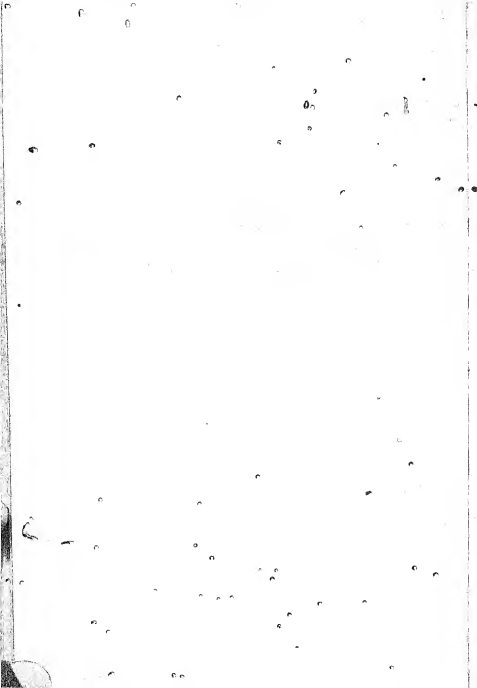
Sir William Macgregor, the Governor of Newfoundland, in the summer of 1905 made an official visit to Labrador,



THE REINDOER IN LABRADOR

Dr. Grenfell saw the value of the reindeer in Labrador. It would provide rich milk, an article almost unknown there, excellent meat, and, lastly, its speed and endurance far excel those of dogs; and when used in relays fifty miles apart, reindeer can transport the mails at the rate of 200 miles a day.





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touching at many of the settlements along the coast as far north as the entrance to Hudson Straits. He examined the moss on the hills, and found it was identical with that in Lapland on which the reindeer thrive. It gives a grey look to the hills from a distance, and is botanically a lichen or tree moss. The deer are used to finding their own food by pawing with their feet, rubbing away the snow till they come upon the moss. This moss abounds in Labrador, and no wonder the doctor began to be hopeful for his sick children, for the doe gives rich milk, so rich that it must be diluted with water. Now milk was hitherto almost unknown in Labrador. Then, the carcass of a deer contains some 400 pounds of excellent meat, so that stores of good food to last over the winter would always be available. Lastly, the speed and endurance of the reindeer far excel those of the dogs, and when used in relays 50 miles apart reindeer can transport the mails at the rate of 200 miles a day. A team of eight dogs, as a rule, cannot do more than 40 miles a day, though at a pinch they can be persuaded to do 80.

Besides these facts there was the experience gained by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who procured the introduction of reindeer into Alaska amongst the Eskimos. He began with a small herd of some 300, but their help in transport work was found so valuable that the American Government purchased a larger herd from Norway, and in a report from an official "blue book," it is stated, "Next to the discovery of gold the most important event, commercially, in the history of Alaska will be the importation of this colony of Lapps and reindeer."

As to food-supply in Labrador, there has been for years a great want of fresh meat and other things, such as milk, butter, and cheese, all of which the reindeer is able to pro-

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vide. The absence of vegetables and the use of salt food naturally produce many cases of scurvy, and any change from flesh meat would be good.

Dr. Grenfell writes in 1907: "We have started to try and make the breeding of animals pay, and have now a small farm for foxes, hares, and a pigeon loft. A great drawback to the introduction of cattle is the absolute necessity of keeping large numbers of dogs for the winter driving. If Labrador is ever to become a populous and flourishing country, like Finland and Alaska, these must be done away with, and the domestic reindeer introduced in their stead. We have failed as yet to move the Newfoundland Government to take any practical interest in the matter, but the Canadian Government has advanced 5000 dollars, and we have raised an additional sum to start us at once importing a herd from Norway."

It was the generous American public who chiefly responded to Dr. Grenfell's appeal for help, and provided a large sum for the experiment he desired to make. Nearly 6000 dollars of the 8500 raised was collected by Mr. W. H. Reed of Boston. America and Canada have given most generous support to Dr. Grenfell's work in Labrador. Dr. Nansen also gave valuable advice before the reindeer were bought. The secretary to the Deep Sea Mission, Mr. Francis H. Wood, started for Norway last July, and at Tromsø arranged with an agent for the purchase of 300 deer at Altenfjord. Then came the difficulty of how to feed the deer on the voyage; a reindeer is estimated to consume 200 kilograms of moss a month, so that the quantity required for the whole herd for thirty days was 60,000 kilograms, which amounted to some £333. The moss had to be collected on the mountains and kept up there until the first winter

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frost; then 500 sledge loads had to be carried down some 35 miles to the port. The cost of 300 deer, including supervising, the fitting out of the ship, and embarkation of animals and moss, was £620; the cost of moss, £333; herding deer, &c., £29; cost of Lapland dogs, £11; cost of ship, £1500; insurance, £50; landing fee to captain for the deer landed alive, £27, 10s.; total, £2750, 10s.

Mr. Wood arranged for three or four Lapland families to accompany the herd. The Lapps are very short compared to the men of Labrador, but they are a hardy race when left in their natural wilds, and are constantly moving with their herds from one feeding-ground to another; but as soon as they settle down in any one fixed camp, diseases spring up and carry them off. Now mining camps are beginning to be made in Norway, and iron ore is being sought, and the poor Lapps will soon vanish before the spread of so-called civilisation. They seldom have more than two children in a family, and as their numbers decrease life grows more difficult for them. For, next to disease, the wolf is their greatest enemy; as the Lapps diminish in numbers, the wolves increase, and every year plunder and kill more deer. So that, unless some protection be given them, in forty or fifty years they will be no more; their own country, at all events, will not know them. Whether the few who shall have been removed to Alaska and Labrador will continue to multiply in a strange land, time alone will show.

On Sunday, January 5, 1908, the long-expected Norwegian steamer appeared off the coast with every one of the 300 deer in excellent condition, in spite of a stormy voyage of twenty-two days. The next morning they were landed on the ice of the little harbour Crémelière, near St. Anthony, in the extreme north of Newfoundland. An eye-witness, a

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lady, writes: "On Sunday morning the entire staff went to church, and a few moments after our return, one of Dr. Grenfell's men rushed into the house, saying that some one had heard a steamer whistle, and so it must be the feindeer. A tramping of feet and rush from the house followed—and there, over Fishing Point, we saw the heavy smoke of the steamer. The men were looking grave, for the harbour was full of slob (broken ice), and it was uncertain where they could be landed.

"At the upper end of the harbour, where the ice was firm, komatiks and dog-teams were starting across towards the hill at the harbour mouth. The next report was that she had put in at Cremelière, about two and a half miles away, and was waiting in the ice. There was no way of reaching Cremelière except on foot across country. But the snow was very deep and the wind was blowing heavily. Men on snow-shoes got on fairly well, but for the rest of us the trail was very heavy, as we often broke through the crust in snow over knee-deep; for we walked over the tops of the low scrub spruce-trees, and sometimes went down, down to the ground. The trail led up and around hills, across frozen ponds, and finally led us to the top of the hill overlooking the little harbour and the half-dozen 'tilts' that formed the settlement—and there in the ice lay the steamer some distance from the shore. The trail led down a rocky hill, covered with icy crust, and some of the party sat down and slid to the bottom. We could walk on the ice to the side of the steamer. As we drew near we saw the Lapps looking over the bow. They wore big, baggy skin clothes with a great deal of gay colouring, and their caps had four upright horns that suggested the head-covering of bygone Vikings. They were very small and swarthy, with high cheek-bones

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and black hair, like an Indian's. They wore heavy fur coats, made very full and reaching to the knees, belted at the hips, giving them the appearance of girls in full short skirts at a dancing-school. The coats were trimmed with much red cloth and gay galloon, and the caps were of cloth and decorated with colours. They also wore deerskin leggings, fitted tightly, and shoes of skin with toes pointing upwards, and with the fur inside and turned over at the top. The women were dressed exactly like the men, except that they wore a cloth cap fitted closely to the head and tied under the chin and embroidered. The deer had been all de-horned for convenience in handling, and of course had lost much of their picturesqueness."

They were not landed until next day, when some one reported that they were all over the country and could be seen from the next hill. "When we were very near the deer we stopped the wild career of the dogs, while I walked within thirty feet of the beautiful creatures to take a photograph of them. They were very gentle, and did not seem to be at all frightened, but continued to graze on the tops of the spruce trees that peeped above the snow."

Then came the landing of their effects, their baggage and sledges filled with the skins and blankets they had brought with them; also the skis, on which one of the Lapps started off across the ice in search of the missing deer.

One of the women had injured her knee during the storm, and was lying on a heap of blankets and furs. When this woman was lowered in her own sledge over the steamer's side to the ice and was being transferred to one of Dr. Grenfell's komatiks, the sight of all the strange men surrounding her, and the realisation that they were about to take her on a

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strange sledge, across a strange country to a strange place, leaving her family behind—all seemed too much for her at the last moment, and she refused to move from her sledge. After gazing wildly round at all these folk speaking a tongue she could not understand, "her eyes fell on my face," says Miss Jessie Luther, "and I smiled at her and made signs that the men wanted to put her into the other komatik, and I pointed to the things that were to be wrapped around her." The sight of a woman seemed to reassure her; she smiled, threw aside her coverings, and clutched her frying-pan, which she had hidden under the sheepskin and seemed to consider her chief treasure. When she had it safely in her arms, the men were allowed to lift her into the komatik and tuck her in. She went away really looking contented, and was taken to the hospital, where she is quite happy, and was never so comfortable in her life. How soon what is a marvel becomes commonplace. When the Lapps came first, the natives stood solemnly at gaze with open eyes and mouth; now, after a week or two, when a bright-coloured Lapp starts off on his skis with his dogs around him to herd the deer that are roaming on the uplands, no one notices him. The reindeer, too, excite no great interest, though they may have come to make life easier, trade brisker, childhood less cruel. And the fishermen are growing used to be visited by student surgeons in the summer, and will before long be grumbling if a doctor does not come along when they telephone. But in the winter they are still full of gratitude, for there is only one Dr. Grenfell. It remains to be seen how these gentle-eyed reindeer will fare in the cold season, when wolves and dogs are lean and hungry.

In his new book, "Off the Rocks," Dr. Grenfell tells many interesting stories, one about a poor little Eskimo

## THE COMING OF THE REINDEER

Prince Pomiuk, who did not fare so well at the World's Fair, Chicago, as the Yankee agent had promised.

The people at the Mission station had tried all they could to prevent his going, but his people were so poor, and the promises to pay royally and bring him back safe were so alluring, that they let him go with some others.

The Eskimo encampment at the World's Fair was very popular with the sightseers. They did their tricks and got applause, though the hot sun soon began to tell upon their northern frames. Most popular of all was the small, black-haired chief's son—he with the merry child-laugh and brown pathetic eyes. No squirrel was ever more active than he as he raced about the enclosure with his thirty-foot dog-whip, which only he could crack.

Many a nickel was thrown in that little Prince Pomiuk might show his youthful skill and set the coin dancing on the dusty ground as the coiling, cracking lash circled round it with a report that made the rifle-shots hard by almost inaudible. The child did so enjoy the glory of it—the adulation, the admiring glances of many young mothers and sisters. And was he not earning a fortune for his own parents?

And amongst those many admirers of the moment was one elderly man, Mr. Martin, who knew something of the home-life of the Eskimos, and who could say a few friendly words to them, and remind them of home and the Mission.

But one day Pomiuk was not in the arena; his whip was silent, his merry laugh no longer echoed from sunshine to shade. His friend inquired and found that he was ill, lying alone in one of the dark huts and writhing in agony. An injury to his thigh had ended by the insidious onset of disease of the hip joint. To walk was torture. There he



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lay till the crowds grew smaller and the days shorter, and at last the Chicago Exhibition closed. Alas ! it had not been the financial success which had been anticipated. So the poor Eskimos got no shower of gold, no personal conduct home in their own ship, as they had come, but being curtly dismissed, set their dark faces north and struggled desperately homewards. They knew not how many thousand miles they had to trudge before they could win home.

Well, that winter they had reached somehow the north-east coast of Newfoundland, where they were ice-bound. A kind postmaster lent them a house for the winter months, and there Pomiuk hobbled about on a pair of crutches and tried to be glad, for he was going home.

His friend, Mr. Martin, wrote him letter after letter till he heard that the ice was gone and the Eskimos had set off on a fishing-boat towards the Arctic Seas. No replies now came to Mr. Martin's letters.

Meanwhile the Eskimos had left Pomiuk at Ramah with the brethren of that northern Mission, because his sufferings had been growing worse. In the summer of 1895 Dr. Grenfell sailed the Mission schooner north as far as he could go. One day they entered the great rift in the cliffs named Nak-nak, where heavy banks of sea-fog hung between the lofty rocks, hiding their jagged peaks and making the weird opening seem like a witches' cavern. The water was so deep the lead could find no bottom. On they pushed cautiously for twenty miles, the whistle of the steamer echoing like twenty steamers—all in vain ; until at last three rifle-shots rang out in answer, and a little boat bumped into their quarter. Over the rail came an Englishman with outstretched hand.

" Who on earth are you ? " he asked. " Oh, the Mission

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doctor! I've heard of you from the captain of the *Eric*, the steamer of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company."

So this was George Ford, their agent, who with his family had lived for twenty years at the bottom of this grim, lonely fjord.

A pleasant evening followed, and then came, "Heard anything of those Eskimos who went to Chicago?"

"All away now hunting, except one little group who have a dying boy with them."

That was enough for Dr. Grenfell, who had heard about Pomiuk from Mr. Martin. Next morning they climbed a headland and searched the shores of the inlet with their glasses, and saw something that looked like a hut by the side of a mountain torrent.

"Get out the jolly-boat." They had soon rowed up yonder, and were peeping into the skin "tubik," or tent, of an Eskimo family.

There, lying on the round pebbles that formed the floor of the tent, lay a naked boy of about eleven years, his black hair cut in a straight line across his forehead, his face pinched and drawn with pain, his large wondering eyes fixed on the strangers. This was Pomiuk.

His father had been treacherously murdered while he had been away at the World's Fair; his mother had married again and gone north.

Dr. Grenfell arranged with the family to let him take the boy away. He was no good to them; he would never catch another fish. So they "put him to sleep" in mercy for his pain, and carried him to Mr. Ford's house. Here, after being washed and dressed, he was put on board the schooner; then, as they faced south again, the boy would lie on deck, wrapped in a white bearskin, and watch every

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movement of the crew with tearful eyes. How he would have loved to scamper about and climb and pull the ropes !

He still hugged to his side an old, old letter that contained a photograph of an old man. "Me ever love him," whispered Pomiuk. As they touched at one of the Moravian Missions, Brother Schmidt in his compassion gave him a little concertina to play with ; thus Pomiuk learnt to play a few hymns, and would try to sing them, ending with a merry laugh as he noticed the men on deck stopping to listen to him. They left the boy at one of the hospitals just north of the Straits of Belle Isle, and there he was baptized "Gabriel": he had learned enough to understand what a "Christian" might mean. Surely he had been tortured longer than any mediæval martyr.

Next spring, when Dr. Grenfell visited that hospital, he saw a Red Cross flying from a crutch at Pomiuk's window. The poor child was just crying with joy as he heard the doctor coming, tramp ! tramp ! up the stairway. With pride and delight he touched his breast, saying, "Me Gabriel Pomiuk, me !" "Are you happy, my boy ?" "Me very laughing !" There was to be no more desolation for the Eskimo now ; his story was known in many a home in Canada and Australia ; presents from American boys came in like snowflakes, and Pomiuk learned how sweet it is to be able to help others. But one day a letter came from Battle Harbour to say he had been unconscious after a fit. On the Sunday night he had asked for a verse of his favourite hymn—

"Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light,  
Like a little candle burning in the night ;  
In this world of darkness we must shine,  
You in your small corner, I in mine."

On Monday morning he died in his sleep.

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That night the northern lights, the fitful gleam of the aurora, shone and flashed and disappeared and flashed again against the bank of rising clouds. The simple children of the northland call it "the spirits of the dead at play"; and they hushed their voices as they gazed from the hospital window at merry Pomik's last farewell performance. But every one was glad to think that after so much suffering he had gone home, "very laughing," to visit the dear Lord who loved little children.

There is one more phase in the character of the Mission doctor which we must not omit to mention. Of his gentleness and sympathy and devotion to duty the facts already given are abundant testimony; but the following story shows that his "grit" not only took him into the perils of ice-floe and storm and winter travel, but often enabled him to outface and cow the tyranny of unruly men.

On one occasion he had heard of a great wrong having been done by a rich and influential trader in a distant harbour of Newfoundland. The doctor in wrath visited that harbour in the *Strathcona*, sought out the trader, and said to him, "You must make what amends you can, and you must confess your sins before the community."

The man laughed in scorn; the idea of his doing anything so theatrical seemed quite ridiculous. He forgot at the time that Dr. Grenfell was also a magistrate. Again the deep, grave voice repeated the stern command: "You must pay one thousand dollars and confess your sins." Again the man laughed, but the idea of a thousand dollars fine was rather more than a joke; the laugh ended in a muttered curse.

"I warn you, sir, that I will arrest you if you do not do precisely as I say; it is no laughing matter."

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"You can't arrest me in this harbour, Dr. Grenfell; your magisterial authority does not carry any weight up here."

"Very true, sir; but I must warn you that I have a crew quite capable of taking you into my district."

"Two can play at that game. I have a crew of my own, doctor."

"Ah, well! you must make sure that they love you well enough to fight for you. Now, look here! on Sunday evening you will appear at the church at seven o'clock and confess your sins before the congregation; next week you will pay the money, as I have explained before."

"I'll see you all in h—ll first," replied the defiant trader.

At the morning service it was announced that a sinful man would confess his sins before them all that night. The excitement was great. After church there was much discussion as to whether this rich man, who had held the residents so long under his thumb, whom they feared as much as hated, would demean himself to make so humiliating a confession. You may think there was a crowded congregation at the evening service; yes, but the sinner was not there!

"Please to keep your seats," said the doctor, "while I go and fetch the man."

The doctor, attended by two of his men, called at the man's house, and found that he was in a neighbour's house, very busy at his prayers! The doctor suddenly interrupted that meeting with the fiery remark, "Prayer is a good thing in its place, but it doesn't go well here. Come with me to church, sir. We are all waiting for you!"

The trader, who had done what he liked hitherto, and

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on account of his wealth, had been able to bully the whole community, now suddenly collapsed before a stronger will. He got up and meekly went with the doctor into the church. There, standing in a conspicuous place, he had to listen to the doctor's description of his sin, and was then questioned.

"Did you do this thing?"

"I did."

"You are an evil man of whom the people should beware?"

"I am."

There were more questions and answers to the same purport. Then the congregation were charged not to speak to him for a year, and, after that, if he seemed willing to amend, they were to forgive him. As a matter of fact the culprit paid the money and went to live elsewhere.

It sounds like a chapter out of mediæval history, with an improved Inquisition, penance, and absolution.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From Dr. W. Grenfell's "Off the Rocks," and from *The Toilers of the Deep*, by kind permission of Mr. Francis H. Wood, Secretary to the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.